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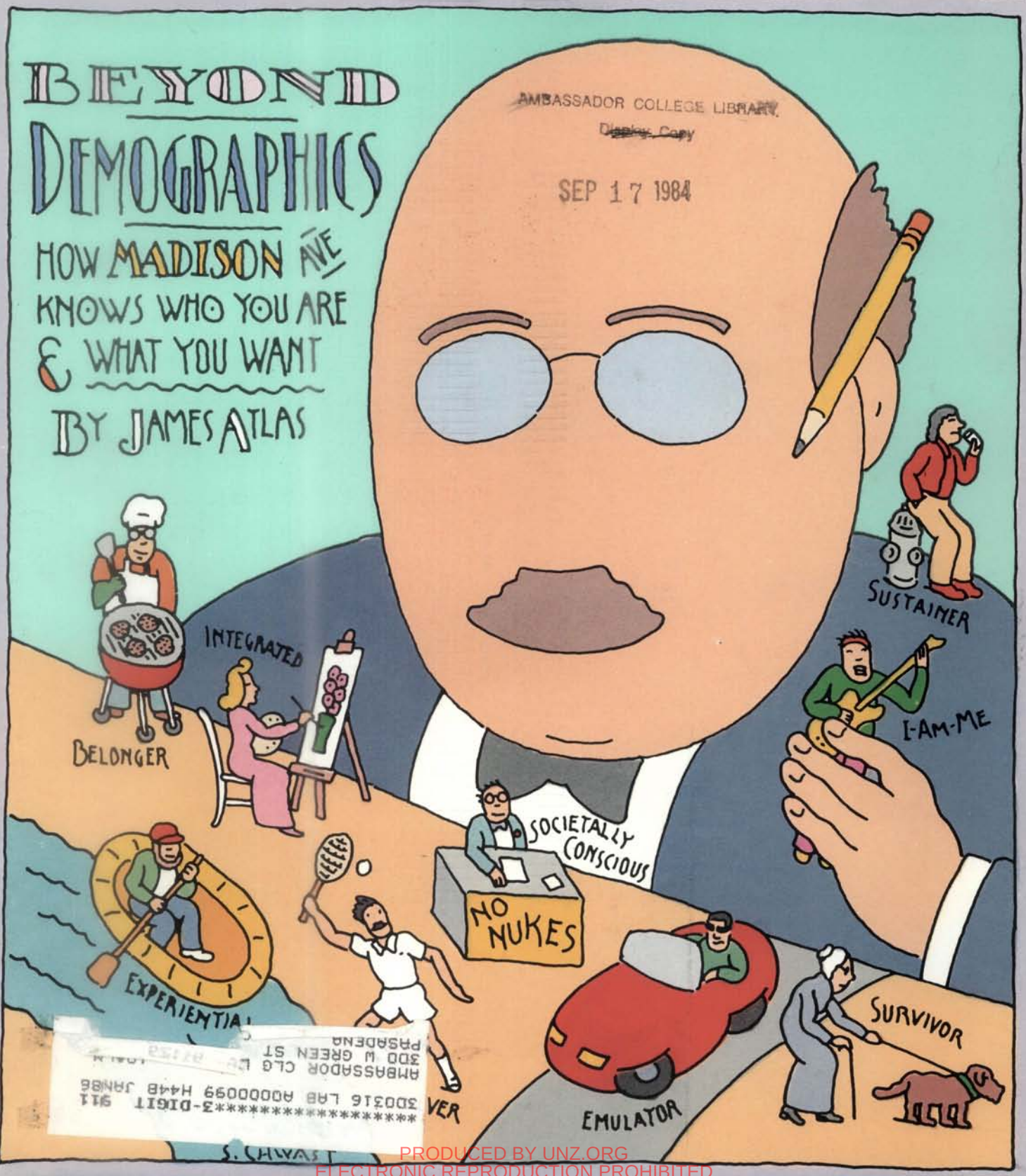

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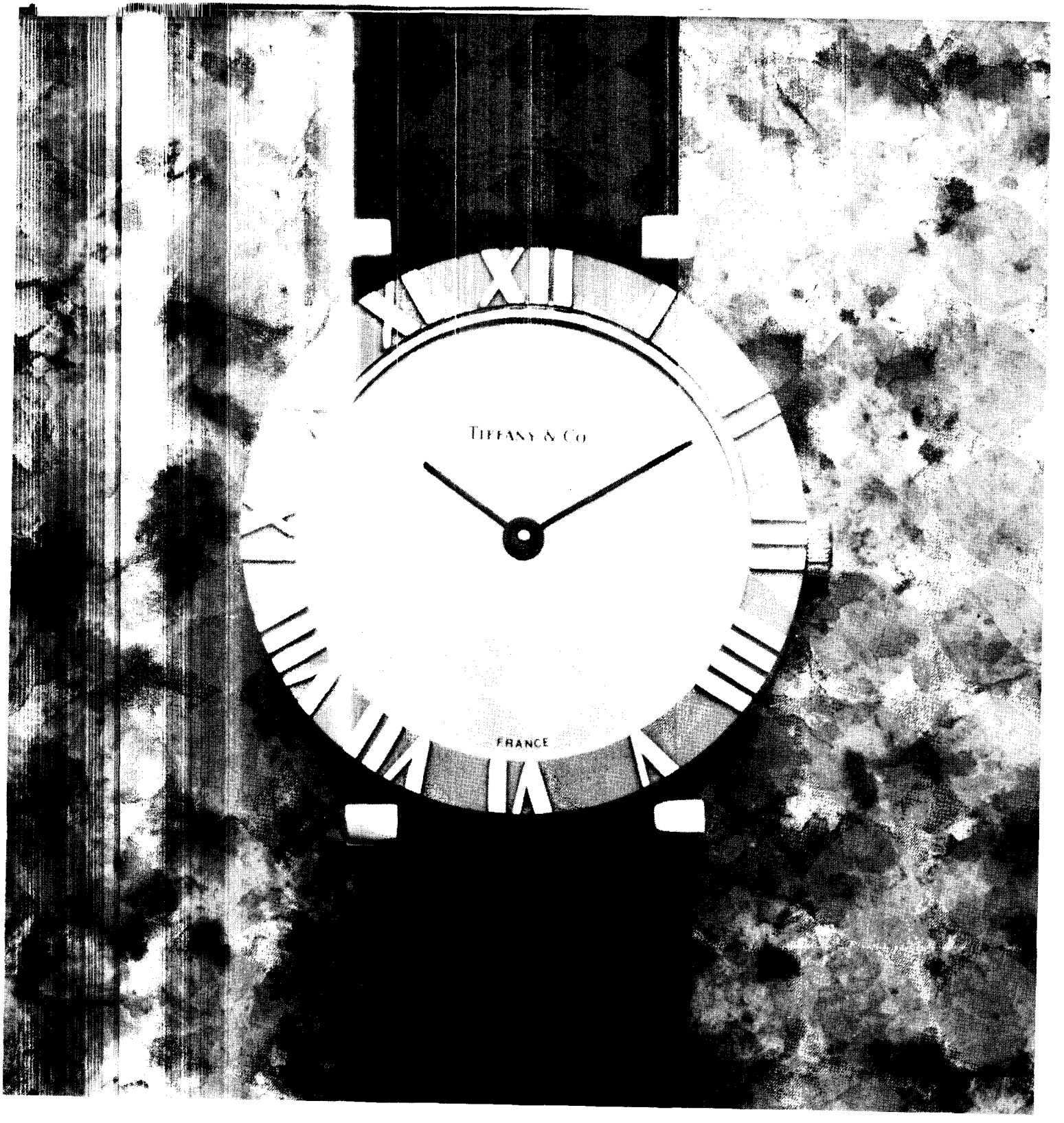

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE GOOD WAR

The true-to-life statements in "The Good War," by Studs Terkel (July *Atlantic*), were important and realistic.

I especially identified with E. B. Sledge, of the First Marine Division. I joined the First Marine Division on Pavuvu, in the Russell Islands, when they were still shell-shocked from Peleliu, and I remained with them through Okinawa and into China. But I was even more deeply affected by John Smitherman's story. I have always been ambivalent about the bomb, about still-more-sophisticated weapons, and about the nuclear-power-plant controversy. Had the war not been terminated by the Hiroshima and Nagasaki bombs, I very likely would not be here to write this letter, because that same First Marine Division was assigned the task of leading the assault directly on Tokyo. We all knew the odds of returning home were not good.

The experience of John Smitherman and others who were involved in Operation Crossroads really got to me. I am no longer ambivalent. Though the bomb probably saved me, I owe a greater debt to those who, like John, were killed by it than to those who created it.

EUGENE A. TURNER, JR.
Trenton, N.J.

Mr. Terkel's article was a most thought-provoking piece of writing. As a pilot aboard the USS *Independence* during the liberation of Grenada, I realized the difference between press treatment of combat operations and the real costs in human suffering when I heard of a young GI's being wheeled into *Indy*'s sick bay after having both his legs blown off. I have since heard that he died. As a member of the military I am intensely proud to have served during the Grenada operation, and to continue to serve my country and what it stands for. I pray that I am justified in my trust that an enlightened citizenry will use me and others like me intelligently and for the good of our country. Articles like Mr. Terkel's graphically illustrate the real cost, as opposed to the dollar cost, that we as enlightened citizens must use in evaluating military intervention. As enlightened citizens we must also learn the difference between media hype and reality.

JACK E. FERNANDEZ, JR.
Virginia Beach, Va.

Perhaps someone with authority in Washington, D.C., will take the time to read the story of John Smitherman, a young, handsome sailor who served the country he loved and died minus both legs and with a grotesque, painful arm, because of radiation he received at Operation Crossroads.

I knew and loved this giant of a man, who never was treated very kindly by his government. Perhaps in death John Smitherman can achieve for other atomic victims the justice he never received.

VIC TOLLEY
Portland, Ore.

Readers of the John Smitherman story may be interested to learn that Mr. Smitherman's widow has filed a lawsuit against the Departments of Navy, Defense, and Energy, and the Veterans Administration, charging that her husband's death was the result of government negligence.

A 1950 Supreme Court ruling bars the 250,000 nuclear-test participants from suing the government for injuries sustained in military service. Members of the armed forces, the Supreme Court inferred, are already entitled to special benefits and don't need to sue for compensation. Yet as of 1984 the continuing inability of physicians to link cancers and other diseases directly to fallout exposure thirty years earlier has resulted in denial of VA benefits in 99.5 percent of all radiation claims.

These obstacles of law and physical science condemn atomic veterans to suffer and die with no burial allowances, no compensation to their widows, and no care for their children. Smitherman's own claims for VA benefits were denied six times. Yet even as he lay on his deathbed awaiting the end, John Smitherman found a crack in the government's armor.

The Smitherman lawsuit charges that given John's radiation exposure in 1946, the VA hospital's failure to diagnose his cancer before it became terminal amounted to medical malpractice. Since the wrongful conduct occurred *after* he

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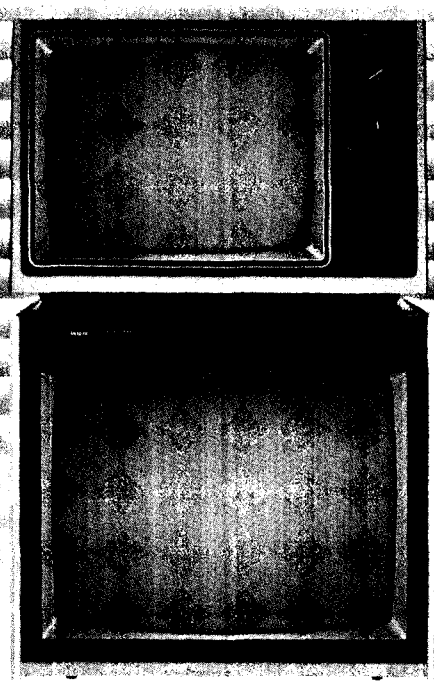

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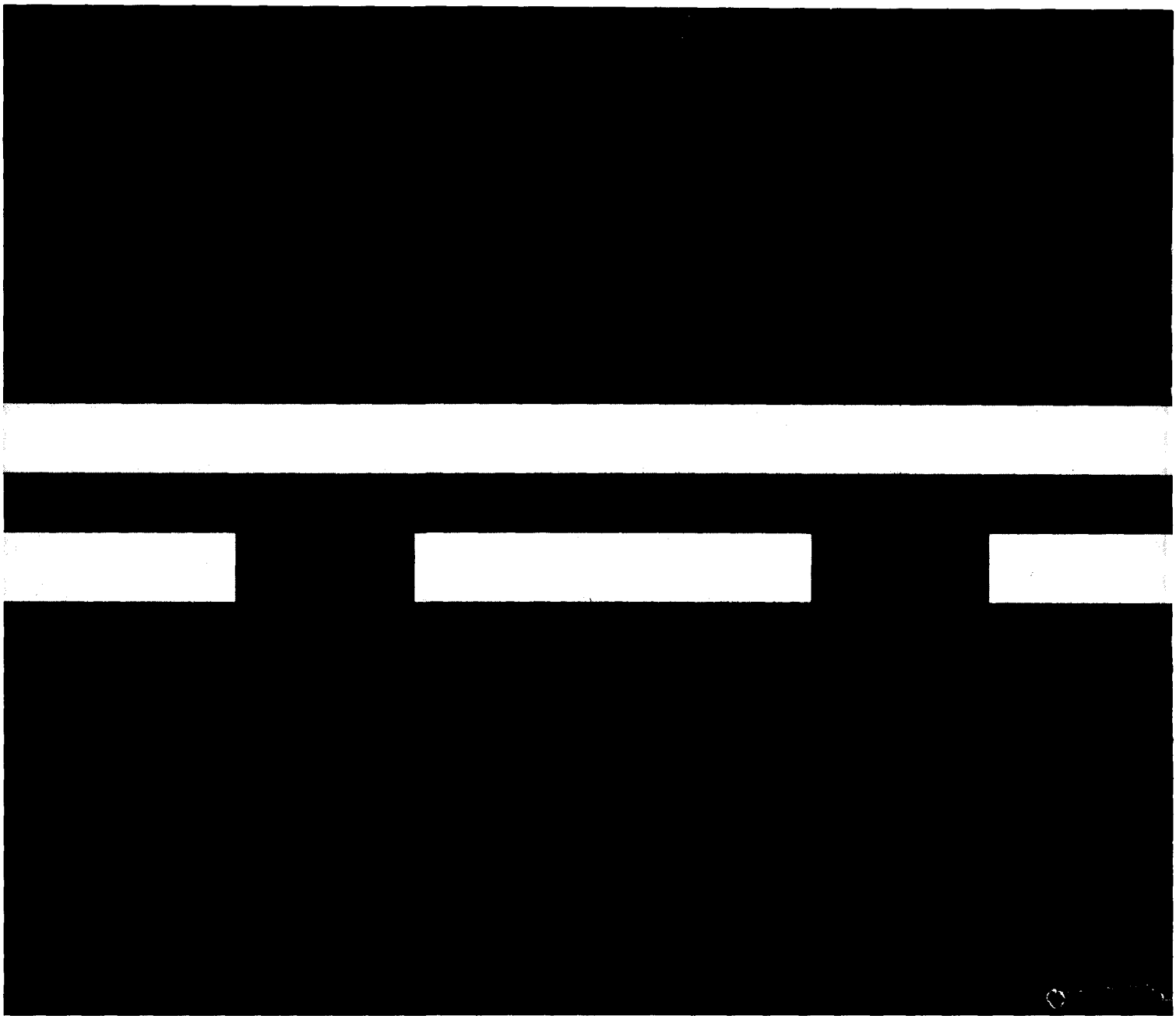

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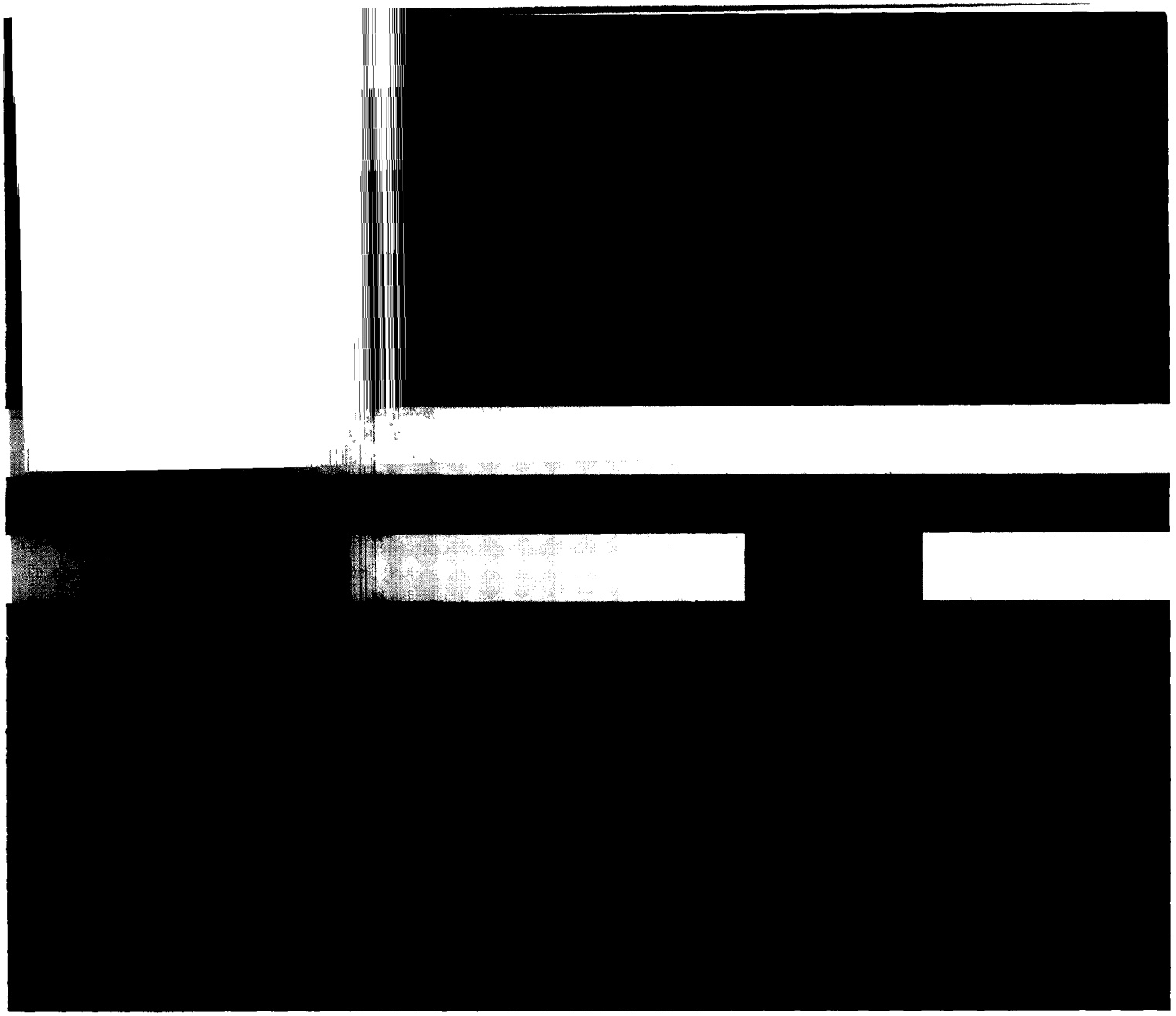

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left the service, the government no longer has a military immunity. If successful, the Smitherman suit could bring about an improvement in the quality of medical care provided to all atomic veterans.

Still, John Smitherman's widow lacks the financial resources to obtain competent medical testimony, combat the Justice Department's formidable defense team, and pursue the case through trial and appeal. To assist her, the Natural Rights Center and the National Association of Atomic Veterans have established a tax-deductible trust fund. Donations can be sent to the John Smitherman Justice Fund, P.O. Box 24412, Nashville, Tenn. 37202.

ALBERT BATES
Director, The Natural Rights Center
Summertown, Tenn.

Studs Terkel's collection of memoirs was fascinating, and Maxene Andrews's recollections were particularly touching, but I believe her memory of that fateful December 7 is a victim of time warp.

She says that on that Sunday morning she went to the Cincinnati theater where she and her sisters were appearing, found no line outside and the stage dark, and was told by the doorman that Pearl Harbor had been bombed.

The bombs did hit that morning, Pearl Harbor time, but Cincinnati is several time zones ahead of Hawaii, and it was *afternoon* when the mainland United States heard about the attack.

W. DAVID BROWN
Morehead, Ky.

I couldn't go to sleep last night after I finished reading "The Good War", my mind would not stop rooting among my memories of that vital period in my life.

Like Dellie Hahne, I married an Air Corps GI, Hap Draper, during the war and traveled with (or after) him until he was shipped overseas. He was a B-26 tail gunner. We crossed the country five times by train and bus, and once hitchhiked from California to Shreveport, Louisiana. Most people were kind, friendly, and helpful, though landlords and landladies were less so than employers. In sixteen months I held eight jobs in nearly as many states.

I was twenty-five, determined to stay with Hap as long as possible, excited about this "good" war, in love and full of anxious joy. I was naive about pain and

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suffering; I learned. It was all we ever had, those sixteen months. Hap was killed in action in France on February 25, 1945.

Like Bettie Basye—perhaps I even met her—I worked in that Army hospital in Pasadena that specialized in plastic surgery. I was doing fluoroscopic research at Cal Tech when Hap was killed. I took a job at that hospital as a civilian employee, I suppose on the assumption that the patients there were worse off than I was, and maybe I could help. Perhaps I just wanted to be with others who were as miserable as I was.

Bettie Basye was surely right; many Pasadenans did not want to see "our brave boys" shattered and mutilated. It shocked and offended their sensibilities and illusions. It *is* horrifying to the point of nausea and faintness to look up from one's desk and see a scarred, destroyed countenance—it couldn't be called a face, just the part of the head where a face had been, without nose, mouth, or chin. I learned then that a face most needs a mouth, more even than eyes. Without a mouth the distorted result looks hardly human. Love, tenderness, joy—a mouth gives us those.

I'd never seen such sights. If these men did not assuage my grief, they took me out of my self-preoccupation. They were as people are anywhere: some were luminously brave, funny, full of self-deprecating humor; some were destroyed, psychologically as well as physically. Some put pity, for self and from others, firmly aside and got on with getting well. In the early days of loss and sorrow I collected sleeping pills and hid them except when the nightmares became too formidable. I knew I would never use them but perversely (and angrily) found solace in the knowledge that I had them. After I went to work at the hospital, I mentioned them to one of the patients, who was a double-arm amputee. He asked me to bring them so he could see me destroy them. I did. I was ashamed.

BETTY ANN (DRAPER) WEBSTER
Berkeley, Calif.

Re Elliott Johnson's recollections: Forty years after the event, it's only human to forget or confuse the way things were; but there are details an artilleryman of World War II in Europe does not confuse. Among them are the unforgettable characteristics of the famous German 88, a long-barreled, high-velocity gun, an artillery piece employed widely against ground and air targets. It was not a "little howitzer." Without going into technical details, there is such a difference between an 88mm gun and a "little howitzer" that Mr. Johnson's error discredits him as a reliable oral-history source.

Mr. Johnson's memories make him sound more like a private soldier than an officer charged with directing a firing battery or serving as battalion forward observer. What kind of officer would abandon direction of his firing battery to chase one ineffective German soldier? Or take a dead companion to his artillery battalion commander? And why would a field artillery forward observer, whose duty it is to provide fire support of infantry battalions or regiments, go from house to house looking for German soldiers? Or poke into cement bunkers, scouting for Germans, when he should have been searching for targets worthy of his 155 howitzers? Why did he leave the battle area to get a truckload of replacement soldiers? That is a job more appropriate to an infantry sergeant. And why did he allow his truck to move into harassing and interdiction fires (scheduled shelling at map coordinates), a decision that apparently got ten people killed?

There are other comments, too, that seem to disqualify Johnson as a source of oral history. I don't believe he lived in a tent with seven black officer candidates at Fort Sill OCS in 1942, a time of segregation. I don't believe he put his pistol in a Navy man's mouth. And I don't believe a German observer in a church tower commanded an 88mm gun crew below to shoot by indirect fire at Johnson crossing a road, an unprofitable target for heavy, hard-to-get ammunition. And how did a landing craft bearing an SP155 get out through the front doors and down the ramp of an LST? And how hard is it for an artillery observer to locate the burst of an artillery shell just 90 mils off in deflection? That's only 450 yards at 5,000 yards.

Repeating old and familiar tales—such as that about camp authorities putting saltpeter in coffee, about Johnson and a German observer in towers so near that they could exchange signals and reactions, about a soldier covering himself with a corpse as protection against firing—adds color, but does nothing for oral history, which, once published, acquires a certain authority.

I have little experience with the Navy and less with nursing, but I did go to

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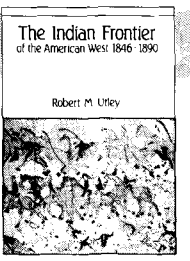

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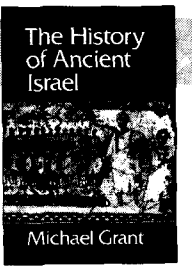

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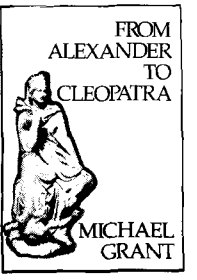

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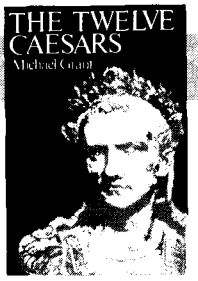

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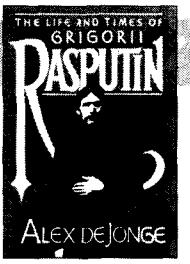

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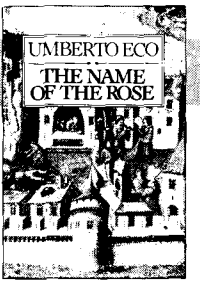

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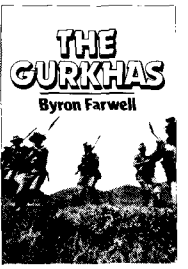

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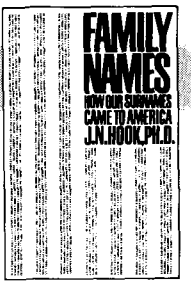

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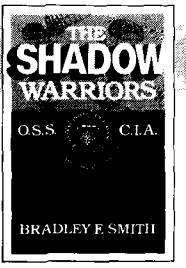

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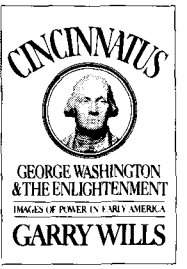

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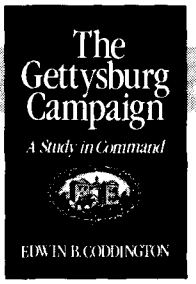

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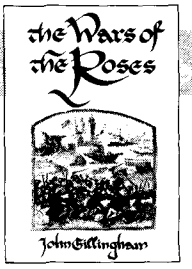

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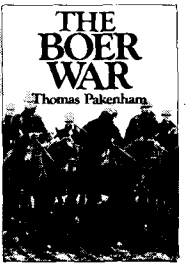

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OCS at Fort Sill at about the same time that Johnson did; I did train with the same division artillery at Camp Gordon; and I served in Europe with field artillery from 1943 until the end of the war, so I feel qualified to comment on this article. And I know many artillerymen who could have given as interesting an account with far greater accuracy, and so would better have served the cause of history.

JOHN S. OPPENHIMER
Francestown, N.H.

Studs Terkel replies:

I have faith in Elliott Johnson's integrity. I found my lengthy conversation with him deeply moving and ringing true. As for his memories of an experience some forty years ago, he may possibly have been off on some details.

CUBA AND SHINING PATH

I have been in the counter-terrorist business for thirty years, and I wish to add to Philip Bennett's interesting article "Peru: Corner of the Dead" (May *Atlantic*).

Almost all of today's terrorist organizations were organized in 1968. Since their emergence police forces have learned that terrorist forces cannot grow, or even survive, without support from abroad. Terrorist survival requires international financing, logistical support and training, and a place to retreat, to take refuge, to rest before returning to fight again. It is extremely doubtful that Shining Path is an exception to this general rule. To the contrary, the evidence grows that Shining Path is supported by Cuba.

Shining Path was organized in 1979, by Manuel Abimael Guzmán (also known as "Comrade Gonzalo" and "Alvaro"), as a splinter of the Peruvian Communist Party—Red Flag. Immediately after breaking off, Shining Path embarked on a Maoist revolutionary course and, oddly, while so doing, bombed the Chinese and American embassies but took no action against the Soviets, the archvillains in the Maoist struggle. Before Guzmán splintered Shining Path from Red Flag, he was a dedicated follower of Fidel Castro, and source reports show that he and his lieutenants from Huamanga University traveled to Cuba and talked with Castro.

After his return from Cuba, Guzmań allegedly broke with Castro and went off on the Maoist tack. But by 1979 the Peruvian Communist Party had given up its support of worldwide insurgency, and by revolutionary standards Guzmán's strategy was absurd. The question arose, and still remains, whether Guzmán's break with Castro was genuine or only a cover to conceal Cuba's support of Shining Path. Many factors indicate it was the latter.

R. CHAPMAN
Glen Echo, Md.

Philip Bennett replies:

The idea that Sendero Luminoso is receiving material aid from Cuba or other sources outside of Peru has been supported with great vigor by the Peruvian government for some time. However, no evidence has yet been presented to support such a claim. So far, all of the weapons captured from guerrillas by the military have been light arms common in Peru. Most have been traced by serial numbers to police outposts raided by guerrillas. The region's mines have been the source of the guerrillas' predominant weapon, dynamite, stolen in large quantities during the past ten years. Military-intelligence sources have told me that the guerrillas are woefully equipped. Shortages of ammunition are believed to be the chief reason that the guerrillas rely so heavily on bombings and assassinations.

The Peruvian government has embarrassed itself on a number of occasions by arresting foreigners and charging them with cooperation with Sendero Luminoso. None of the accusations has been proved accurate. However, the government's charges have effectively deflected serious consideration of the Andean roots of Sendero Luminoso.

Finally, Mr. Chapman's claim involves an assumption that I do not believe can be accurately applied to Sendero Luminoso. One of the factors that makes the organization unique is its avowed repudiation of current Marxist models, an attitude that borders on xenophobic. Not only is there doubt that the guerrillas are receiving assistance and direction from abroad but there is doubt that they want it.

THE WAY THINGS ARE

"You can never appear to be clever than you are if you never fake anything," writes Roy Blount ("If Sheepskin, So Can You," June *Atlantic*). "In the real world the key thing is to get off a Greek allusion at the right moment." Blount has misspelled *illusion*, which is what he has accomplished for those who cannot tell modern Greek from classic. Who was his translator? An unemployed colonel?

LEON LUKASZEWSKI
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Roy Blount, Jr., replies:

Perhaps Mr. Lukaszewski expects me to shrug and say, "It is all Greek to me." But that would be too easy. The truth is . . . Well, it was Thoreau who said, of John Brown, "He would have left a Greek accent slanting the wrong way, and righted up a falling man."

Just as I got ready to make sure the Greek I planned to use was old enough, I heard the sound of a man falling outside my window. I ran outside and righted him. As I turned back toward my classical studies, he fell again.

"What is the trouble with you, stranger?" I asked.

"I am protesting the way things are," he said.

"Well, why protest it here, outside my window? Why don't you protest it outside the White House?" I asked.

"Ahh," he said, "those guys don't care."

So I squatted down and heard out all that the man had to say, and it wasn't very interesting, but I listened to it anyway, and rocked back and forth on my heels and muttered, "Ohhhh, I know it. Ohhhh, I know."

And finally the man felt better, and he stood up, and thanked me, and walked off standing proud.

And I was getting close to deadline, so I just used such Hellenic as came to hand. If I have offended anyone in the Greek community, I apologize.

UNESCO UNDER FIRE

Michael Massing, in his article "UNESCO Under Fire" (July *Atlantic*), writes, "In the past few years, however, many observers have been impressed by how muted UNESCO's rhetoric against Israel has become." Perhaps this rhetoric has abated. Still, I am scarcely reassured by a statement that was apparently made in 1981 by Director General M'Bow in which he declared that Western newspapers that attacked UNESCO, such as the *International Herald Tribune*, are "tied to Zionist circles" ("A Questionable Forum," translation from *il Giornale* in *World Press Review*, October, 1981). How does Mr. Massing interpret this declaration?

DANIEL KEVIN
College Park, Md.

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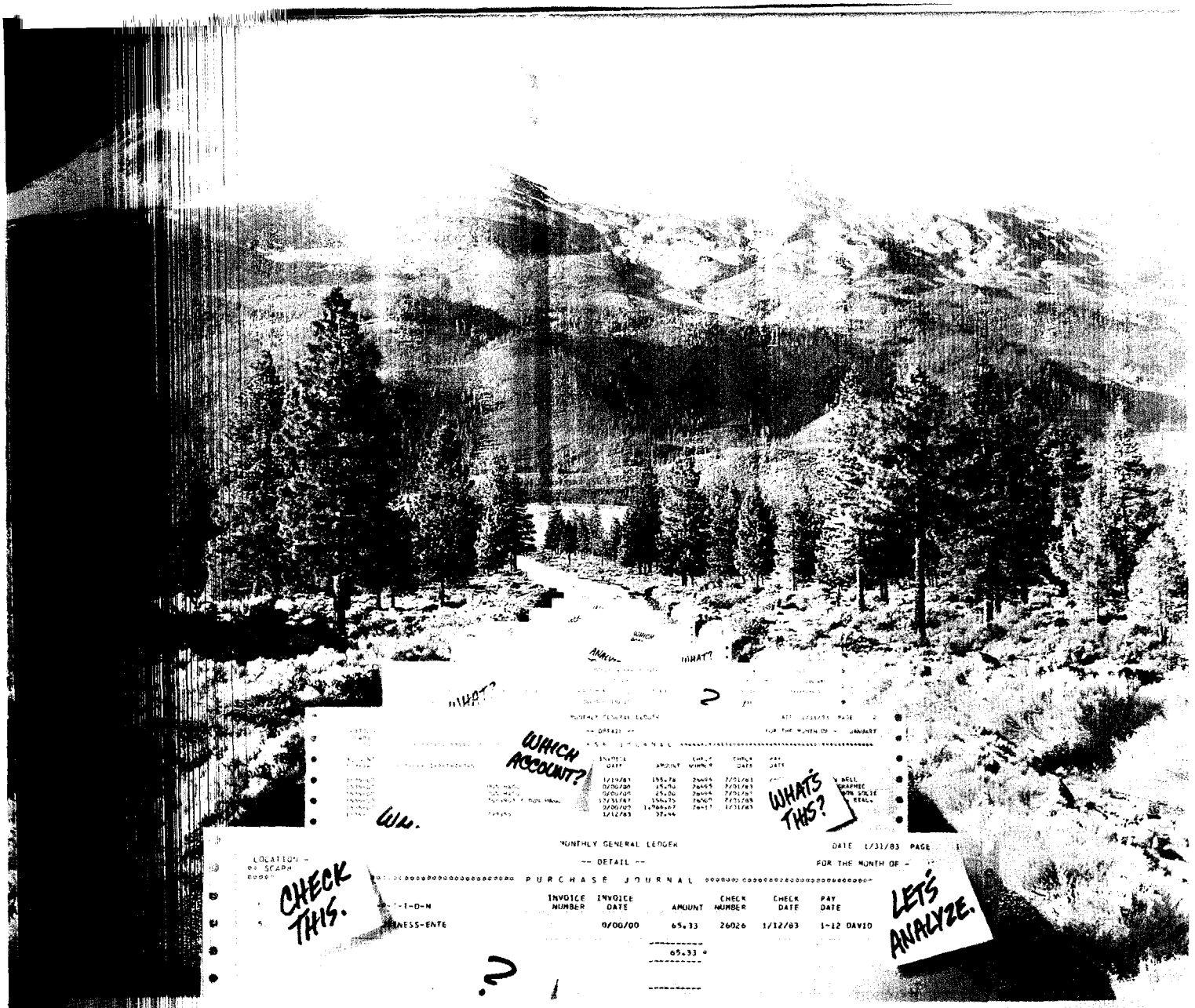

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Michael Massing replies:

I don't think it fair to judge UNESCO's performance on the basis of one remark by one individual, even if that person is the director-general. If M'Bow made such a remark, he deserves to be censured for it. But this hardly outweighs the considerable evidence available indicating that UNESCO no longer uses Israel as a whipping boy. Even the Reagan Administration concedes the point; as my article notes, Assistant Secretary of State Gregory Newell testified before Congress in February that Israel no longer poses a problem at UNESCO for the United States. And at the last general conference Israel's credentials were accepted with hardly a murmur—quite a contrast to the boisterous challenges made in the 1970s.

WEST BANK PROBLEMS

The key to the dangerous, unbalanced messianism so frequently encountered among Jewish settlers in the West Bank (such romanticism is, unfortunately, even more prevalent on the Arab side) is contained in a single offhand reference in Walter Reich's thoughtful and compassionate essay "A Stranger in My House" (June *Atlantic*). The reference is in a sentence attributed to Rabbi Moshe Levinger, the spiritual leader of the Jewish settlement movement. "We were expelled from this land against our will," Levinger accurately recounts, "but we always knew that it was ours. We always knew, wherever we were, that *we were in the galut—in the diaspora*" (italics mine).

A profound spiritual error is contained in this casual equation. *Diaspora* is a geographical term, and a geographical circumstance; a Jew is in the diaspora whenever he or she lives outside the Land of Israel, which is possessed of a special holiness. But *galut*—exile—is a spiritual concept, born of religious conviction: all Jews, whether living in or outside the Land of Israel, are in exile, because they live in a world not yet redeemed according to the divine promise.

This terrible confusion of utopian—or, in this case, messianic—vision with present, ambiguous reality has been the source of untold Jewish (and other) suffering at the hands of non-Jewish (premature) messianists. It is tragic beyond words that it should now occasion self-destructive fanaticism on the part of zealous but mistaken religious Jews.

ROBERT L. COHEN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Walter Reich asserts that "moderate" West Bank Arabs, such as the former mayor of Hebron, Mustafa Natshe, are willing to live in peace with Israel—provided the Israelis agree to the establishment of a West Bank Arab state. Natshe indeed told Reich that he would live side by side with a shrunken Israel, but he added a significant condition: that Arabs who fled Israel during the 1948 war "should be allowed to return." As part of a peace settlement with Israel, Natshe insisted, "We have to solve not only our problem here but also the problem of the Palestinians in other countries—in Syria, in Saudi Arabia." That is to say, hundreds of thousands of Arabs should be granted the right to live in Israel.

It should come as no surprise that Natshe makes such a demand, since it has been part of the Arab strategy against Israel for almost four decades. "It is obvious that the return of one million Arabs to Palestine will make them the majority of Israel's inhabitants," declared Radio Cairo on September 1, 1960. "Then they will be able to impose their wills on the Jews and expel them from Palestine." Similarly, Prime Minister Abd Allah al-Yaif, of Lebanon, asserted on April 29, 1966, that "the day of realization of the Arab hope for the return of the refugees to Palestine means the liquidation of Israel."

Mustafa Natshe is no fool. There is no reason to believe that he is reconciled to Israel's existence; rather, it seems he has learned how to mask his real intentions behind sympathetic-sounding references to refugee problems. Mustafa Natshe's dream of doing away with Israel has not changed; he has merely developed a flair for public relations.

RAFAEL MEDOFF
Hartsdale, N.Y.

While Walter Reich's article on West Bank life was certainly interesting, the omission of women from his portrait seemed particularly glaring. As in most of the world, women on the West Bank make up half the population. Though Reich mentions Geula Cohen, leader of the ultra-right-wing movement for settlers, he does not interview her, nor does he interview Raymonda Tawil, a Palestinian writer and international speaker, or Felicia Langer, an Israeli attorney for West Bank civil liberties, or any of the scores of other women who are actively building houses, protesting, and fighting for what they believe is right. Could it be that Dr. Reich didn't notice them?

ESTHER COHEN
New York, N.Y.

Walter Reich's account of the situation in the West Bank was eminently readable, and he is to be congratulated for allowing the views of both Israelis and Palestinians to be heard. More is the pity that the Reich article was biased in the way the interviews and "facts" were presented, and in the conclusions reached. The writer allows pages of unimpeded harangues by Zionist extremists, while the arguments of Palestinians are constantly interrupted by the writer's objections and by his interpretations of Israeli positions. His conclusion that the West Bank Palestinians can affect the course of events in favor of peace is unfair: the Israeli onslaught on their human rights, ignored by Mr. Reich, has rendered them virtually powerless. The writer seems to be preparing the reader for an Israeli annexation of the West Bank, while at the same time making such an annexation seem to be the logical result of Palestinian intransigence.

Nor are the interests of a just peace served by the writer's subscription to the Jewish settlers' pet theory, that the east bank of the Jordan is a substitute for Palestine. He does not mention the chilling corollary to this theory: that the Palestinians of the West Bank can be "persuaded" to move across the Jordan, emptying the West Bank of its Arab majority. Does this mean more massacres are in the offing?

As a West Bank Palestinian living in exile, unable to return to my house and family, I say the following: Israelis, using American arms and financial and political support, are playing God in the Middle East, creating "miracle" after "miracle" that brings only more suffering and bloodshed to Arabs and Jews alike, and creating "facts" that are supposed to last forever. Any reader of the Old Testament can read of the fate of such presumptions, and people should not be surprised when—not if—these unholy projects come to ruin. As the psalmist says: "The meek shall inherit the land." God has a way to create and reward such meekness.

V. F. TAMARI
Tokyo, Japan

Walter Reich replies:

For Robert L. Cohen, the condition of ga-

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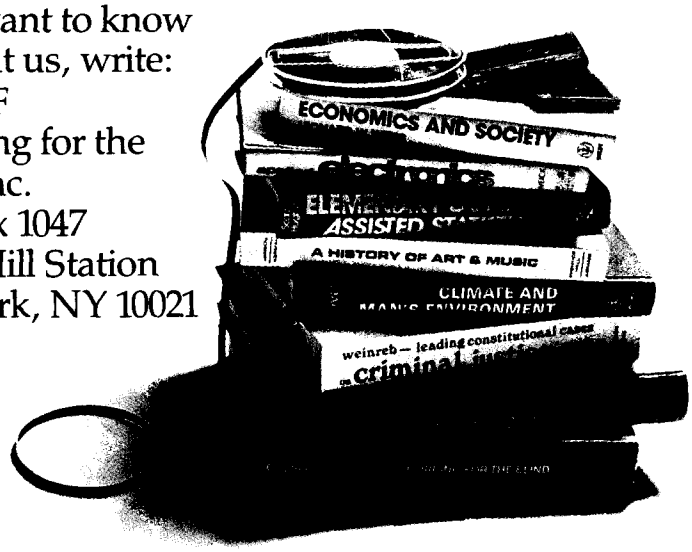

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lut—*which began with the destruction of the Second Temple in Jerusalem, two millennia ago; which was characterized by numerous periods of repression, humiliation, expulsion, and destruction of Jews at the hands of both Christians and Moslems; and which has continually provoked Jews to try to understand their place in the world and the meaning of their individual and national existence as a people exiled from their home—continues. It is experienced, he suggests, even by Jews who have returned to Israel, and presumably will continue to be experienced until the Messiah comes. For other Jews, the period of* galut *was ended when the State of Israel was born. And for still other Jews, such as, perhaps, Rabbi Levinger, the establishment of the state in 1948 was too incomplete an act to bring the end of the* galut*; for them, it took the Six-Day War, and the establishment of Jewish sovereignty in the heart of the classical Land of Israel—the area that had come to be called the West Bank—to create the circumstances that made it possible to feel that the Jews were no longer in exile.*

Whatever the theological validity may be of this fusing of land and religious fulfillment, one practical effect of it is that Arabs are excluded from full sovereignty in that land. And what ensues is, ironically, a continuing exile for both groups—for the Jews, an exile from the possibility of peace, and for the Palestinian Arabs, an exile from the possibility of home. Each side has the power to allow the other to realize its possibility, but on each side there are those who fear the consequences, to both their lives and their spirits.

Rafael Medoff's concern about what would happen to Israel if it had to absorb the Palestinian refugees who fled in 1948 and are now outside Israel, the West Bank, and Gaza—who, together with their children and grandchildren, number some 2.4 million—is understandable.

Yet the insistence on the part of Mustafa Natshe and other West Bank Arab leaders that the needs of the refugees be satisfied in any final settlement is also understandable. While he believes that Arabs who fled Israel in 1948 should be allowed to return there as part of settlement, he also recognizes, I think, that an alternative solution—compensation for lost property—could be arranged. According to one of the Palestinians I interviewed, the one I called Karim, Natshe's position—the willingness to recognize a truncated Israel if that Israel were willing to recognize a Palestinian state in the West Bank and absorb the refugees from the surrounding countries—is nothing but a tactic designed to create a Palestinian state that could then serve as a springboard for the liberation of all Palestine. And if Karim be-

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Some people believe their single vote matters little, if at all. You never know how close an election is until after the votes are counted. In 1974, for instance, a U.S. Senate race in New Hampshire was initially decided by a margin of only two votes. The vote was so close a new election was held. In 1978 a South Dakota congressional race was decided by only 14 votes out of more than 128,000 cast.

Even some presidential elections have been close. A change of one vote per precinct in three states in 1968 would have made Hubert Humphrey president instead of Richard Nixon. If just 9,000 people in Ohio and Hawaii had changed their vote in 1976, Gerald Ford would have won instead of Jimmy Carter.

The worth of an individual vote is not diluted because a democracy is large. Every vote counts. This is true even in landslides. Individual votes have a greater impact because of their collective power. Even voters who support a losing candidate can, if their numbers are sufficient, deny a mandate to the winner. Or, if your candidate is the winner, your added vote, along with others, can help build a mandate that candidate might not otherwise have.

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lieves that, I'm not surprised that Mr. Medoff does too.

While it's true, as Esther Cohen observes, that women make up at least half of the population of the West Bank, it's not true that they make up half of the population that one is likely to interview there, for one tends to interview officials and activists. Among the Arabs that population is composed quite overwhelmingly of men. One might wish that this were not the case, but it is. To be sure, there are some very accomplished and distinguished Palestinian women in the West Bank who have articulated the goals and despair of their people as well as any men; but relatively few of them have become activists, and none, to my knowledge, mayors or other public officials.

The situation is different among the Jewish settlers and within Israel. While the majority of Jewish leaders are men, a significant number are women. One of the most articulate settlers I interviewed was Shifra Blass, a former American who graduated from Barnard College and moved to the West Bank settlement of Ofra, and who is now the spokesperson for the Yesha Council, which represents eighty of the Jewish settlements in the area. However, our discussion had to be short, and it covered material more fully covered in other interviews. I had planned to return to talk with her at greater length, but was unable to, and therefore didn't include her in the article. In short, I did not make a point of either interviewing women or ignoring them. That women were not quoted in the article should, I submit, be attributed to happenstance rather than to bias.

To Mr. Tamari's charge that I harbor anti-Arab bias, I can only respond that the struggle for the West Bank is so full of passion, so deep in its history and intensity, that any deviation by a writer from the position held by a participant in the drama seems to stand out as nothing less than rank and malicious bias.

If my own immersion in the maelstrom of the West Bank taught me anything, it was that such passions are hard, and sometimes impossible, to escape. I learned also that one must insist, to oneself as well as to all the victims of this holy tragedy, that without compromise, and without a willingness to see the other's pain, no peace is possible, and certainly no home.

The Epilepsy Defense

Epilepsy is a frequent neurological diagnosis, with forensic as well as medical implications. So notes Richard Pollak, himself an epileptic ("The Epilepsy Defense," May *Atlantic*). Defendants and their lawyers are increasingly claiming that violent acts have occurred during seizures, which thus ought to excuse the defendants, "by reason of mental disease or defect," from the legal consequences. Mr. Pollak decries this use of what he calls "the epilepsy defense," correctly emphasizing the rarity of purposeful aggression during individual seizures. Yet he overlooks recent medical research that establishes correlations between a common form of epilepsy and the intensification of all emotions, including anger that can lead to violence between seizures.

Mr. Pollak's argument, that one should suspect a defense that says a seizure caused violence, stands. Consider an example he cites, of a man whose defense claimed that a seizure instigated his violence: "Wilfredo Rivera, who killed a policeman in a shootout at his Newburgh, New York, home after officers besieged it in response to a call for help. . . . " Who cannot sympathize with the plaint of the prosecutor who said, after Rivera was found not guilty by reason of insanity, "Rivera's actions were premeditated and deliberate. During the shootout he moved from window to window firing his gun. I simply did not think the jury would buy the psychomotor-epilepsy defense." It does seem extraordinarily unlikely that Rivera's behavior occurred during, or was caused by, a seizure.

However, we would like to draw attention to a different relationship between aggression and epilepsy. In one type of epilepsy—called, variously, complex partial, psychomotor, or temporal-lobe epilepsy—the abnormal electrical activity involves areas of the brain known to regulate emotions such as fear, sexual desire, and anger. This abnormal activity is most apparent in its manifestation as a clinical seizure. Yet it also persists between seizures, and generates aberrant patterns of electrical discharge that lower the threshold for emotional responses to even trivial stimuli from the outside world. Some individuals with temporal-lobe epilepsy may thus experience anger (as well as many other feelings) with less provocation than would be necessary if their brains did not contain the epileptic activity, and the anger may then be translated into aggression.

Recent medical literature supports this association between aggression and temporal-lobe epilepsy. An article one of us co-authored in the May, 1984, issue of *The American Journal of Psychiatry*, for example, titled "Varieties of Aggressive Behavior in Temporal Lobe Epilepsy," suggests that such behavior, while not consistent with a simultaneous seizure, may nevertheless be partially enabled by epileptic activity in the brain's temporal lobe.

Several aspects of this excessive tendency toward aggression require emphasis. First, it characterizes the individual's feeling and behavior not during seizures but between them, and therefore he typically will remember the circumstances of his anger, whereas he generally will not recall the details of individual seizures. Second, the medications that physicians prescribe to control seizures have little effect on the deepened emotions. Third, although these emotional alterations do not occur in all individuals with temporal-lobe epilepsy, they do develop in a statistically significant number of these individuals.

For the epileptic who does feel anger more readily than his fellow man, aggression may well be a consequence. If and when this particular relationship between violence and epilepsy is proposed in court, it will require a reconsideration of "the epilepsy defense."

MICHAEL A. FULOP
Student
DAVID BEAR, M.D.
Assistant Professor of Psychiatry
Harvard Medical School
Boston, Mass.

Richard Pollak replies:

That more research is needed I do not dispute, and I was careful to note calls for it in my article. But until the research clearly *demonstrates that epilepsy, whatever its form, produces anger and aggression that lead to criminal acts, courtrooms should be closely watched for lawyers raising the epilepsy defense.*

Advice & Consent

I recently read *Fury on Earth*, the biography of Wilhelm Reich written by Myron Sharaf, and found a striking correspondence between E. L. Doctorow's fictional "Willi" (May *Atlantic*) and Reich's boyhood experience on his family's farm in Germany. "Willi" was profoundly affected when he discovered an affair between his mother and his tutor. Wilhelm Reich, according to Sharaf, made the same discovery under similar

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circumstances, and with the same results.

Truth is indeed stranger than fiction.

ZELDA NORDLINGER
Richmond, Va.

Mr. Doctorow confirms that "Willi" is inspired by bizarre circumstances in the childhood of Wilhelm Reich.

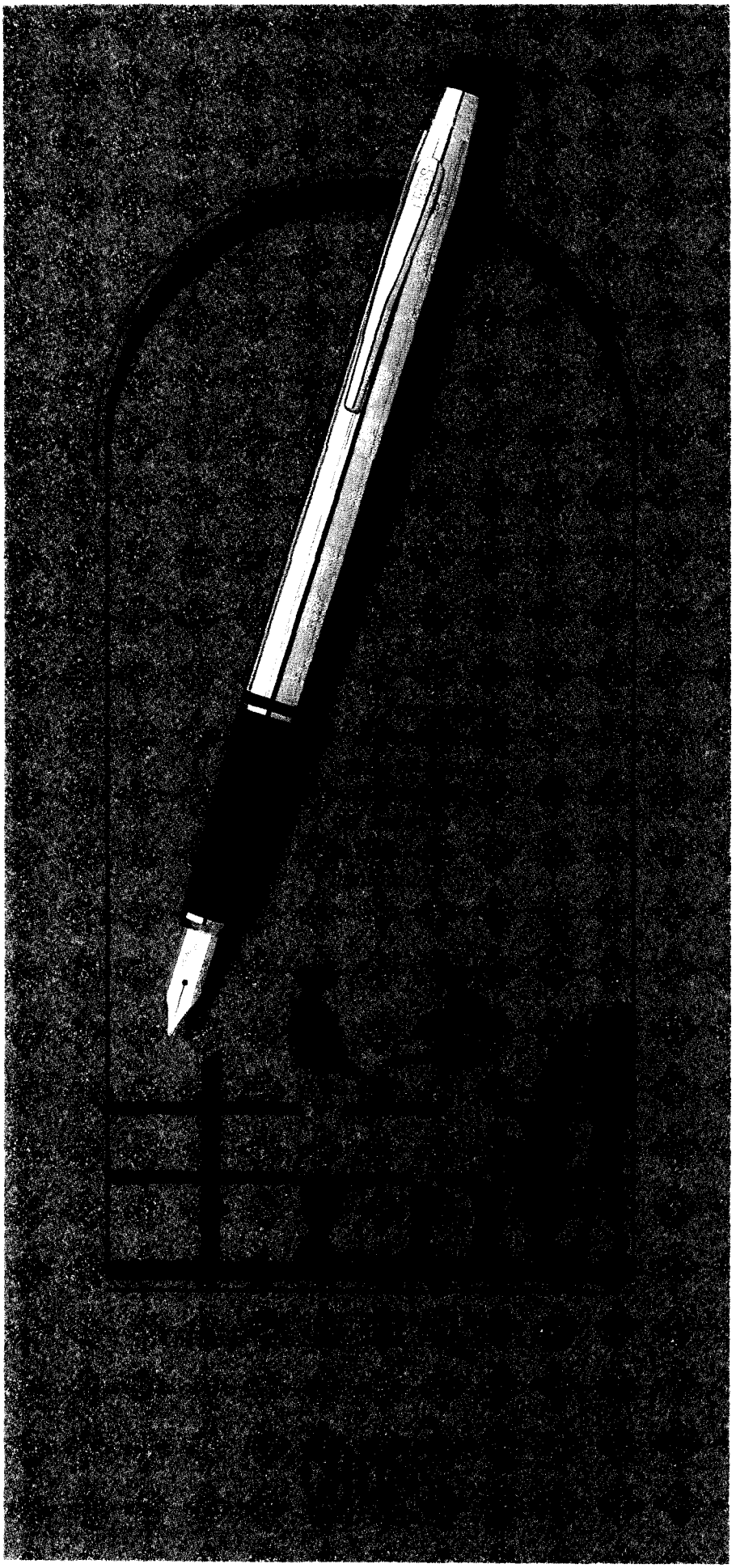
—The Editors

The "Spock on Schools" letters in your August "Letters to the Editor" missed the central point of Benjamin Spock's message ("School Reform: Coercion in the Classroom Won't Work," April *Atlantic*). Just as the bulk of teachers and teacher educators misunderstood what John Dewey advocated for schools, Ruth Cooper and Claudio Violato misconstrue Spock's response to the 1982 *Nation at Risk* report by the National Commission on Excellence in Education. Like Dewey, but for a more popular audience, Spock cuts deep as a cultural critic of dominant modes of schooling. Unfortunately, Violato and Cooper respond only to the surface, not the depth, of Spock's position.

Violato reduces Spock's holistic notion of teaching to mere concern for method or technique. In fact Spock's adherence to progressive educational ideology sees teaching as a process of living with students, which is much like his emphasis on parents living lovingly and pedagogically with their children. In both situations the pedagogic relationship grows from genuine caring and from a faith in the native intelligence and ability of all persons to create meaning and direction in their own lives.

Spock clearly treats students as people, despite the fact that too many schools treat them as commodities or products to be measured. While international education-assessment studies indicate that differentiation of methods alone makes little difference, and while some research indicates that teachers make the real difference, Violato's thrusting of such criticism at Spock is grossly misdirected. Spock is saying, as clearly as we have seen in the popular press for some time, that effective education evolves from teachers engaging in dialogue with students. This is not a method but a way of living pedagogically with students.

As public-school teachers (inner-city, suburban, and rural) for more than ten years, and as teacher educators, consultants, and educational researchers for an



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equal period, we were dismayed but not surprised by Ruth Cooper's rather tired and typical seven-point response to Spock's article.

1) She notes his criticism of the schools' emphasis on memory and drudgery and offers "functional language textbooks" as evidence of progress. Such texts merely offer drudgery in a new key and prevent the ambience of teacher–student dialogue that Spock advocates.

2) Cooper says that authoritarian teachers can be loving and kind. Yes, Octavian and Peter the Great had friends, but they weren't in the same league as Jefferson and Dewey. If we want to prepare students for democratic living we must activate their potential for self-discipline and responsibility for the consequences of their actions. This requires compassion and insight that is far better organized than Cooper's benevolent autocracy of classroom life that responds to students generically. The democratic classroom is more structured because its curriculum is tailored to the needs and interests of each student as well as to the group.

3) When referring to individualization, Cooper says: "Everywhere I have ever been there were different groups who had different tasks and were expected to achieve different goals." This still implies that others are doing the *expecting* for students. Teachers and the general public alike lament the fact that graduates do not know how to participate in a democracy, but they ironically do not connect this deficiency with autocratic teaching (no matter how benevolent). Spock is saying, in part, that unless we genuinely allow students to participate in decisions about what they need to learn in school, they will never be ready for democracy outside of school.

4) When Cooper writes of homework that is interesting to students as opposed to conventional and repetitive, she doesn't seem to realize that she is moving partway into Spock's position. Surely there is good teaching being done, and it sounds as if Cooper does it through creative homework assignments. How much more effective it would be, however, if she opened these questions to students: "What might I work on outside of school to help me grow into a better human being? What does it mean to be a better human being?" We know from experience that students of any age can address these questions meaningfully if given a chance. And we know that education that begins with such questions is much more relevant to student growth than assignments to write a humorous poem or invent an original metaphor, even though the latter is more creative than most teaching.

5) If given the chance, people engage in genuine self-evaluation, but research says that external evaluation diminishes motivation. Does Ruth Cooper or any other teacher want to have her/his teaching graded? We don't know of any teachers who do. Students don't like to be graded either. It is human nature to want to create and judge one's own life, although schools can erase that desire through ample conditioning and produce mass docility.

6) Spock's reference to medical education was analogy, not literal prescription. This should be understood by one who teaches students to create metaphors. Spock must have written these examples with the faith that readers could make the metaphoric conversion rather than interpret them literally.

7) We wonder if Ms. Cooper recommends classes in woodworking, cooking, painting, and the like because she realizes that refinement of the hand is crucial to refinement of the mind. Or does she recommend typing merely because it will help with papers required in college or in the use of computer keyboards? There is a vast difference of intent here.

Finally, both Claudio Violato and Ruth Cooper epitomize the sad history of professional misunderstanding of Deweyan progressive education. As the renowned Eight-Year Study pointed out, in 1942, students educated by progressive orientation (the kind of orientation advocated by Spock and a few others today) were superior to those educated traditionally. They were superior in emotional and social development as well as in academic achievement. Unfortunately, too many have forgotten the Eight-Year Study, don't understand the spirit of Deweyan progressive education, and therefore do not realize what Benjamin Spock is saying today. He is saying that deep within every human being, from babyhood through adulthood, is a genuine desire to learn and grow without coercion. This is the way that each of us, deep within, knows that our personal growth occurs. Yet we fear that others are different and need to be forced by stringent demands to do what is in their best interest.

When will we learn that others learn in the ways that we too would like to be treated as learners? This is central to the legacy of the nearly forgotten progressive-education movement, which Spock has so cogently brought again to public attention. Let us listen better this time when we entertain the prospects of educational reform.

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I respect James Fallows too highly to become argumentative with him, but his rebuttal to my comments on federal civil-service retirement ("Letters to the Editor," August *Atlantic*) requires further comment.

First, my points in comparing normal income to actual outgo from the retirement fund were intended to dispel the common perception that "taxpayers are paying 80 percent of the costs of current benefits." Civil-service retirement is a contributory system into which federal employees have been paying since 1920, and the government's and the employees' contributions have been invested in U.S. government securities at interest. In other words, the perceived "gap" between normal income and actual outgo is not nearly as large as is commonly believed.

Second, Mr. Fallows has been taken in by some sleight-of-hand arithmetic when he contends that the unfunded liability of the retirement fund is in excess of $500 billion. The key factor here is that the Office of Personnel Management keeps two sets of books on the unfunded liability.

The first set of books produces a debt of $528 billion. To arrive at this frightening number, OPM uses the "dynamic" assumptions that high inflation will continue forever, when in fact it has been reduced markedly; that high inflation will dictate large pay raises for active workers every year into eternity, and presumably future Presidents will not impose pay "caps" year after year, as Presidents Carter and Reagan have done; and that high inflation will dictate large cost-of-living adjustments to retir-

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ees, and this and future Administrations will cease their efforts to curb, cap, and defer such COLAs.

The other set of OPM books is based on actual experience, producing a liability of $187.9 billion, for a *decrease* of $5.5 billion from the preceding year.

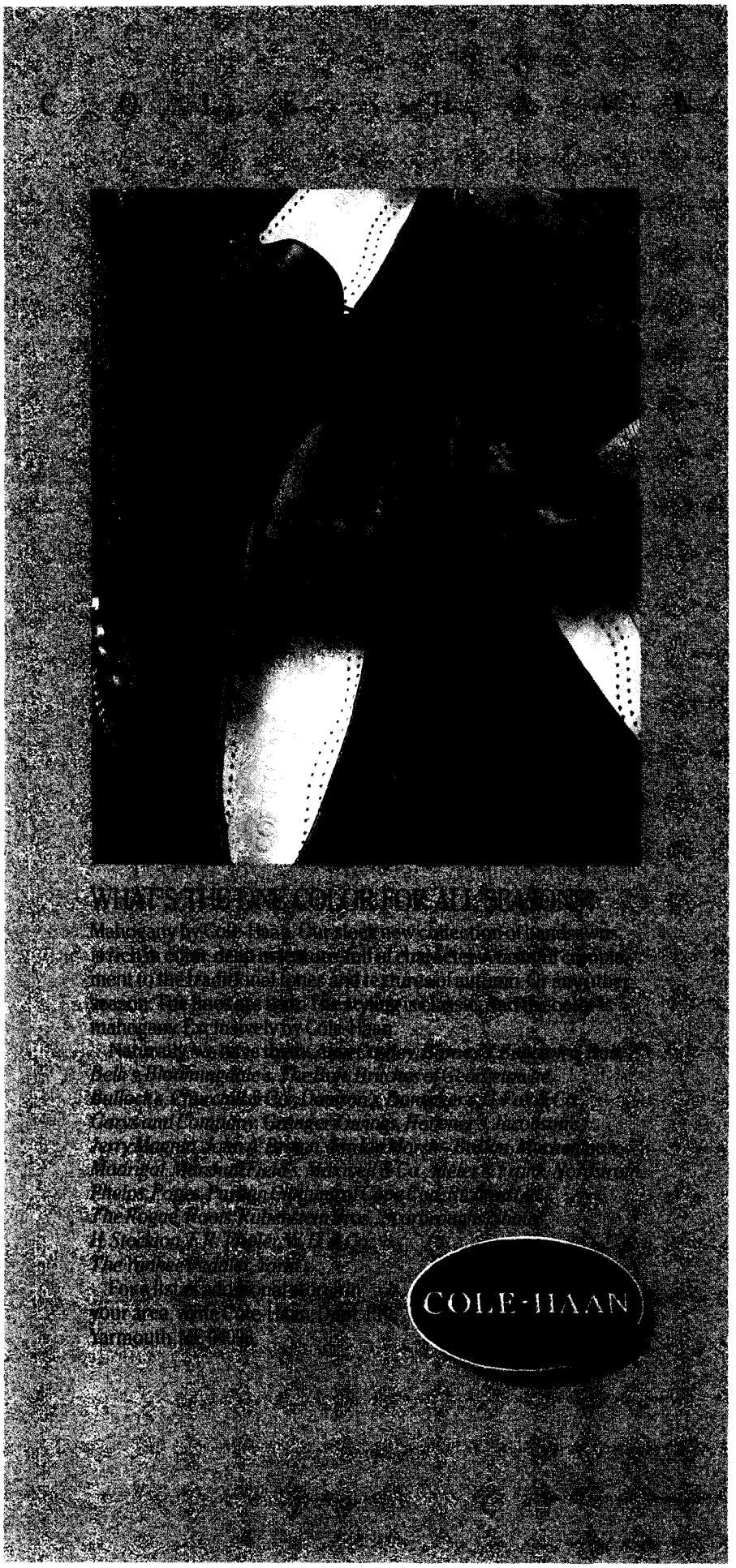
While reasonable persons may argue the merits of "dynamic" versus "static" assumptions, it is noteworthy that the government's interest payment is based on the "static" figure.

Third, Mr. Fallows contends that 80 percent of federal retirees eventually qualify for Social Security benefits as well. I recognize this number from the intense debate in 1983 over the extension of Social Security to federal employees, but I have yet to see proof of its accuracy. Regardless of the percentage figure, however, there are two factors that are not in dispute: No civil-service retiree receives a Social Security benefit that was not earned by meeting all requirements of law, so the term "double dipper" is as inept as it is disparaging. Also, the civil-service retirement system was established in 1920 as a means of providing a basic retirement income to long-service workers; civil servants were exempted from Social Security until 1984. Conversely, company pension plans are integrated with Social Security, and both sources of income are included in the ultimate retirement benefit.

Fourth, Mr. Fallows states correctly that civil-service annuities are fully indexed to inflation whereas few private plans are so indexed, but he fails to note that more than 60 percent of company plans have made *ad hoc* adjustments, and that the Social Security portion of the private retiree's income is not only fully indexed but essentially tax-free as well.

Finally, Mr. Fallows endorses the view that a means test should be applied to civil-service annuity adjustments, with those receiving less than $10,000 getting the full adjustment and those receiving more than $10,000 getting a lesser percentage. Such a procedure would indeed save dollars, but it would defeat the bedrock principle of a staff retirement system, which is to peg the annuity to years of service and responsibility held. A means test would penalize success on the job and would discourage initiative.

L. J. ANDOLSEK
President, National Association of Retired Federal Employees
Washington, D.C.



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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

DR. BENNETT'S TWO-FOOT SHELF (AND MINE)

THE NATIONAL Endowment for the Humanities wants to know: "Are there important works in the humanities that *every* student in the United States might reasonably be expected to have studied before he or she graduates from high school?"

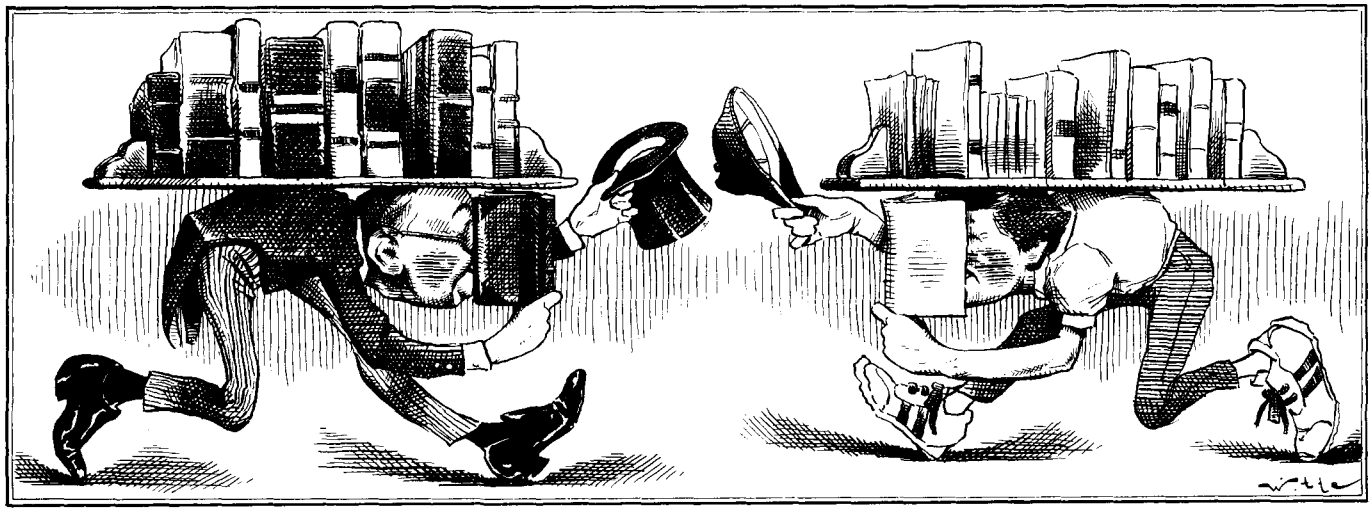
Dr. William J. Bennett, the chairman of the Endowment, posed this question last June in a letter to several hundred teachers, critics, politicians, and the like around the country. Bennett emphasized that he was not looking for "a list of favorite books or works, nor even for those that have most influenced your life, but for the bare universal minimum."

There is something about being invited to propose a syllabus of this sort—whether for flesh-and-blood high school students or for the hypothetical shipwreck victim on a desert island—that tends to turn an ordinarily down-to-earth person into a high-minded champion of the stodgiest classics. It is as if, upon being asked which foods all young Americans should eat regularly, one felt compelled to answer: liver, wheat germ, and carrot juice.

Surprisingly, however, the replies to Dr. Bennett's query proved to be quite palatable. To be sure, some of the respondents indulged a Whiggish fancy or two. (George F. Will, for example, writing in *The Washington Post*, promoted Cardinal Newman's *The Idea of a University* as required reading for the nation's 14 million high school students, though he did so rather sheepishly.) But when the responses were finally tabulated by officials at the Endowment, the ten most frequent recommendations, in order, turned out to be: something by Shakespeare (*Macbeth* or *Hamlet*), "primary documents" (the Declaration of Independence, the United States Constitution, and the Federalist papers), *Huckleberry Finn*, by Mark Twain, portions of the Bible (Genesis, Ecclesiastes, Psalms, and one of the Gospels), and one book each by Homer (*The Iliad* or *The Odyssey*), Dickens (*Great Expectations* or *A Tale of Two Cities*), Plato (*The Republic* or the death of Socrates in *The Phaedo*), Steinbeck (*The Grapes of Wrath*), Hawthorne (*The Scarlet Letter*), and Sophocles (*Oedipus Rex*).

For the most part that strikes me as both a reasonable and a respectable two-foot shelf of books. But is it sufficient? Will this "bare universal minimum" truly enable the typical teenager to hit the ground running on graduation day? Conducting a nonsystematic survey of my own over a period of weeks, I asked some friends the following question: "For an average American kid to make his way in the U.S.A.—to negotiate the school system, to survive physically and function socially thereafter, and to cope with an excess of leisure time—are there any books not on Dr. Bennett's list that he ought to have under his belt?"

One woman I know suggested *TV Movies*, edited by Leonard Maltin. As a satisfied owner of the 1983–1984 revised



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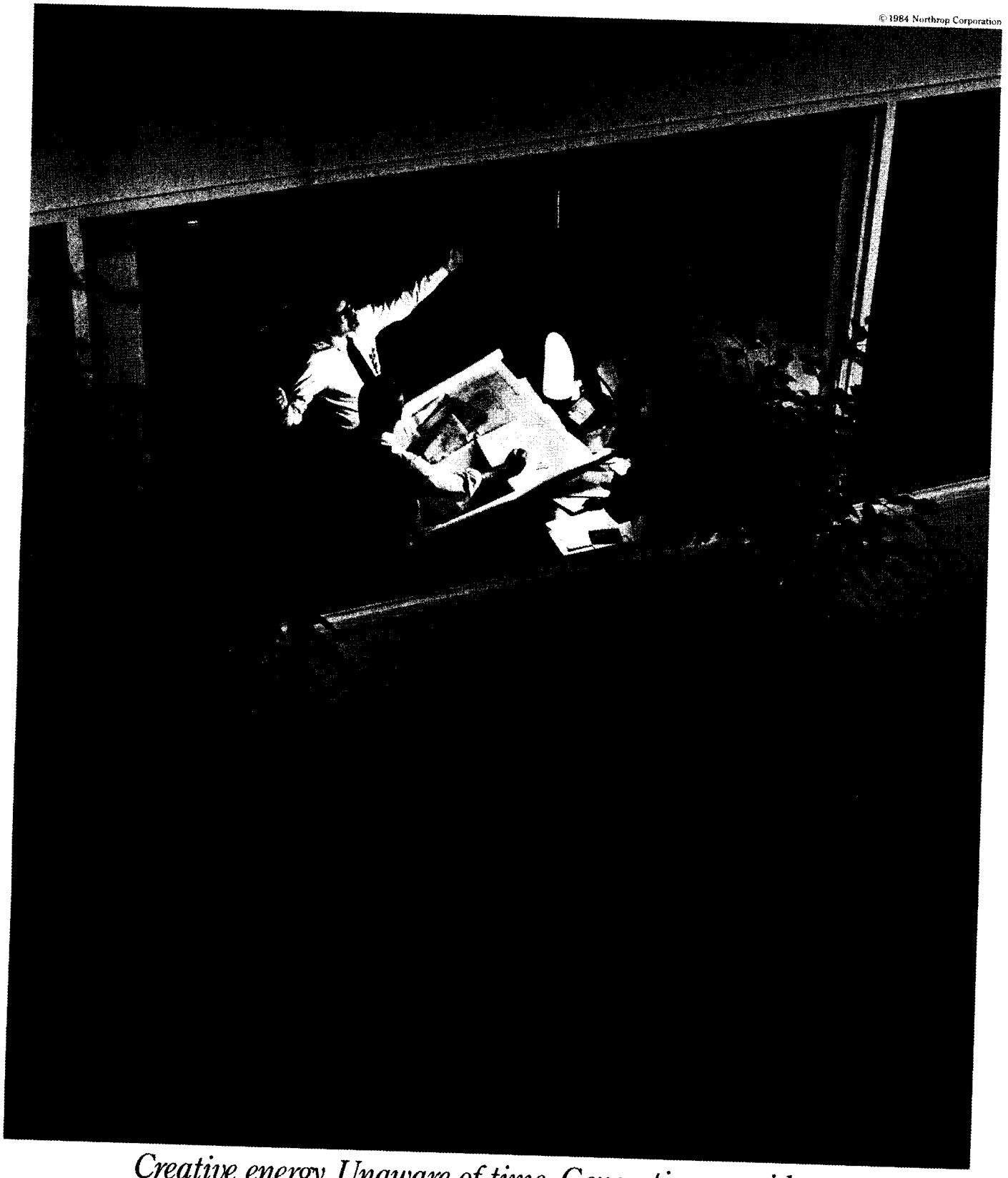

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edition, which consists of capsule reviews of some 15,000 feature films shown on television, I readily endorse this nomination. The average American watches about 1,600 hours of television every year. At midnight on any day of the week 2.65 million teenagers are still sitting in front of the tube. What happens at, say, one o'clock in the morning, when the local TV listing reports only: "(5) *The Brain That Wouldn't Die* (1963), Joseph Green, Herb Evers, Virginia Leith, Adele Lamont"? Does one watch or go to bed? Consider the assessment provided by *TV Movies*: "Poorly produced tale of surgeon trying to find body to attach to fiancee's head (she was decapitated but still lives)." The typical viewer is now equipped to make a decision. The set stays on.

What about *The Official Boy Scout Handbook*? Two people, unknown to each other, independently suggested this essential compendium. One of them said, "The section I remember best was called 'From Boy to Man,' which told you what was going on when you found hair growing in your armpits. It was on page 89 or 113 or something like that." In the ninth edition, written by William ("Green Bar Bill") Hillcourt, "From Boy to Man" is still included. So is useful advice on such matters as what to bring along on an overnight hike (don't forget a "small U.S. flag, with halyard") and how to gauge the temperature of burning coals using only the palm of your hand. A list of commonly invoked human virtues appears on page 31, for handy reference, and memorable moral maxims are scattered throughout the book. For example, according to Green Bar Bill, "You never have to worry about dirt that washes off."

My wife came up with three suggestions, whose merits are self-evident: *The Rand McNally Road Atlas*, the *Cliffs Notes* for Charles Dickens, and Stephen Potter's *The Complete Upmanship*. Any American who finds the *Road Atlas* hard to handle has, to put it mildly, been pushed from the nest with his wings clipped; familiarity with this cartographic folio should be a prerequisite for obtaining a driver's license. As for Dickens (number six on Dr. Bennett's list), I have never really understood why this man's novels should have come to dominate the American high school curriculum. Rare is the student who begs for "more" of Dickens, and equally rare the teacher who, like Mr. Bumble, withholds a second serving. *Cliffs Notes*

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should satisfy the needs of all concerned. While the publishers of the series caution that "these notes are not a substitute for the text itself," they may usefully tide one over until retirement.

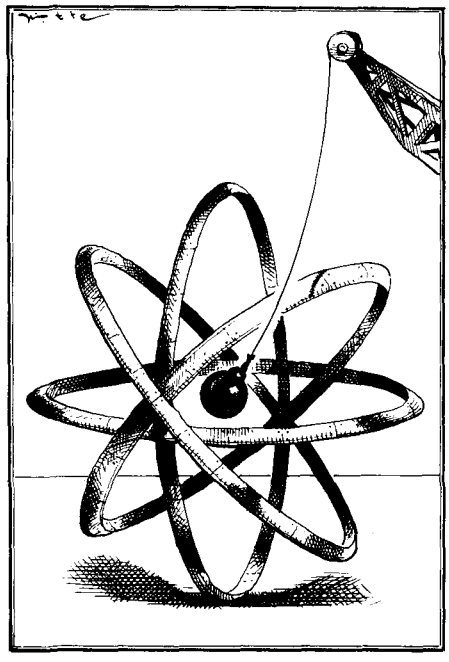
The Complete Upmanship, meanwhile, is the antidote of choice to the occasional plonking squareness of *The Official Boy Scout Handbook*. "The most important thing I learned from Stephen Potter," my wife explained, "is that when you're a houseguest, you should make a point of helping with the dishes on the day of your arrival. Everyone else will notice, and you won't be asked to do another thing." Potter offers training in such basic "Lifegambits" as "Mannership," "Clothesmanship," and "I'm Rather Delightfulship." Those who are daunted by Dr. Bennett's two-foot shelf might profitably repair to Potter's postgraduate course in "Litmanship": "How to make it appear, without giving books more than a casual glance, for surely there is not time, that no man is quicker than yourself off the mark with the latest thriller, newest white paper on the development of opencast tungsten mining, or most recent reminiscences of some unheard-of nephew of Dante Gabriel Rossetti."

Litmanship, however, will not do for the final five selections proposed by my respondents. *The Joy of Cooking*, by Irma S. Rombauer and Marion Rombauer Becker: one must, after all, come to terms with this craft, and if one has not done so by the age of eighteen, one probably never will. Besides, the authors' crisp mini-essays ("About Calories," "About Terrapin") rival those of Montaigne. *Casino Royale* and its sequels, by Ian Fleming: a friend of mine says that the James Bond saga "teaches poise, cool, and the importance of a certain kind of individualism; also, it contains a lot of good ideas about where to go on vacation." *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd*, by Agatha Christie: according to Robin Winks, a professor of history at Yale, one's reaction to this book can serve as a litmus test. Those satisfied by Miss Christie's conclusion are destined to become voracious consumers of detective novels; those who believe that Miss Christie was cheating had best cultivate other forms of recreation. For them *Hoyle's Games*, by Edmond Hoyle, will prove especially valuable.

A quarter of an inch remains on my two-foot shelf—just room enough for *Goodnight Moon*, with text by Margaret Wise Brown and pictures by Clement Hurd. This book was recommended (implicitly) by my son. He has been through *Goodnight Moon* from cover to cover 417 times, on each occasion playing "find the mouse," though not according to Hoyle. I hope that, a generation from now, he will discover the book again, the way I did.

—*Cullen Murphy*

Cullen Murphy is a senior editor of The Wilson Quarterly, *and he writes regularly for* The Atlantic.



ENERGY

THE ECONOMICS OF CONTAMINATION

Shutting down a nuclear-power plant is a risky and expensive job

HUMBOLDT BAY IS a corner of northern California known for its daunting redwoods and its heavy surf. Saxton, Pennsylvania, is an old mining town folded into the forests of the Alleghenies. Residents of the two have little in common—except for the dead but still highly radioactive nuclear reactors in their midst. What to do with a nuclear-power plant that has outlived its usefulness and its margin of safety is a question that has suddenly thrust the California and Pennsylvania communities into a budding national debate. Their conclusions, it turns out, are diametrically opposite. Together, the two controversies highlight the hard questions that every region containing a nuclear-power plant will eventually have to face.

The Humboldt Bay reactor shut down permanently in 1976, after thirteen years of operation, largely because new regulations would have made the cost of refurbishing it to withstand a major earthquake much greater than the cost of the plant. The owner, Pacific Gas and Electric Company (PG&E), is requesting permission from the Nuclear Regulatory Commission (NRC) to let the plant continue to sit idle for a few decades before dismantling it, arguing that natural radioactive decay will make the demolition job less costly and dangerous down the road. Furthermore, since no storage depot is likely to be ready to accept the spent fuel from commercial nuclear plants until the twenty-first century, the "hot" used fuel will have to be kept and monitored on-site anyway. But area residents, under the banners of environmentalist groups such as the Redwood Alliance and the Sierra Club's Legal Defense Fund, want more than the shutdown. They contend that two geological faults meet near the plant and, therefore, storage of the dead reactor and its approximately 400 used fuel rods on the rim of the Bay is a dangerous proposition. They would like to see the NRC order the utility both to dismantle the plant immediately and to obtain special permission to pack the spent fuel off to a government repository.

Residents of Saxton would have been perfectly happy with a plan to delay action like PG&E's. But the nuclear branch of their General Public Utilities Corporation (GPU), citing maintenance costs and structural uncertainties, wanted, beginning this decade, to dismantle the tiny experimental reactor that had operated in the Broad Top hills from 1962 to 1972. A group of Saxton residents took on the company, believing that it would be safer to let the radiation cool for another twenty years or so before the plant was demolished. Townspeople are also mindful of GPU's role in the nearby Three Mile Island disaster, of four "unscheduled releases" of radioactive gas made by the Saxton plant while it was operating, and of an informal survey showing that the local leukemia rate is more than four times the state average. Petitions from Saxton helped prompt the Pennsylvania Public

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Utility Commission's decision to postpone the starting date for dismantlement until 1997. GPU is considering its next move.

As Saxton and the towns on Humboldt Bay have learned, nuclear-power plants do not live forever. When safety dictates their demise—theoretically after thirty years but actually sooner in many cases—they must, according to the NRC, be "decommissioned." The NRC has defined "decommissioning" as shutting down the plant, removing its radioactive parts and waste, and decontaminating the site to the point at which it could be used for virtually anything, even a housing project or a park. The goal is to avoid dotting the landscape with useless radioactive hulks that occupy valuable space and possibly threaten the public health.

However, demolishing a used reactor is not like tearing down an old apartment building. Over the years radiation permeates the thick steel embracing the nuclear core, as well as the concrete shields, the elaborate plumbing system, and potentially even the surrounding soil. The radioactivity—which can be intense in parts of the plant—makes decommissioning arduous, and the quantity of radioactive material to be disposed of can be awesome.

The now-defunct Atomic Energy Commission licensed nuclear-power plants without having any clear idea of what would happen to the mountains of toxic wastes that the plants would create. The NRC has continued to grant licenses to utilities that lack definite plans for the steel-and-concrete carcasses that decades of nuclear bombardment will have rendered lethal. The situation is like permitting jets to take off without landing gear.

Washington's neglect was bound to catch up with the industry. However, unlike the issue of waste disposal, which many thousands of studies have scrutinized, the disposal of reactors themselves has received scant attention until recently. It was only in 1977, when activist groups petitioned the NRC to establish regulations on the process, that serious research was initiated on the decommissioning of commercial nuclear-power plants.

Now, a quarter-century into the age of atomic energy, the federal government is at last about to issue proposed regulations on the problem. And none too soon: there are currently five commercial reactors, and many more noncommercial facilities, in various stages of terminal disability. The federal Department of Energy estimates that about twenty elderly commercial plants will be candidates for decommissioning by the year 2000, and that fifty more will follow in the first decade of the next century.

In an industry in which public controversy seems the rule, the subject of decommissioning is no exception. Disagreement runs rampant over even the basics: What is the best way to decommission a plant? How much will the process cost? Who will pay for it? How much radiation should be permitted to remain after the cleanup?

Over the years, the NRC has fashioned three approaches to decommissioning, and all have drawbacks. The first is immediate dismantlement. Shortly after shutdown workers would extract the highly radioactive fuel assemblies, flush out internal riggings with a kind of nuclear-age Drano to help decontaminate the plant, and then cart away all vestiges of the plant to special nuclear dumps.

The second approach, mothballing (euphemistically dubbed SAFSTOR or "safe storage" by the NRC), also calls for fuel-assembly removal and decontamination. But then the plant shell would simply wait behind a fence while its radiation decayed. The site would be monitored and public access would be prohibited for between thirty and a hundred years, after which final dismantlement would presumably take place.

Entombment, the third approach, resembles mothballing but requires the construction of a massive concrete-and-metal cocoon to trap the radiation while it fades. Security measures could therefore be minimized. This sort of colossal mummification was widely considered a permanent solution until the mid-seventies, when researchers discovered the significance of the long-lived isotopes nickel-59 and niobium-94 embedded in the steel enclosing a nuclear core. With half-lives of as long as 80,000 years, these will keep parts of a commercial reactor too hot to handle for over a million years. Clearly, they will outlive any kind of cage devised for them.

This time scale makes entombment undesirable, and the fact that maintenance and surveillance costs add up quickly is a strike against mothballing. Immediate dismantlement, theoretically the most expedient and least expensive alternative, is the course the NRC has advised.

But immediate dismantlement is also the trickiest option to undertake and has the potential to loose the deadliest doses of radioactivity onto workers and the public. The hotter reactor parts would have to be dismantled thirty to fifty feet underwater by remote control or by robots, to guard human beings from the potent radiation and to subdue the spread of radioactive dust. It is estimated that even with such extreme precautions, workers would be exposed to four times as much radiation as they would be if dismantling were delayed thirty years. That may well prove to be an underestimate: in January the NRC concluded that the cleanup work force at Three Mile Island will receive six times the radiation that had been predicted. The public's exposure, thought to accrue mainly from the transportation of hundreds of radioactive truckloads per plant to a possibly distant disposal site, would also be about four times the level resulting from delayed dismantlement. The consequences of an accident during demolition or transport would be far more serious too.

"It's hard to justify sending people into a plant that hot," David Berick, the director of the Nuclear Waste and Safety Project at the Environmental Policy Institute, in Washington, says. "It'll also mean transferring tens of thousands of gallons of decontaminating solutions and hundreds of tons of hot rubble from a controlled area out into the world, in trucks and railroads and casks. When you do that, you really increase the chance of releasing radioactivity into the environment."

Yet another unsolved problem is where the dismantled pieces of the nuclear carcasses are to be stowed. According to studies sponsored by the NRC, decommissioning one large reactor would yield a volume of contaminated concrete and steel equal to a quarter of the low-level radioactive wastes now produced in the entire country in a year. ("Low-level" waste is foggily defined as all radioactive garbage except spent fuel and fuel-reprocessing liquids, which are called "high-level.") There are currently eighty-four plants with operating licenses in the United States—many of which will give out during the next decade—and about fifty more are in the works. At the moment, only three repositories accept radioactive rubbish from commercial plants; they may well balk

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at the idea of dramatically increasing the volume they handle. Present plans call for new low-level, regional landfills, but it will take years to create them.

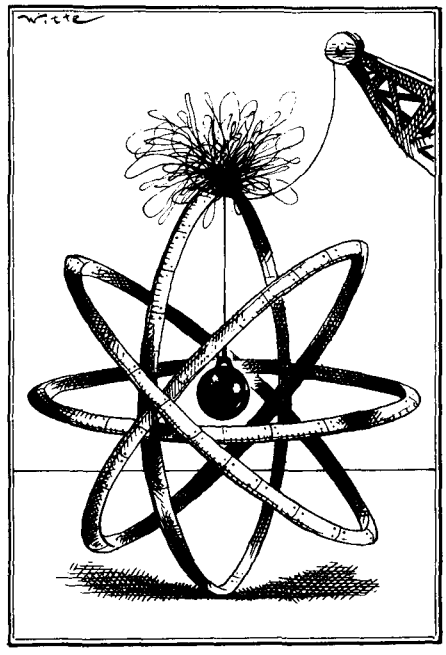
Of a dead plant's 800 tons of activated steel, close to ten percent is considered virtually as deadly as used fuel rods. But this waste slips between the cracks of regulatory definitions and at present remains classified as low-level. There are no requirements that it be put in eternal deep geological storage; as regulations stand, it might end up packaged and dug into trenches in landfills designed to accommodate much-less-contaminated refuse. "There's not a radioactive landfill around where there's thirty to forty inches of rainfall a year that hasn't leaked," says Marvin Resnikoff, a physicist and a staff scientist for the Sierra Club Radioactive Waste Project, and an expert on nickel-59.

But putting off dismantlement, and therefore the disposal of waste, introduces other hazards. Radioactive leaks are one concern. "A mothballed plant is a giant piece of radiating metal, like an x-ray machine you can't turn off," Resnikoff says. What he and other experts fear most is that a utility company's procedures for monitoring and guarding its nuclear skeleton may grow lax over the years, rendering the plant vulnerable to intrusion by terrorists or curious children.

Nonetheless, several factors weigh heavily in favor of delay: the high short-term cost of dismantlement, the absence of permanent waste-disposal sites, and the "natural tendency to let the company's *next* president worry about it," in the words of Robert Pohl, a professor of physics at Cornell and an investigator of niobium-94. Indeed, the approach that is the ultimate delay—permanent entombment—may eventually prevail. "I believe it will increasingly be seen as the solution," Duane Chapman, an energy economist also at Cornell, says. "The real question is how many places you want to dedicate to waste storage forever: one, ten, a hundred or more. Nobody likes the idea of those places proliferating, but it may actually be slightly safer to keep the reactors where they are than to shuffle their remains around the country, just so they can sit someplace else."

ESTIMATES OF THE cost of decommissioning range from less than five percent of the cost of building the plant to a full hundred percent or more. Nobody really knows what the price tag would be, though, because no large-scale nuclear power plant has yet been dismantled anywhere in the United States. Most of the utilities' cost projections are therefore derived from the experience of taking apart two tiny research reactors. But because these reactors were only a fraction of the size, their walls a fraction of the thickness, and their radiation contamination a fraction of that of most commercial plants, economists warn that industry estimates are necessarily quite rough.

The first dismantlement of a larger reactor—the Shippingport plant near Pittsburgh—is only now getting under way. The Department of Energy is directing the work, and it hopes to use Shippingport as a decommissioning showcase. The effort is expected to cost $80 million (in 1982 dollars) and to take several years. But Shippingport, which operated for twenty-five years, had a capacity less than ten percent of the capacity of most plants operating today, so it may prove no better an example than the experimental reactors were. Furthermore, its steel reactor vessel—an eight-and-three-quarters-inch thick container surrounding the core and measuring thirty-five feet high and ten and a half feet in diameter—won't even be cut up. The project managers are planning to barge it in one piece down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, through the Panama Canal, up the Pacific Coast, and then inland to its thirty-foot-deep grave in the state of Washington.



One 1978 study sponsored by the NRC estimated the cost of decommissioning a typical large boiling-water reactor at $43.6 million for immediate dismantlement and $58.9 million for dismantlement after thirty years of mothballing. Those figures have served as benchmarks in the industry—although other research has shown that problems specific to particular plants can raise the cost of dismantling them to two and a half times the cost for basically similar facilities. And of course, much of the decommissioning technology is untried. A Rand Corporation study has shown that costs for untried technologies typically climb to between 400 and 1,000 percent of the costs originally predicted.

Costs climb steeply when a plant must be prematurely decommissioned as a result of an accident, like the one that occurred at Three Mile Island. It will take about one billion dollars and close to a decade simply to remove the fuel from the crippled TMI facility and clean out the excess radioactivity produced during the accident. That's *before* any effort is made to decommission the plant.

Nuclear construction is notorious for cost overruns, and there is no reason to suspect that the reasons for them will not apply equally to nuclear dismantlement. Capital costs have often turned out to be three to five times the original estimates, in constant dollars, according to Charles Komanoff, an energy consultant in New York. "We can probably look forward to that same type of growth in decommissioning costs, and maybe more," he says. Chapman, of Cornell, is still more pessimistic. He says, "It will cost as much to dismantle the plants as it did to build them—I think on average three billion dollars apiece in today's terms." (For perspective, the general-fund budget for the state of Connecticut for fiscal 1984–1985 was about $3.7 billion.) Chapman continues, "Given a six-percent annual inflation rate, a reactor going on-line today will cost seventeen billion dollars to dismantle in 2014." If Chapman is right, the cost of getting rid of the reactors operating or on order today will shoot past the trillion-dollar mark in the early decades of the twenty-first century.

The chief financial concern of regulators is that the owner of the station pay the decommissioning bill, rather than shifting responsibility onto the federal or state government or energy consumers who did not benefit from the plant. In-

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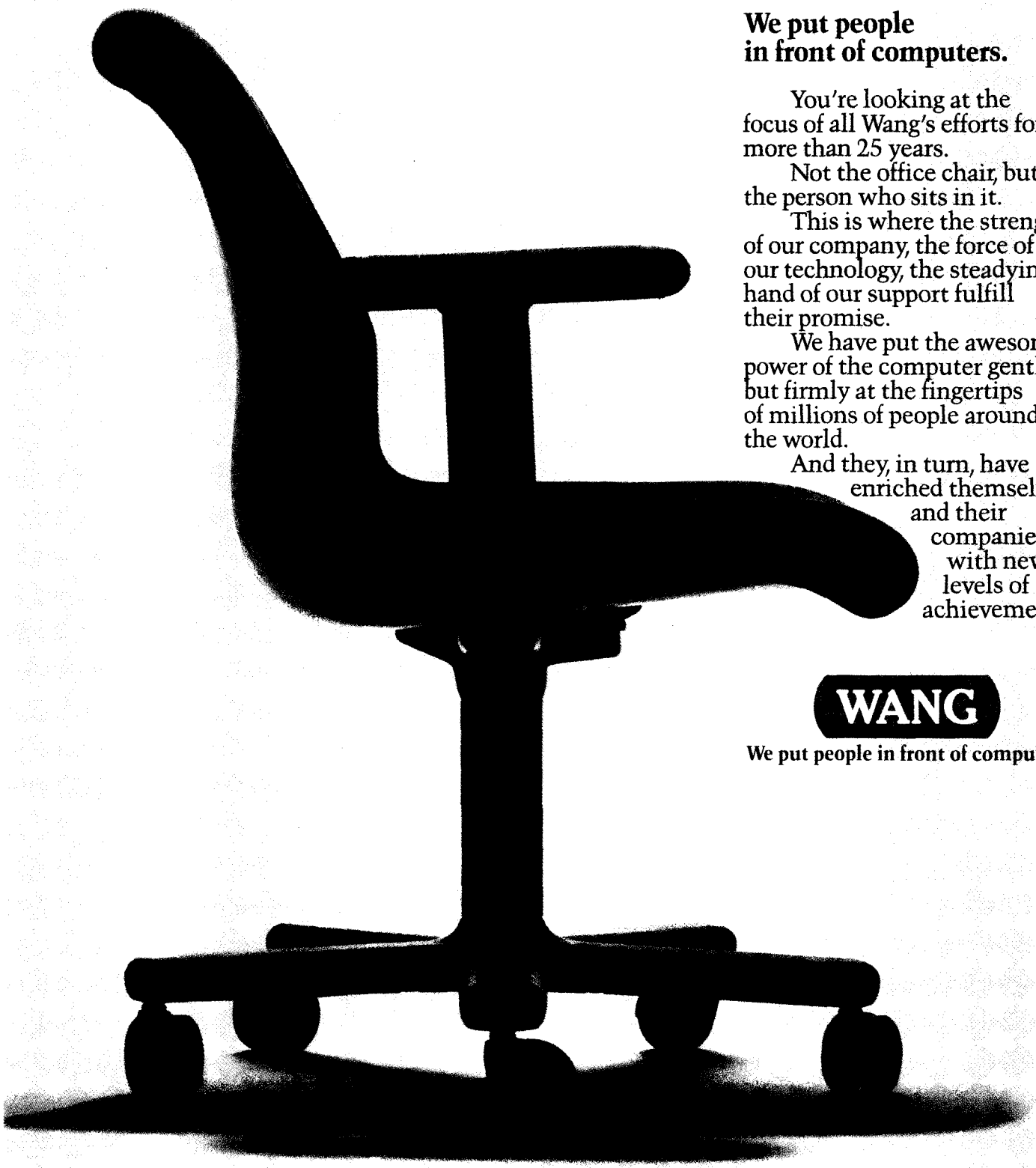

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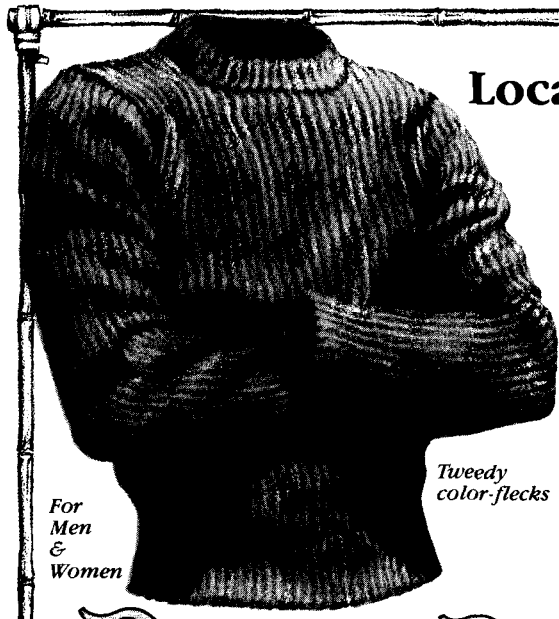

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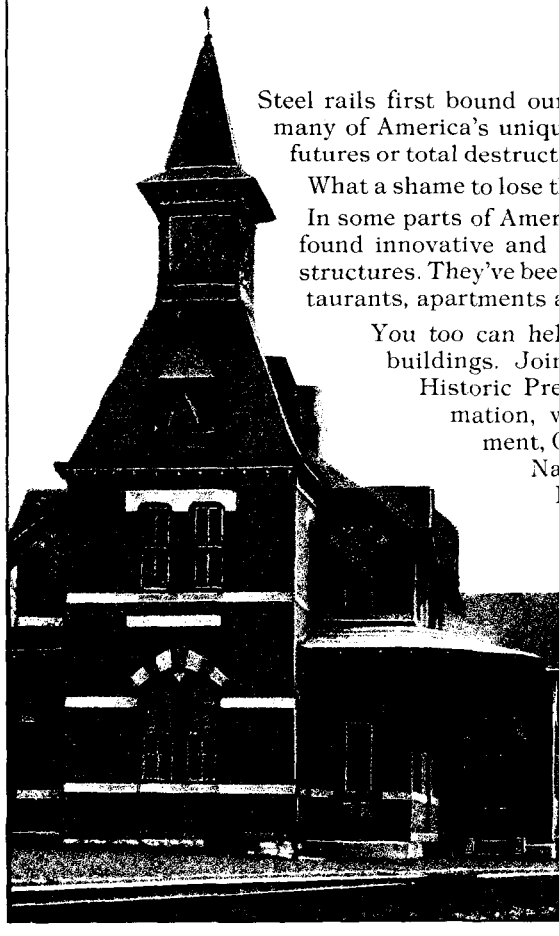

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surance has recently become available to nuclear companies for emergency cleanups, but not for routine decommissioning.

California regulators acted too late to help Humboldt Bay. No money for decommissioning was collected from consumers during the power plant's lifetime, so the cost will be reflected in the rates charged consumers who never received its power. In the past few years utility companies have been prompted to figure the cost of decommissioning into their rates, albeit at levels that they may have seriously underestimated. The majority of the companies, however, are funneling the proceeds from their decommissioning rate increases directly into their operating funds, and often into the construction of new nuclear plants. Resnikoff asks, "Where will the money be when they need it? It's not liquid—it's all in bricks. You can't decommission a plant with bricks."

IN THE ABSENCE of federal guidelines, and driven by the fear of eventually having to bankroll decommissionings, eight states have thus far required utilities to establish external sinking funds—money collected from consumers that is set aside and managed separately from the utility's affairs. The rationale is that such funds will make at least a portion of the necessary money available at the right time. Utilities have for the most part resisted the new regulations, claiming that external funds are far more expensive to them, and hence to their customers, than internal accounts.

Even if all the money that a utility expects to need were collected and set aside, however, there would remain the potential problem of large cost overruns. Some state laws require shareholders—as opposed to customers—to pay costs that exceed the utility's estimate. Still, if "back-end" cost overruns mirror those associated with the "front end," or construction, it's possible that they could bankrupt utilities.

Another worrisome prospect is that utilities will increasingly form holding companies that would enable them to escape liability for decommissionings by simply dissolving the company responsible for a reactor at the end of the reactor's productive lifetime. A 1983 Connecticut decommissioning law guards against such a move, as would a bill introduced last year in Wisconsin.

Beyond the thicket of uncertainties lies a fact: a decommissioned nuclear-

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power plant illuminates no houses. Thus economic incentives will inspire utilities to do not the most careful job of decommissioning but only the least expensive job. Regulatory zeal and public activism seem the likeliest safeguards against the corner-cutting that could result in environmental and financial disaster.

But those who expected firm federal leadership from the long-awaited proposed NRC rules may be sorely disappointed. The proposed regulations, judging from conversations with some of their drafters, promise to be an exercise in regulatory minimalism, a retreat by the Reagan Administration from the network of safeguards that were regarded as absolutely necessary by the Carter Administration.

Aside from requiring decommissioning plans to be submitted to the NRC, the rules will give only the vaguest guidance, it seems; it is expected that they will not even discuss the various decommissioning alternatives, but will instead leave these to a toothless "supplementary information" packet. Although NRC literature from just a few years ago denounced permanent entombment as dangerous and irresponsible, the new rules may allow a version of it. They may also permit utilities that are dismantling reactors to dispose of the hottest rubble in low-level landfills. Rather than demanding that external funds for decommissioning be established across the board, the NRC, it is expected, will require such funds only from companies whose sole asset is one nuclear reactor, such as the four Yankee-plant owners in New England. Although the limit on radiation that individuals could receive from a restored site was expected to be set at 10 millirems or less a year, current thinking may permit 50 millirems: five times the dose reactors are designed to emit while operating. It appears that the draft directive will not require an environmental-impact statement for decommissioning projects, although such a measure is considered vital by many experts. Finally, the proposed rules provide no routine channel for input from the public.

If NRC regulation under the Reagan Administration has been diluted, reactions on the part of individuals directly confronting the specter of decommissioning are still strong. Residents of Humboldt Bay and the Broad Top hills are still at work: the former battling the prospect of a de facto radioactive-waste

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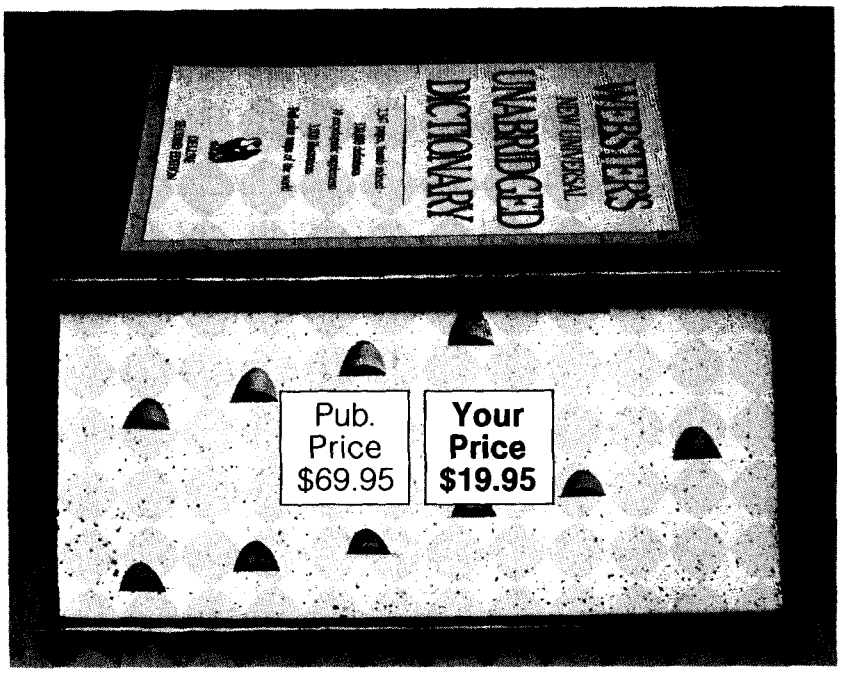

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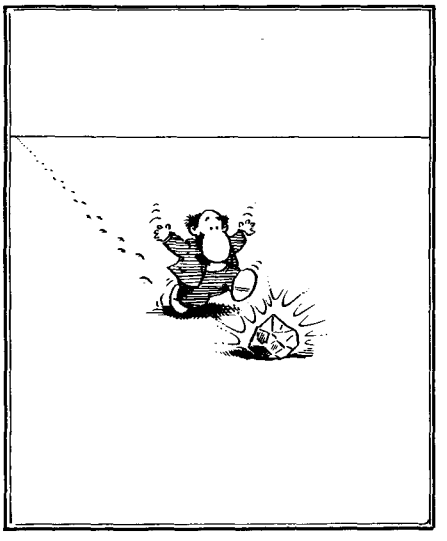
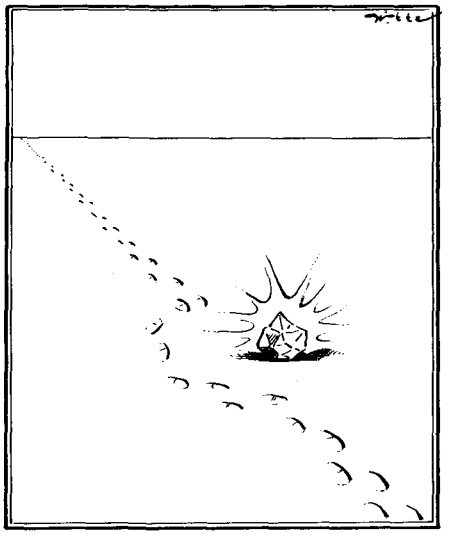
repository; the latter struggling to prevent a radioactive demolition experiment. Such choices represent a bitter transformation of the dreams of the fifties, when nuclear energy was proclaimed too cheap to meter, too safe to doubt, too clean to question.

The atomic genie has become a menace we can neither banish nor kill, incinerate nor extinguish, rend nor smash, nor—especially—forget. The best the country's nuclear managers can do is to move it, try to cage it, and guard it—through the millennia. In the meantime, the California and Pennsylvania examples may foreshadow confrontations across the country as the public tries to project its voice into the debate over how to accommodate a perpetual poison in the American neighborhood.

—Carole Douglis

Carole Douglis holds a graduate degree in public policy from the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts.





NOTES

RARITY

If you discover something wonderful, keep it under your hat. Let the rare stay rare

HAS ANYONE YET called public attention to the curious happiness to be had in writing on a rubber surface with a ball-point pen? I know I haven't. The slow, fat flow of the line produced on this densely yielding material is obtainable on no other medium. At any given moment a dozen Americans are probably making repetitive scrolly designs on the soft white door-seals of their refrigerators; or they are running their pens along the layered edges of their sneakers, heads bent, as you try to give them advice; or, finest of all, they are marking their initials very thickly on one of those gigantic, dumb, benevolent erasers (which always bounce in unforeseen directions when dropped; which seem so selfless, so apolitical, so perfectly uninterested in doing anything besides erasing large mistakes for which they were not responsible) and then using the eraser to print these same initials a number of times, backward, at the top of a piece of paper, in a fading progression. These are rare pleasures.

And then someone comes along with an article in which they are grouped together and discussed right in the opening paragraph. Has a useful service been performed? A few readers, remembering that they did once enjoy taking down a toll-free telephone number on a spatula, go "Oh ho!" with a cautious cheerfulness. "I guess I am one of those not-so-uncommon people who have had that sort of rare experience!" Infrequent events in the lives of total strangers have been linked thereby; but the pleasure itself is too fragile, too incidental, to survive such forced affiliation undamaged. The unfortunate fact is that in questions of taste and preference, multiplying the idea of a thing's rarity is nearly identical in effect to multiplying the thing itself: its rarity departs. Readers may never again engage so unthinkingly in this subgenre of idleness. Now it is no more common than it was before I brought it up, but it is more commonplace.

Rarity, then, is an emotion as much as it is a statistical truth. Just say the word over to yourself: "Rare! O rarer than rare!" A long, piercing curve of light appears and fades in one's darkened memory; it's like that diminishing cry of cartoon characters when they are tricked into running off a cliff. *Rare! The rare-book room! Rare disease! A miracle of rare device!* Isn't it incredible? Comprehended in the notion are all sorts of contributory pangs: brevity, barely missed opportunity, wonder, the passing of great men and glorious eras. Frequency is a sudden movement of many wings, a riffle through a worn catalogue; rarity holds the single hushing index finger raised. You read in the paper that a superb and singular aurora borealis glowed last night for six minutes over two of the northern districts of Saskatchewan. "How could I have missed that?" you cry. "Why was I merely fiddling with that piece of tin foil and listening to the radio?" This despite the fact that the number of rare things is very large—too large, in fact, to give each one of them the rapt attention it deserves. Not only do you have priceless mis-stamped nickels, the fabulously mutant tulips, the holes-in-one, and the Georges de La Tours but also you've got all the varied sorts of human talent and permutations of character: the master whistler, the memory prodigy, the man who can mix wit with sympathy. The universe of rares is surprisingly crowded, but some indeterminate feature inherent in rare objects and persons causes them to seem nonetheless perfectly isolated, one from another—each floats in a kind of tranquil, oil-filled sphere of amazement, miles from any neighbor.

But there is ferment, too, in this universe. The turnover rate is very high. One funny DJ will substitute "colder in the shrubs" for "colder in the suburbs," or "T-storms" for "thunderstorms"; within a week and a half every hot DJ in the country is doing the same; and the phrase is soon remaindered to the microphones of the mediocre. Forgotten commonplaces are raised back up into the rare, and soiled rarities tossed back into the commonplace, twenty-four hours a day, in processes as inevitable as the cycles of rain and evaporation. And herein lies our difficult question. Since rarity constitutes part of the pleasure we take in many of the things we value, how rare should we allow the rare to remain when it is in our power to influence its frequency?

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The leading character of Verdi's "La Forza del Destino" never appears on stage, speaks or sings, but is present throughout. The character is Fate. It leads Leonora to a life of penitence. Fate compels her lover, an Incan prince, to commit a murder he never intended. Fate contemptuously brings ruin on all it confronts in Verdi's operatic masterwork—where a twist of Fate ultimately becomes the final twist of the knife.

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IT HAS OFTEN been accounted a worthy goal for a society to aspire to perfect efficiency in the diffusion of any extraordinary successes on the part of its members. Good ideas should supplant bad without the resistance of prejudice or habit; inside information should become public knowledge with the shortest possible delay. Complicated automatic mechanisms have been put in place for the rapid deployment of any hidden gem—a clever household hint, a new theory, a patent, a fairly good poem. Seed money is everywhere. Venture capitalists, those sleepless invigilators, now roam the laboratories for the tiniest tremor of a possibility of a better modem, force-feed it ten million dollars, pump it up, bring it public, and move on, restless foragers, starved for the rare. Grants committees and arts competitions rip through the applicant pools, funding anything that moves. Contrarians fall all over one another to buy stocks that everyone else hates. "What's New" columns take any gruntling of an innovation and give it a paragraph, a title with a pun in it, and a close-cropped picture. We are chastened by past mistakes: Mendel died ignored; Brahms was hissed; Harvey's patients abandoned him when he came out with *The Circulation of the Blood*. This kind of thing must not happen again!

Sometimes it is bracing to observe a society so intent on quickening and institutionalizing its response to novelty. Our toes are curled right around the leading edge of the surfboard. Nothing far out will catch us off guard! We will monitor left field continually, and nothing originating there will be overlooked!

Yet the close observer may notice certain distortions that are the result of too rapid a response to the unusual. Many new things ought to suffer shameful neglect—even formidable and entrenched resistance. Resistance gives an oddity more time to tinker and perform informal tests on itself, extending and refining its strangenesses in its own neighborhood, despite its impatience to stand before the world. Never mind that, though. The truly grave peril facing the small chicken farmer today is the destruction of surprise that accompanies the methodical popularization of the rare. The state of surprise is one of the major ornaments of thoughtful existence; it is therefore no small thing to hear life's punch lines repeatedly shouted out before we have properly settled into the jokes. In the prevailing view, a publisher who runs across an out-of-print minor masterpiece would enrich and uplift the human endeavor if he reissued the book as a trade paperback, with one of those beautiful, spare, up-to-the-minute cover designs. But what if he went instead to a rare-book store, bought a single copy for himself, and told nobody about it, preserving for at least one more generation of readers the precious sensations of luck and haphazardness and privacy that should accompany the formation of their intellects? If you have ever discovered a good book in a roundabout way, perhaps at the end of a tortuous ramification of footnotes, and then, shortly thereafter, run into a new reissue of that book beaming blandly at you, face forward, in an upscale bookstore, you will understand what I mean by the destruction of surprise.

A rough timetable, an "appreciation schedule," may be of use. Are you familiar with that pad dotted on both sides with suction cups to which you can vertically affix a wet bar of soap while you are in the shower? No? Good. That pad and life-enhancing devices like it should remain unmentioned by any "What's New" column for six months. Each of us should discover them, hanging unheralded from hooks in the hardware store, for ourselves. A good poem, as Horace intimated, ought to have a nine-year total news blackout. And a major leisure item—a new sort of inflatable raft, for example—deserves at least five summers of quiet superiority before it gets a Best Buy rating from *Consumer Reports* and leans against the wall in the sporting-goods department at J.C. Penney's. After all, this successful raft—with its revolutionary osmotic inflater-valve—displaces several other very good makes of raft, which once so proudly rode the crest; and when we flip through the still-hopeful catalogues of these inferior raft-crafters, and realize their anguish, deepening monthly, as they watch their sales go into steep decline, then *they* begin to take on rarity—the rarity of the underdog, one of the most forceful kinds—and we discover ourselves feeling, too soon, that we must root for the second-rate product. (Haven't you ever felt a peculiar sort of worry about the chair in your living room that it seems no one ever sits in? Haven't you sometimes felt tugs of compassion and guilt over an article of clothing that you dislike and therefore scarcely wear? Haven't you at least once secretly sat down in the hardly-sat-in chair, *wearing* that ugly shirt, in order to rectify these inequities?) A little lengthening in the time it takes for new merit to out, for rare proficiencies to make their sudden bundle, would allow our sympathy for the underdog and our excitement in superiority to coincide; too rapid a transmittal of the knowledge of relative merit, on the other hand, eliminates that beautiful period when these emotions overlap.

OUR SUBTOTAL TO this point, then, is that civilization ought to be superficially conservative and suspicious of subversion, so that rarity may still leap in with her accordion and startle the anatomy lesson. If the sadly underrated is kept sadly underrated, righteousness and a sense of urgent mission stay on the side of the unknown and the heteroclite. When all novelties are plucked before they are ripe, and encouraged when they would better have been ignored, filtered through adversity; when zoning rules demand public sculpture in exchange for additional floor space; when we cut short our finer efforts because the merest whiff of inventiveness is enough to coast on for a decade: then one is unwillingly forced, on behalf of originality itself, to defend authority, stringency, unbendingness. Not things one is dying to defend in an ideal polity, believe me. *Let the rare stay rare.* Every piece of bad design praised does its bit to keep good designs under wraps. We need more incompetent arbiters; we need more choices to be foolish and uninformed. Quality is having too easy a time.

Not that we should become immoderate. Certain tests may be helpful. You might inquire how sincerely you want everyone to know of the rarity you have stumbled across: what proportion of the pleasure you take in promoting it is simply the pleasure of having others know that you knew about it before they did? I find now, for instance, that when, a paragraph back, I used the word *heteroclite*—a rarish morsel that turned up in some Francis Bacon—any philanthropic motive I might have nourished in offering 500,000 identical versions of it to the homes of the world was overshadowed by a contemptible desire to stake my claim on that word before some other journalist did, and for this I am sorry. Realistically, we can't hope for less than two thirds of the "wanting others to know that I know" motive—yet merely posing the question may introduce a pause, an ambivalence, in our Asimovi-

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zation. You might also ask, "How much damage will I do to the person, place, or thing if I bring widespread attention to it? How resilient is it?" Certain rarities—certain swing tunes and facial expressions, for instance—are unbelievably tough, and can survive many rehearsals. As for imitation, a swift eroder of delicate rarity, the test must discriminate between the compulsive sort of imitation that springs from love and the artificial sort that is merely a shortcut to applause: "Am I imitating this synthesizer riff, this *New Yorker* poster, because I admire it so fiercely that I cannot help myself? Or not?"

A FEW FOREIGNERS, naturally, have gotten carried away. Let's say you are a genius, and you have just done something that has never been done before. There it lies, on your legal pad or your patio, as rare as it could possibly be. In a week or a year it might glint in thousands of other minds, like the tiny repeating images in a beetle's eye. Paul Valéry has some stern words for you: "Every mind considered powerful begins with the fault that makes it known. . . . the strongest heads, the most sagacious inventors, the most exacting connoisseurs of thought, must be unknown men, misers, who die without giving up their secret." Even putting an idea in words, according to Arthur Schopenhauer, constitutes selling out: "As soon as our thinking has found words it ceases to be sincere or at bottom serious. When it begins to exist for others it ceases to live in us. . . ." The flaw in these arguments for silence has been criticized often enough. Still, if behind this type of sentiment is simply the wish for temporary secrecy, for a few delays in the conveyance of a fluid thought into a final sentence, for a little sorrow intermixed with one's eagerness for self-expression, then I side with Valéry, Schopenhauer, et al.

All of us hope, I hope, that the portions of each person's life dedicated to the quest for the rare will themselves remain rare. The staggering fluke and the exhilarating pathology ought to surprise their first discoverers as much as they surprise the rest of us. It is always more pleasing when the sweepstakes is won by the family who sent off their entry distractedly, in the midst of errands and car pools, than when it is won by that man with the flat voice, in the hooded parka, who sent in five hundred thirty-seven separate entries—except that ulti-

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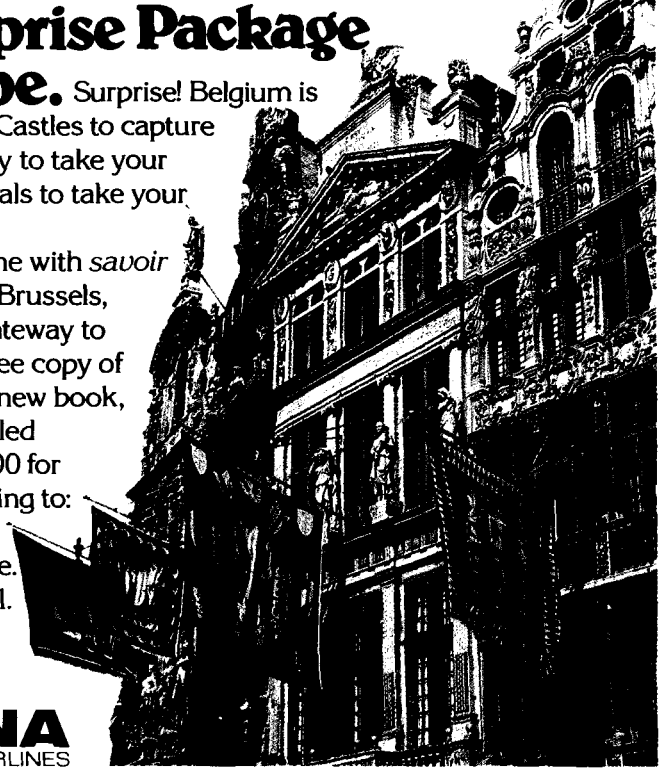

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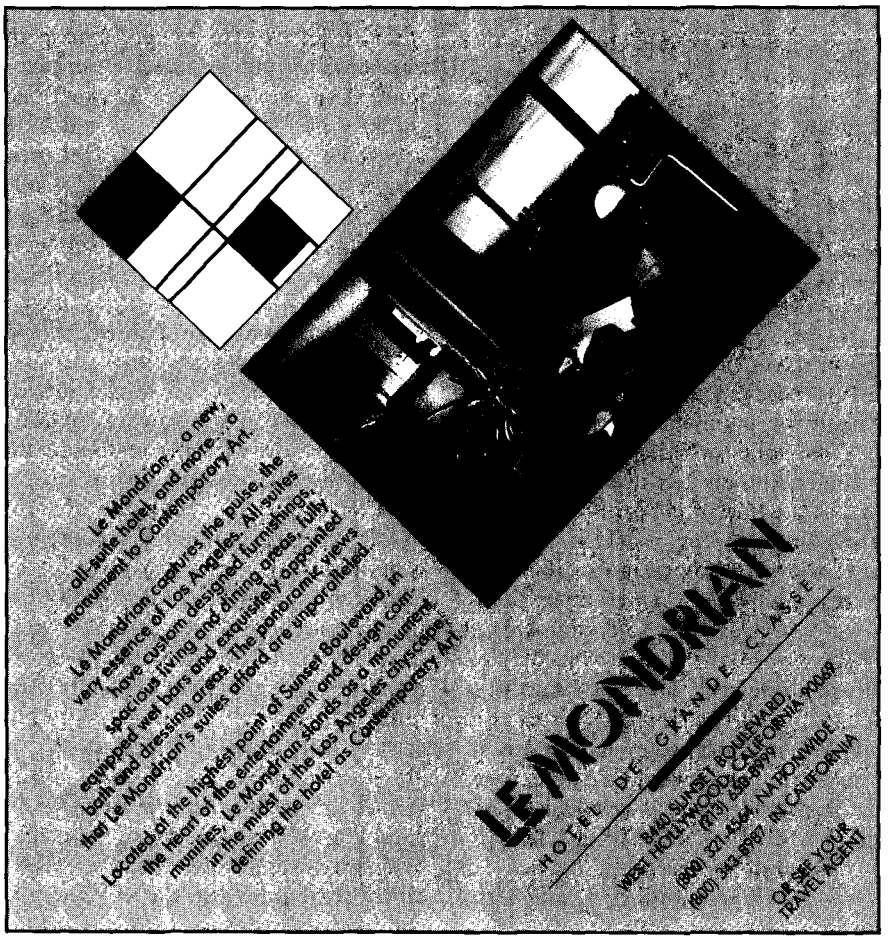

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mately rarity accrues to him as well, once he is contemplated: all those unshaven mornings at the post office, those readings of the fine-print contest guidelines, those copyings of "Prell Concentrate" on three-by-five pieces of paper.

For everyone besides that rare man in the parka, the word may be: Pursue truth, not rarity. Our innate love of the unusual will always allow the unusual to fend for itself. And very often, when you are looking over several common truths, holding them next to one another in an effort to feel again what makes them true, rarities will mysteriously grow in the charged spaces between them, like those lovely, ghostly zings that a guitarist's fingers make as they clutch from chord to chord.

—*Nicholson Baker*

Nicholson Baker has published short stories in The Atlantic *and* The New Yorker.

TECHNOLOGY

LIE DETECTORS

The polygraph industry is thriving, but questions remain about the validity of test results

EVEN ALLOWING FOR the fact that Americans love gadgets, it is hard to explain the popularity of the lie detector. The roots of this invention, more formally known as the polygraph, go back to the turn of the century, when infatuation with the newly discovered powers of electricity more than once overcame common sense. But whereas electric hair-restorers and high-voltage cancer cures have all but vanished, the polygraph persists, and even flourishes. According to the best estimates, one million polygraph examinations are administered each year in the United States; they are used in criminal investigations, during government security checks, and, increasingly, by nervous employers—particularly banks and stores.

Those of us who are not among the one million examined each year have a number of opportunities to experience the polygraph vicariously. Celebrities accused of wrongdoing (John DeLorean comes to mind) seem invariably to offer to submit to polygraph examinations. Then there was the television program *Lie Detector*, a 1983 show in which F. Lee Bailey, the polygraphist turned lawyer, added the dimension of home entertainment to polygraph tests.

Organized opposition to the increasing use of the polygraph has scored a modest success with the argument that the machine represents an invasion of privacy, especially when the coercive power of the government or an employer is behind it. It is very hard for a job applicant to say no when a prospective employer asks him or her to take a polygraph test; once hooked up to the machine, the applicant typically faces questions not only about past criminal activity but also about matters that an employer may have no business intruding upon, such as sexual practices or gambling—questions asked ostensibly to assess the applicant's "character." Retailers sometimes use the polygraph on current employees to ask questions like "Are you relatively satisfied with this job now?" and "Do you intend to stay with this employer?" As a result of such abuses, nineteen states and the District of Columbia have made it illegal for an organization to ask its employees to take polygraph examinations.

Much the same issue is at the heart of the protracted wrangle between the Reagan Administration and Congress over plans for expanded government use of the polygraph. An executive order issued on March 11, 1983, known as National Security Decision Directive 84, would have sanctioned for the first time "adverse consequences" for a federal employee who refuses to take a test when asked. The directive authorized tests to investigate candidates for certain security clearances and to ask any federal employee about leaks of classified information. (It was issued shortly after Reagan's comment about being "up to my keister" in press leaks.) Almost simultaneously the Department of Defense (DOD) released a draft regulation that authorized use of the polygraph to screen employees who take on certain sensitive intelligence assignments; it, too, prescribed adverse consequences for refusal.

Both proposals are now in abeyance. Although a congressional ban on changes in DOD polygraph policies expired on April 15 of this year, the DOD and Robert McFarlane, the national security adviser, sent assurances to Capitol Hill that they would not proceed with any proposed changes "during the remainder of this session of Congress." Both left little doubt, however, that the proposals are very much alive. Democratic Representative Jack Brooks, of Texas, has introduced a bill that would kill the proposals once and for all, restrict use of the polygraph to criminal investigations, and require consent from the examinee. In a bow to political reality the bill exempts the Central Intelligence Agency and the National Security Agency from these conditions.

A QUESTION MORE BASIC than whether the polygraph test is an unacceptable invasion of privacy is, of course, whether it works. Seeking an answer in the scientific literature can be a bewildering experience. A report by the Office of Technology Assessment (OTA), commissioned last year by Brooks's Committee on Government Operations, summed up the problem by citing twenty-four studies that found correct-detec-

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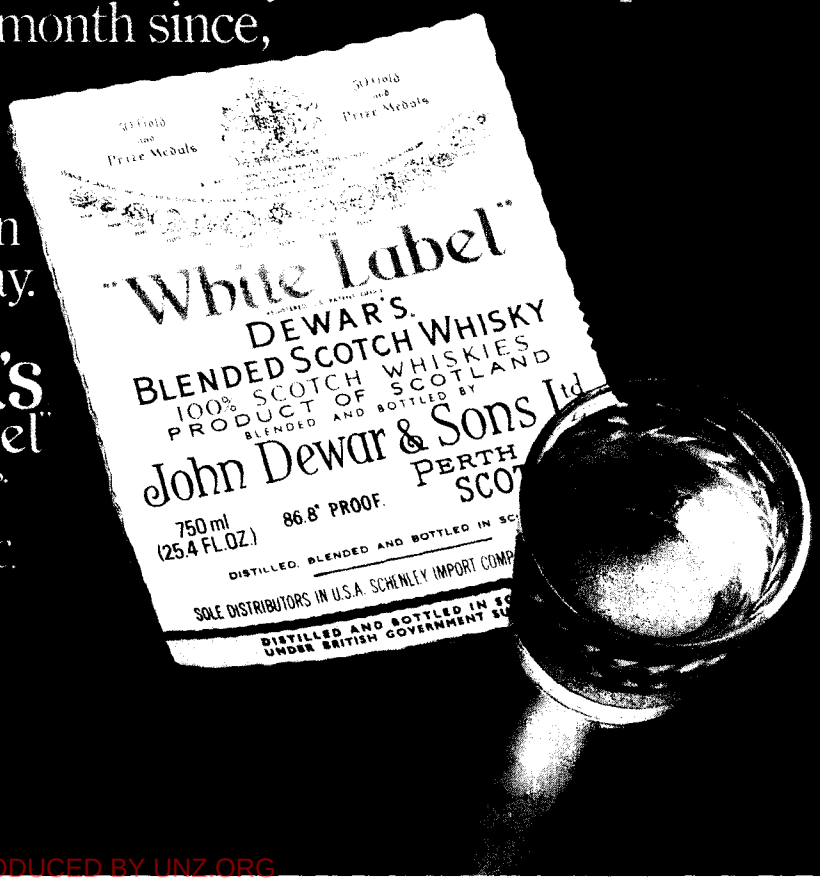

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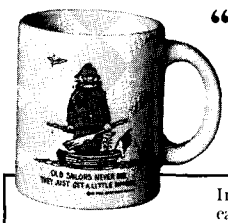

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tion-of-guilt rates ranging from 35 to 100 percent.

The flourishing polygraph industry (it is estimated that there are at least 5,000 professional polygraphists in the country) naturally looks on the bright side of these studies. Sergeant Kenneth Shiflet, of the Colorado State Patrol, a past president of the American Association of Police Polygraphists, says that polygraph results are "at least ninety-five percent accurate." Joseph Buckley, the president of John E. Reid & Associates, one of the oldest polygraph firms in America, puts accuracy at 85 to 95 percent.

Skepticism comes mostly from psychologists, whose studies report substantially lower accuracy rates, generally around 70 percent. Picking one's way through the scientific debate is not made any easier by the obvious social and intellectual friction between the two camps. "You have to bear in mind that you have academics coming into this field," Buckley says. "Many of them are non-trained, non-examiner people." David Lykken, a professor of psychiatry at the University of Minnesota and a major critic of the validity of polygraph testing, counters that the average training program for a professional polygraph examiner lasts six to eight weeks—"about one-sixth the study time required by the average barber college."

To evaluate the rival claims, a person needs little more than common sense and a basic knowledge of statistics. The first step is to find out where the numbers that support the accuracy of the polygraph come from. Significantly, the most optimistic of the optimists is Norman Ansley, the chief of the polygraph division of the National Security Agency's Office of Security. The NSA leads the roster of federal polygraph users; both it and the CIA rely heavily on polygraph testing for pre-employment and routine security screening. The NSA reported giving nearly 10,000 tests in 1982. (CIA numbers are classified.)

A review article written by Ansley last year reported an average of 97.6 percent accuracy in studies in which a polygraphist's diagnosis of "truthful" or "deceptive" was compared with some independent measure of the subject's guilt or innocence, such as a subsequent confession or an evaluation of guilt by an expert judicial panel that had reviewed other material evidence in the case. The polygraphists' diagnoses were correct at least 90 percent of the time in all of these instances.

Yet the research Ansley chose to include in his review is problematic. Even the OTA report, which at times seemed to bend over backward to accommodate all points of view, disqualified from its consideration all but one of the eight field studies that Ansley cited, finding statistical problems with some and dismissing others as "anecdotal." The OTA report did not elaborate. But one of these "anecdotal" studies was in fact nothing more than a survey of polygraphists, who were asked how many tests they had administered, how many had been verified, and how many of those they got right. Lykken observed in congressional testimony last year that a similar questionnaire sent to astrologers would produce similar results.

Ansley took these already sanguine findings and added an inflation factor. Whenever the polygraphist disagreed with the judicial panel (or with another of the Colorado State Patrol, a past president of the American Association of Police Polygraphists, says that polygraph results are "at least ninety-five percent accurate." Joseph Buckley, the president of John E. Reid & Associates, one of the oldest polygraph firms in America, puts accuracy at 85 to 95 percent.

Anecdotal studies are almost never acceptable from a statistical point of view, because of the problem of data selection—that is, the tendency of the person collecting the information to seek evidence that confirms his or her preconceived notions. The same statistical sin is more subtly apparent in another series of studies often cited to support polygraphic accuracy. These studies used cases drawn from the files of John E. Reid & Associates which were subsequently verified by confessions. To eliminate one obvious source of bias—that the original examiner may have used information other than the polygraph results in reaching a diagnosis—the charts were rescored by a second Reid examiner on a "blind" basis. The re-examiners' accuracy rate was 85 to 95 percent.

The cases selected for rescoring did not include any that had stumped the original examiner, however, but only those in which the original examiner's diagnosis had been confirmed by a subsequent confession. Thus all that the studies really show is that Reid's examiners score charts the same way; the original examiners might have been right in only one percent of all Reid cases, yet the studies could still show

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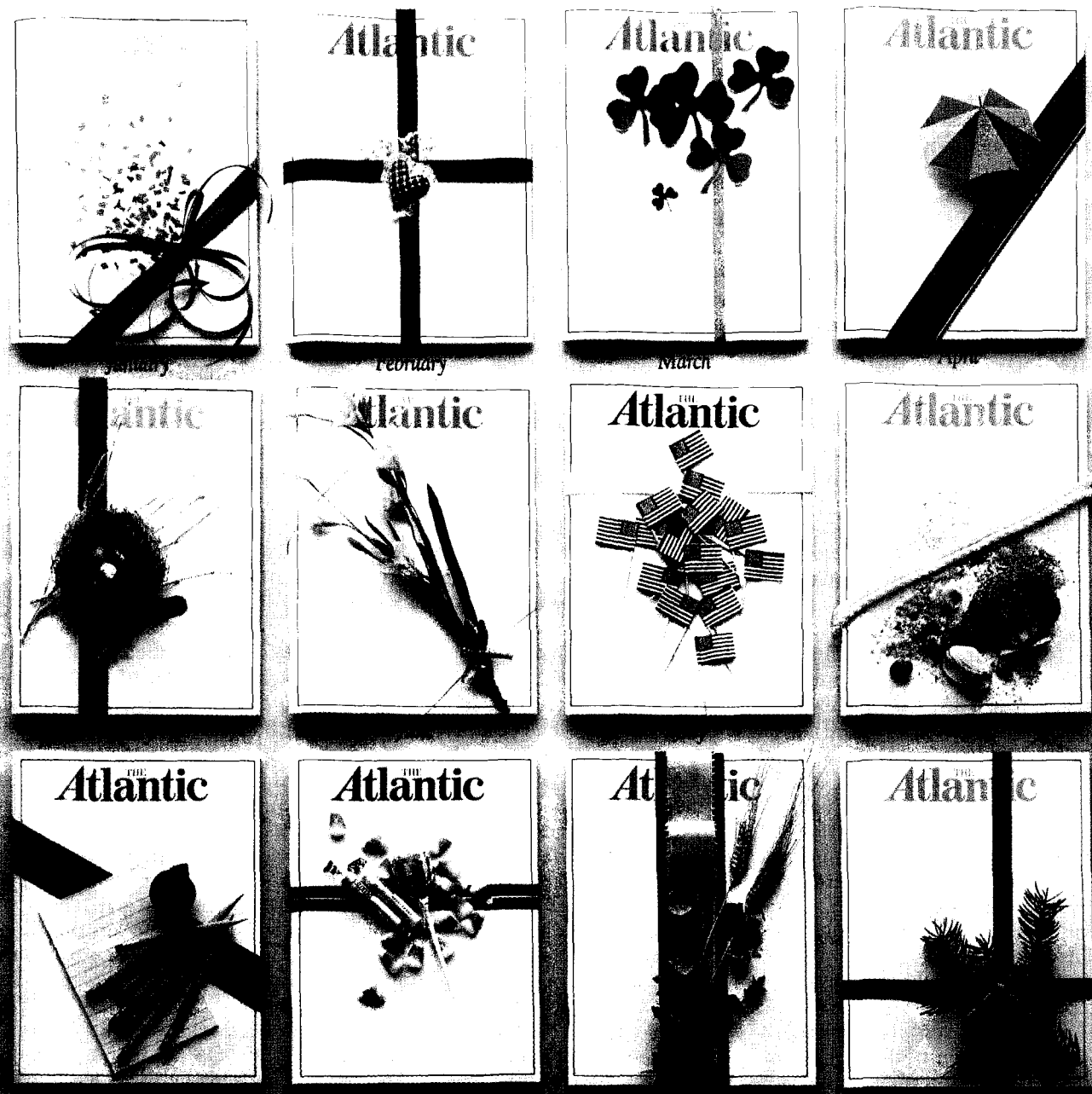

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100 percent "accuracy" if the re-examiners agreed with them on that one percent. This statistic reveals what is known in the business as "reliability"; it tells nothing about the predictive power of the polygraph.

THE PROLIFERATION OF statistical measures of accuracy is itself a source of overstatement of polygraphic accuracy. Proponents of the polygraph will, for example, sometimes cite "correct guilty detections": the percentage of guilty subjects who are caught by the polygraph. This figure can be very impressive; in one study that does not suffer from the failings already mentioned, it was 98 percent. But the same study found that 55 percent of *innocent* subjects were also diagnosed as "deceptive." The handful of studies that used a truly random selection of cases and rescored them blind produced similar results: overall, 83 percent of guilty subjects were diagnosed as "deceptive," as were 43 percent of innocent subjects. It's no trick to push the correct-guilty-detection rate to 100 percent—just call everyone "deceptive." You don't even need a machine to do that.

These numbers suggest that the polygraph test is biased against innocent people. The problem is accentuated when the test is used in the so-called screening situations envisioned in the Reagan Administration proposals (and already established at the NSA and the CIA). Everyone is tested, but presumably only a very small proportion has done anything wrong. If we assume that one in a hundred employees is a spy (probably a gross overestimate), and if we use the 83 percent correct-guilty-detection rate and the 43 percent false-positive rate, we find that fifty-one innocent persons will flunk the polygraph test for every real spy who flunks. Any test, whether it is for truth or for cancer, has to be extremely accurate to detect a rare phenomenon without setting off a lot of false alarms in the process. Even if the test were 99 percent accurate for both guilty and innocent detections, one innocent person would be falsely branded for each spy caught. Because of this "base rate" problem, the Federal Bureau of Investigation forbids the use of polygraph dragnets; the tests can be used only after an initial investigation has narrowed the field of suspects.

There are technical problems in addition to the statistical problems of using the polygraph for mass screenings. Even the most ardent advocates of polygraphy do not claim that the machine detects some unique "lying" response; rather, the machine records physiological reactions—blood pressure, respiration rate, skin moisture—that are generally indicative of anxiety or arousal. The standard technique for criminal investigations is to pair relevant questions ("Did you take $50 from the cash register last Tuesday?") with control questions ("Have you ever stolen anything in your life?"). The idea is that the guilty person will react more strongly to the first question, whereas the innocent person will react more strongly to the second, since (investigators assume) everyone has stolen something in his or her life and is afraid to admit it.

In security or pre-employment screening the relevant questions are reasonable enough ("Have you ever given or sold classified materials to unauthorized persons?"); the problem is what to use for control questions. A list provided by the NSA to congressional investigators includes "Have you ever repeated gossip about a friend?", "Have you ever cheated on a test?", and "Do you remember my last name?" As David Raskin, a professor of psychology at the University of Utah and a licensed polygraph examiner, told the Senate Armed Services Committee earlier this year, "One does not have to be a psychologist to recognize the major problem" with such tests. "Since it is readily apparent to the subject that the only important questions in the test are the relevant questions, relatively large reactions would be expected on that basis alone."

The OTA report found no evidence to support the validity of such screening tests. In fact, some researchers even argue that an examinee can use simple countermeasures, such as biting his tongue or stepping on a nail concealed in his shoe, to fake a strong reaction to the control questions, thus "beating" the test. According to Lykken, one prison inmate, who became the jailhouse polygraph expert after studying the literature, trained twenty-seven fellow inmates in these techniques; twenty-three beat the polygraph tests used to investigate violations of prison rules.

Given all the doubts about validity, why does the government persist in using polygraph tests? Some clues are found in the Defense Department's 1983 report on polygraph testing—and even in its title, "The Accuracy and Utility of Polygraph Testing," which suggests that accuracy and utility are two different things. The most that the report concludes about accuracy is that it is "significantly above chance." Utility, however, is quite another matter: "Where examinees are found deceptive during testing, the confession rate is consistently high." The report gives example after example of examinees who confessed to criminal or espionage activity. The star is an NSA job applicant who "admitted that his engineering degree was phony (he bought it through mail order from London for $100)," that he "shot and wounded his second wife," and that his present wife "is missing under unusual circumstances that he would not explain."

One DOD official who lodged an internal protest against the department's new polygraph policy received a similar explanation of the polygraph's utility from General Richard Stilwell, the undersecretary of defense and the architect of the policy. In response to a memo setting out scientific objections to the polygraph in some detail, Dr. John Beary, the acting assistant secretary of Defense for health affairs, received an icy note from Stilwell that skipped over the scientific issues (except to mention Ansley's review article and how "well received" Ansley had been at congressional hearings) and pointedly asked Beary how he viewed "the utility of the polygraph process in light of its demonstrated value at CIA and NSA." (Beary's memo, curiously, was classified "confidential" for three months.)

Among all defense officials who were asked to comment on the new policy, only Beary refused to give it his approval. Soon afterward he left the Defense Department, and late last year Stilwell reported to Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger that "following Dr. Beary's departure, a concurrence has been obtained from OASD (Health Affairs)."

Not long before Beary left, obviously frustrated at getting nowhere with his scientific arguments, he sent another memo to Stilwell. "One could reasonably ask at this juncture," he wrote, "why has Washington been bamboozled by the polygraph community for over 20 years? I can only speculate that it may have something to do with the poor state of science education in the United States."

—*Stephen Budiansky*

Stephen Budiansky is the Washington editor of the British science journal Nature.

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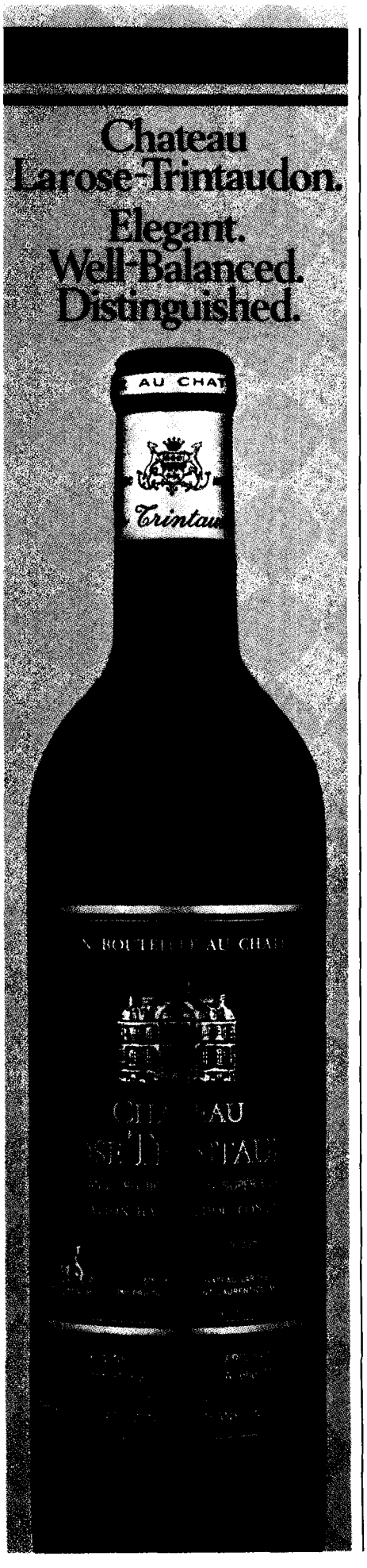

THE WEEK IN REVIEW: Expecting the Unexpected

BY NICHOLAS FALLETTA

. . . as we look to the future of the West Bank and Gaza, it is clear to me that peace cannot be achieved by the formation of an independent Palestinian state in those territories. Nor is it achievable on the basis of Israeli sovereignty or permanent control over the West Bank and Gaza.

So the United States will not support the establishment of an independent Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza, and we will not support annexation or permanent control by Israel.

There is, however, another way to peace.

—President Ronald Reagan, in a televised address on September 1, 1982

* * * *

CONTRADICTION IS not new to serious observers of American politics. However, until this Administration no President has ever attempted to adopt the paradox as his basic political style. What has been most surprising—perhaps even paradoxical—is the degree of success the President has achieved with his new style of decision-making. This was particularly evident in the series of unexpected and controversial events he set off last week.

An Unexpected Beginning

THE INITIAL EXPLOSION came in the form of a White House announcement on Saturday afternoon that the President would hold a press conference in the Rose Garden at noon "one day next week." When reporters requested more information about the conference, they were told by a White House press official, "No one will know on which day the press conference will take place until the President arrives in the Rose Garden at noon on that day. The same is true for the topic of the President's talk." One top White House aide said, "I can tell you this: it's important, really important, and he wants it to be completely unexpected."

Within an hour of the announcement the White House was besieged with hundreds of telephone calls protesting the President's actions as "outrageous," "bizarre," "absurd," and "ridiculous." And Saturday evening Dr. Sorites Krumpke, of Primstone University, the world's leading logician and a former child prodigy, announced that it was impossible for the President to carry out his plan.

Krumpke argued that the President could not possibly hold his press conference the next Saturday: since Saturday is the last day of the week, it would be known for certain on Friday that the press conference would be held the next day. This being the case, the conference would no longer be unexpected; therefore, an unexpected Saturday conference would be impossible. With Saturday ruled out, the President could not choose Friday, either, since it would then be the last possible day for him to hold his press conference, and thus his intention would be known on Thursday. By simple reduction Krumpke dismissed Thursday, Wednesday, Tuesday, and Monday, and concluded, "Nor can the President hold an 'unexpected' conference tomorrow, Sunday—for we all know today that he must hold it tomorrow."

When asked to respond to Krumpke's seemingly indisputable argument, the President issued another terse statement: "I will make no comment."

At this point the credibility of the entire Administration came under serious attack. Before dawn on Sunday a crowd of several thousand citizens gathered at the White House gates, waiting for the President's next move. Throughout Sunday morning the crowd grew larger and more bewildered. Tempers began to flare, and several fistfights had to be broken up by the police. The real shock came when the President did not show up, though Krumpke had said he must. The now hostile mob outside the White House began to shout slogans calling for impeachment.

Nicholas Falletta is the author of The Paradoxicon, *published recently by Doubleday.*

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By Monday afternoon there was serious talk in the cloakrooms of Congress about possible impeachment proceedings. However, even the Administration's staunchest critics were hard pressed to identify the exact nature of the President's offense. No one seemed willing to assert that attempting to do the impossible was an impeachable offense.

During Monday evening and Tuesday morning public outrage at the President's behavior spread like wildfire. "We've never seen anything like it," said an AT&T official. "The system has handled more calls than possible." Meanwhile, the crowd of curiosity-seekers outside the White House gates grew at a geometric rate.

An Unexpected Middle

WITHOUT WARNING, the President once again turned the situation topsy-turvy when at exactly noon on Tuesday he entered the crowded Rose Garden. It was a triumph of political pragmatism over unimpeachable logic.

At the microphones the President smiled enigmatically and said that he had come to present his Administration's latest peace plan for the Middle East. He said that all other proposed solutions to the Middle East crisis had failed because they had not dealt effectively with the chief stumbling block to peace in the area: the Palestinian demand for a separate state on the West Bank, and the refusal of Israel to withdraw from any part of the area, which it had captured from Jordan in 1967.

The President said that he had found a way to satisfy the contradictory demands of both parties. His plan calls for the creation of a special UN Peacekeeping Triangle within the West Bank. (See Map A.) The Triangle would still belong to Israel, but it would be subdivided into six regions with fixed boundaries and areas. These regions would then be repositioned in such a way as to create a new *seventh* region *without* diminishing the dimensions of the original six. (See Map B.) Thus it would be possible to provide land within the West Bank for an independent Palestine without forcing the Israelis to give up any of their occupied territory.

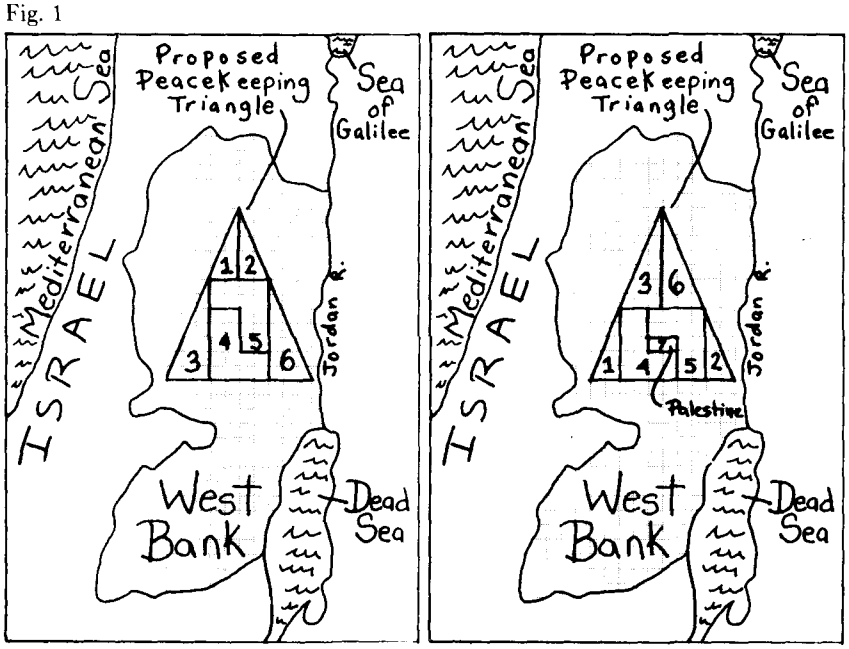
Part two of the President's plan calls for a powerful new mechanism known as Unlimited Demilinear Aggression, which would maintain peace in the area indefinitely. According to the proposal, the Israelis and the Palestinians would be permitted to initiate attacks on each other's territory within the Peacekeeping Triangle. All such hostilities would be subject to UN regulation and supervision.

Under Unlimited Demilinear Aggression each country must commence its attack from a point that is within the triangle and also within its own territory. Each country's troops are permitted to advance each day only half the distance between their current position and a specified, fixed position on the enemy's border. Thus neither adversary's forces will ever be able to reach its enemy's territory. (See Fig. 2.)

An Unexpected Ending

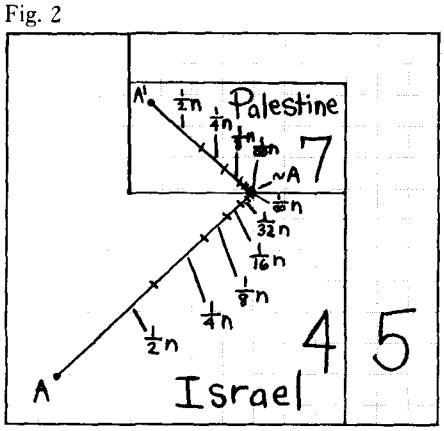
REACTION TO the President's peace plan from participants in the Middle East conflict has been both swift and positive. High-ranking PLO and Israeli officials have signaled their tentative approval of the plan provided the UN action also includes the creation of a smaller Peacekeeping Triangle in the Gaza Strip. Sources report that Jordan, Egypt, Syria, and Lebanon will soon announce their approval of the peace plan, although proposals for modifications are expected. At home the President's supporters are ecstatic; some even claim that he has performed a miracle by solving the unsolvable. A few skeptics foresee some "technical" problems in any attempt to implement the plan. □

Fig. 1



How the UN Peacekeeping Triangle Works: Map A shows the position of the proposed UN Peacekeeping Triangle within the occupied West Bank. The shapes and areas of the six segments of the triangle would be fixed by UN Resolution ~242. Map B shows the repositioning of the six sections; this would be accomplished by an amended UN Resolution ~~242. Notice that there is no loss of area within any of the original sections of the triangle, although an additional area (7) has been gained for the creation of a Palestinian state. (Drawings courtesy of Messrs. Curry and Matrix)

Fig. 2



How Unlimited Demilinear Aggression (UDA) Works: The diagram shows theoretical attacks by Israeli forces (from point A) and by Palestinian forces (from point A') on a common border point (~A). The segments marked along the attack paths (A~A or A'~A) represent the distance each force may travel each day. This infinite series is expressed by the simple formula 1/2n + 1/4n + 1/8n + 1/16n + 1/32n . . . + 1/∞n. Neither force can ever reach point ~A or cross into enemy territory. However, since the length of the Palestinian attack path is half that of the Israeli path, it will take the Palestinians half as much time as the Israelis not to reach point ~A. (Drawing courtesy of Zeno)

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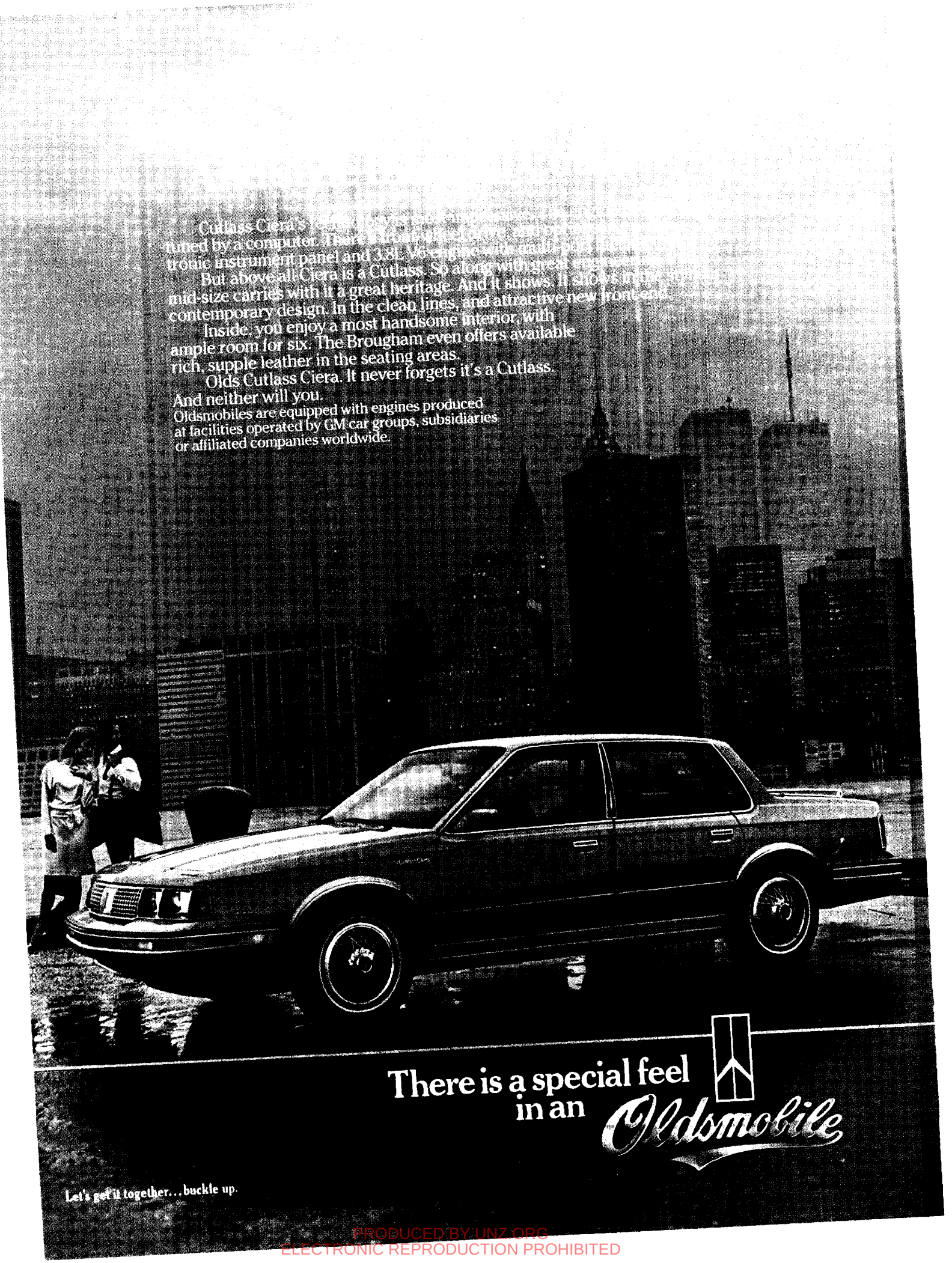
Cutlass Ciera's [illegible]
tuned by a computer. There's [illegible]
tronic instrument panel and 3.8L V6 engine with [illegible]
But above all Ciera is a Cutlass. So along with great [illegible]
mid-size carries with it a great heritage. And it shows. It shows in [illegible]
contemporary design. In the clean lines, and attractive new front end.
Inside, you enjoy a most handsome interior, with
ample room for six. The Brougham even offers available
rich, supple leather in the seating areas.
Olds Cutlass Ciera. It never forgets it's a Cutlass.
And neither will you.
Oldsmobiles are equipped with engines produced
at facilities operated by GM car groups, subsidiaries
or affiliated companies worldwide.



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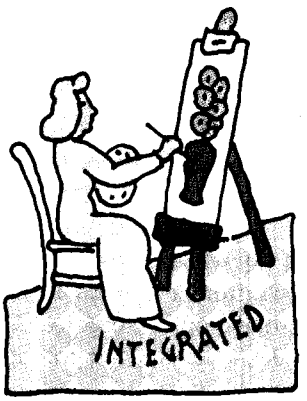
How Madison Avenue knows who you are and what you want

BEYOND DEMOGRAPHICS

BY JAMES ATLAS

IN THE LATE 1960S THE ADVERTISING FIRM of Ogilvy & Mather introduced a campaign for Merrill Lynch Pierce Fenner & Smith that featured a herd of bulls galloping across a plain; the slogan was "Bullish on America." By 1979 the herd was gone, replaced by a lone bull that wandered through the canyons of Wall Street or huddled in a cave (where it "found shelter"). One ad, which ran in fourteen large-circulation magazines, from *Forbes* and *Institutional Investor* to *Esquire* and *Scientific American*, showed the solitary bull silhouetted on a mountaintop beneath a sunset out of Tintoretto. Imagination, instinct, and versatility were the traits stressed in the text. Young & Rubicam, the largest ad agency in America, had taken over the Merrill Lynch account and come up with a new slogan: "A Breed Apart."



The campaign worked. A follow-up survey showed that within eighteen months the company's recall score—the percentage of people who noticed and remembered a Merrill Lynch ad—went from eight to 55; its share of the market on the New York Stock Exchange was up two points. "There's nothing wrong with being bullish on America," Jim Walsh, the advertising manager of Merrill Lynch, said when I spoke with him not long ago at the company's offices on Lower Broadway, in New York City, "but it didn't reflect who we were and what we were becoming"—less a giant investment house than an innovative firm dedicated to serving the private investor. "We'd conveyed an image of stability and reliability," Walsh said. "Now we were looking to capture the upwardly mobile, the self-motivated."

The lone-bull motif had actually been Ogilvy & Mather's invention. The problem for Young & Rubicam was the "Bullish on America" theme: an appeal to a clientele with the herd instinct instead of to entrepreneurial investors who saw themselves as visionary capitalists and self-made men. "We all love to see America grow, but the heavy investor wants an investment firm that's going to help *him* get a big share of that growth," Dr. Joseph Plummer, the executive vice-president for research at Young & Rubicam, told an audience of business and communications students at the University of Illinois last year. "Our strategy shift to 'A Breed Apart' was clearly emotionally on track with the Achievers target audience."

James Atlas is an associate editor of The Atlantic.

The Achievers target audience? Plummer was "talking VALS"—referring to one of the consumer types identified by the Values and Lifestyles Program of SRI International, formerly the Stanford Research Institute, in Menlo Park, California. Devised by a group of market-research analysts associated with the institute, the VALS typology divides Americans into nine life-styles or types, which are grouped in four categories, based on their self-images, their aspirations, and the products they use. Survivors and Sustainers are in the Need-Driven category, which accounts for 11 percent of the population; I-Am-Mes, Experientials, and the Societally Conscious are in the Inner-Directed category, 19 percent of the population; Belongers, Emulators, and Achievers (the ones Merrill Lynch was after) are in the Outer-Directed category, 68 percent of the population; and at the very top of the VALS hierarchy are the last type, the Integrateds, a mere two percent of the population. "VALS is a classic research model," Plummer said one afternoon in his airy corner office, high in the Young & Rubicam Building, on Madison Avenue. "It's a whole new dimension for us. Before VALS, we didn't really have a sense of who the consumer out there was. Now we know how they live and what they buy—and why they buy it."

UNTIL THE 1970S, MARKET RESEARCH WAS DOMINATED by "demographic segmentation": the classification of consumers by age, income, level of education, and other quantitative variables ("two-point-one children, ninety percent married, with three-quarters of a dog," as Plummer puts it). The seventies were a difficult period for the advertising industry. "There were a lot of things going against it," says William Meyers, the author of *The Image-Makers*, a forthcoming book about Madison Avenue. "You had a baby-boom generation that was cynical about the American dream, at least the way Madison Avenue portrayed it; a stagnant economy; and more women entering the work force, which cut into the captive housewife audience."

Not that hard times in the advertising business are like hard times anywhere else. What had been a $19.6 billion industry in 1970 was a $54.6 billion industry in 1980. Total advertising expenditures increased faster than the GNP.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY SEYMOUR CHWAST

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"In a time of generally stuttering economic growth, advertising enjoyed remarkable, almost giddy leaps upward," Stephen Fox writes in *The Mirror Makers*, a newly published history of advertising. But the much-heralded "creative revolution" that had swept through advertising in the sixties—the vodka bottle in the Wolfschmidt ad propositioning a tomato ("We could make some beautiful Bloody Marys together"); the Statue of Liberty modeling a Talon zipper; the Playtex commercial that featured a woman in a black evening gown walking a panther down the street ("Tames your figure like nothing else")—was over. "In less than a decade the creative revolution gathered, prospered, and then inevitably cycled away," Fox writes. "Nothing is more fragile than an advertising fashion."

In such a volatile climate VALS qualifies as a phenomenon with a long history. In six years it has grown from a modest in-house project at SRI to a two-million-dollar operation, billing each of its 151 clients up to $30,000 a year for access to its data. J. Walter Thompson and Doyle Dane Bernbach, *Newsweek* and *The New York Times*, Mitsubishi Motor Sales and Volvo of America, use it. Scarcely a week goes by without the unveiling of some new VALS-inspired campaign. A recent ad for *The National Geographic* that ran full-page in *The New York Times* carried the headline THE NATIONAL PSYCHOGRAPHIC above a text that declared: "According to VALS, 80% of our readers are in the three most desirable groups—Achievers, Societally Conscious, and Belongers." Potential advertisers knew what the terms meant. Dr Pepper has based its latest campaign ("Hold Out for the Out of the Ordinary—Hold Out for Dr Pepper") entirely on VALS. "As we see it, there is a new trend among the Inner-Directed, and a whole new realm opening up," David Millheiser, the brand manager for Dr Pepper, recently told a reporter from the trade journal *Marketing & Media Decisions*. "We currently see 30% of the young population as being Inner-Directed; it's the most rapidly growing segment. Our projections indicate Inner-Directeds will make up 60% of that population by 1990." So convinced were Dr Pepper's executives of this trend that they were willing to ignore ("turn off," in advertising parlance) the whole Outer-Directed market. "Those with an Inner-Directed interest will jump in," Millheiser predicted. "We must be differentiated from the mass-market products."

"PEOPLE RESEARCH," OR "PSYCHOGRAPHICS," AS this kind of market research is known, has been around for a while. The Yankelovich Monitor, devised by Daniel Yankelovich, began measuring the effects of social trends on consumers in the early seventies,

COURTESY HENREDON FURNITURE INDUSTRIES, INC.

ACHIEVER DINING ROOM

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and a number of advertising firms have done elaborate surveys classifying consumers into categories and psychological types. In 1970 Benton & Bowles interviewed 2,000 housewives and came up with six categories (Outgoing Optimists, Conscientious Vigilants, and so on); in 1975 Needham, Harper & Steers identified five male and five female prototypes, among them the Self-Made Businessman, the Frustrated Factory-Worker, and the Militant Mother.

Plummer, who is probably the most vocal proponent of VALS on Madison Avenue, was a pioneer of psychographics. As early as 1969 he conducted what he calls "life-style analyses" for Schlitz. Heavy beer drinkers, he found, were "real macho people who lived life to the fullest and didn't take any crap from anybody"—a discovery that led to the famous "gusto world" commercials. Turning his attention to the development of a new laundry soap for Procter & Gamble, Plummer divided housewives into categories, or "attitude groups," based on what they were looking for in a detergent. There were Practical Women, Convenience-Oriented Women, the Economy-Minded, the Traditionals (known as "Mrs. Tide"), and the Experts—"people who, in effect, set up a laboratory in the basement," as Plummer describes them. "They had soaps, sprays, hot-water and cold-water detergents, and bleaches. You can just see them rolling up their sleeves and playing the mad-scientist role each washday." Plummer concluded that the heaviest users of detergent were young middle-class women with large families—women who cared about their families but didn't want to be chained to the laundry room. He recommended that Cheer, an established but poorly selling Procter & Gamble brand, be "repositioned" as an easy-to-use all-temperature product. A decade later Cheer had gone from seventh place to second among detergents.

While Plummer, then on the staff of the Leo Burnett Agency, in Chicago, was refining his method of life-style research, a marketing analyst named Arnold Mitchell, in Palo Alto, was producing reports on the business implications of social values for SRI's Long Range Planning Service. Mitchell, an Amherst alumnus who had done graduate work in English at Columbia during the 1940s ("I was a poet more than anything else"), joined SRI in 1948; twelve years later, in conjunction with two colleagues, he published a report called "Consumer Values and Demands." "In that first groping effort," Mitchell recalls in the preface to *The Nine American Lifestyles*, his 1983 book on VALS, "we tried to suggest that a neglected area of market research lay in how people's values influence their spending patterns." It wasn't a very influential paper, he concedes, "perhaps because it was ahead of its time but more likely because the arguments were ingenious rather than demonstrable."

The reports Mitchell produced during the late sixties and early seventies had a unifying aim: to predict how the children of the sixties would affect the consumer market. What would happen when a whole generation intent on rejecting the values of our capitalist society came of age? Business needed a strategy to deal with this troublesome generation, an early SRI report said. It was a generation that had "negative feelings towards money" and rejected the "traditional" consumer values: "success in financial or power pursuits as a prime measure of an individual; conformity; functionalism at any cost; and materialism in its flamboyant forms." The report ended with a quote from F. Scott Fitzgerald's essay "My Generation": "A strongly individual generation sprouts most readily from a time of stress and emergency—tensity, communicated from parent to child, seems to leave a pattern on the heart." The challenge was to discern this pattern, anticipate the needs of the new generation—and know how to satisfy those needs.

America would be a more affluent society in 1990 than it was in the early seventies, Mitchell predicted in "Consumer Values," a 1974 report. It would be more diverse, offering greater opportunities for leisure and self-expression. Consumers in this progressive, "person-centered" epoch would be less receptive to mass-produced goods, "more aware of their values and increasingly able emotionally as well as financially to buy in accord with them." The old acquisitive, conformist values would give way to "individualism, experimentalism, direct experience, naturalism, appreciation of diversity, and taste." Marketers would face the paradox of an affluent society that was aware of ecological issues and disapproved of conspicuous consumption: "The central problem in advertising will be how to sell to values increasingly geared to processes, not things. Sales appeals directed toward the values of individualism, experimentalism, person-centeredness, direct experience, and some forms of pleasure and escape will need to tap intangibles—human relationships, feelings, dreams, and hopes—rather than tangible things or explicit actions."

How do you merchandise intangibles? "Messages will need to convey genuine warmth, emotional content, and a sense of reality," Mitchell suggested. They must be "value-sensitive"—that is, addressed to "the distinctive qualities of the individual consumer." The "old status-wealth focus" needed to be changed; advertisers would do well to keep in mind the new ecological consciousness, reflecting in their ads "a sense of the cosmic, of healthiness, simplicity, ruggedness, openness, and the interconnectedness of things."

In 1976 Mitchell and a colleague at SRI named Duane Elgin published a paper, "Voluntary Simplicity," that elaborated on the consumer profile that Mitchell had been developing in his papers for the Long Range Planning Service. It identified an emerging life-style that was "outwardly simple and inwardly rich." Encouraged by the response to their work, which achieved a wide circulation in the business community, Mitchell, Elgin, and Marie Spengler (a co-founder of VALS) presented "values seminars" to corporations and advertising agencies around the country, among them Leo Burnett.

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Plummer, who had known Mitchell's work since he was a graduate student in communications at Ohio State, heard the presentation and persuaded Burnett to sign up as a corporate sponsor/client. "Arnold thought about people as human beings," Plummer told me, lighting his third cigarette in twenty minutes. "He thought in people terms."

VALS was just a theory then, Mitchell says: "They were betting on a glimmer in our eye." By 1978 the Values and Lifestyles project had become a separate program at SRI, with a staff of four and thirty-seven clients; since then it has expanded to a two-million-dollar operation with 151 clients and a nineteen-member staff turning out papers on "Values and Lifestyles in Western Europe," "The Emergent Paradigm: Changing Patterns of Thought and Belief," "Societal Expectations of Corporate Performance: Retrospect and Prospect," and other weighty subjects.

What unified these papers was their reliance on the nine life-styles that make up the VALS system. Through the early seventies Mitchell had been working on various models that he hoped would be able to account for the influential "baby-boom" generation's peculiar notions about what constituted success. Finally, during a weekend in 1976, he hit upon the "double hierarchy," a bulb-shaped chart that illustrated two paths to the top of the VALS ladder: the I-Am-Me, Experiential, Societally Conscious (Inner-Directed) route, and the more conventional Belonger, Emulator, Achiever (Outer-Directed) route. Borrowing terms from David Riesman's classic of sociology, *The Lonely Crowd*, and the psychologist Abraham Maslow's five-tiered hierarchy of "needs growth," Mitchell devised elaborate portraits of these nine types, each intended to describe "a unique way of life defined by its distinctive array of values, drives, beliefs, needs, dreams, and special points of view."

The early VALS reports were highly speculative, and drew much of their data from the Bureau of Census, the Department of Labor, and other government agencies. There was no hard evidence that the VALS typology was reliable or that the types even existed. So the people at VALS devised a way to "validate" their hypothesis. The VALS 1980 Field Survey—"based on a national probability sample of households with telephones," according to Mitchell—used a questionnaire eighty-five pages long, on subjects ranging from "Attitudes" to "Media Habits," "Eating and Food Preparation," and "Household Inventory and Product Use." There were questions about respondents' sexual habits ("I like to think I'm a bit of a swinger") and general disposition ("I like myself pretty much the way I am"); how much television they watched and when; what kind of cleaning products they used; which brand of margarine they bought and why. There were questions about credit cards, checking accounts, mortgages, and IRAs; about waterbeds, decorator telephones, lawn furniture, cameras, and pets (did the respondents own "Hamsters, gerbils or mice," "Horses, donkeys, etc."?). Over a million "data points" were developed, Mitchell claims.

Administered to 1,635 subjects, the VALS survey yielded a vast archive of consumer lore: Sustainers drink more instant-breakfast products than any other group. Emulators read more classified ads. Belongers go bowling three times more than I-Am-Mes. Societally Conscious households score high in ownership of dishwashers, garbage disposers, and food processors. Experientials attend fewer high school and college sports events than I-Am-Mes but just as many professional sports events. Achievers play golf, drink cocktails before dinner, and have a lot of credit cards.

Now that it had its own data base, VALS could offer clients not only its numerous reports but also profiles of specific markets. Among the many services listed in its latest brochure are "detailed quantification of VALS types in terms of demographics, attitudes, regional distribution, household inventories, activities, media habits, and consumption patterns for over 700 categories"; "access to special data tapes and print-outs, and VALS on-line computerized data bases"; and "a tailored system for classifying people into VALS segments in ways relevant to *your* interests." Beginning this year, clients interested in the whole package—and prepared to lay out $26,000—can enroll in the Leading Edge program, which qualifies them to receive the services listed above plus "bonus" reports and services. "We're into geo-demographic research now," Deborah Moroney, the manager of data services for VALS, told me. "Classification by Zip Code. You live on the Upper West Side, right?" (How did she know?) "10024? 10025? You're Bohemian Mix."

Subscribers can also avail themselves of "Getting Started with VALS" (known as "Program Element A"), a day-long "familiarization session" at SRI headquarters, which includes the screening of *American Portrait*, a documentary film about the VALS types. I saw it during a visit to Menlo Park last winter. I had read Mitchell's book and a good many of his papers, so I had a fairly clear idea of the VALS types, but the film enabled me to see actual representatives of each type and made the types more vivid.

AMERICAN PORTRAIT BEGINS WITH THE NEED-DRIVEN, Survivors and Sustainers, America's marginal classes. Estelle, an old woman shown knitting in her parlor, is a Survivor; she lives in a sparsely furnished apartment, scrapes by on Social Security, and hardly ever goes out. But at least her life possesses a certain dignity—unlike the lives of the Sustainers we see next, a seedy assortment of gamblers and touts interviewed at the race track on what somehow feels like a weekday afternoon. A burly Hispanic confesses that when money comes in he treats himself to a meal in a fancy restaurant; but he isn't going anywhere, and he knows it.

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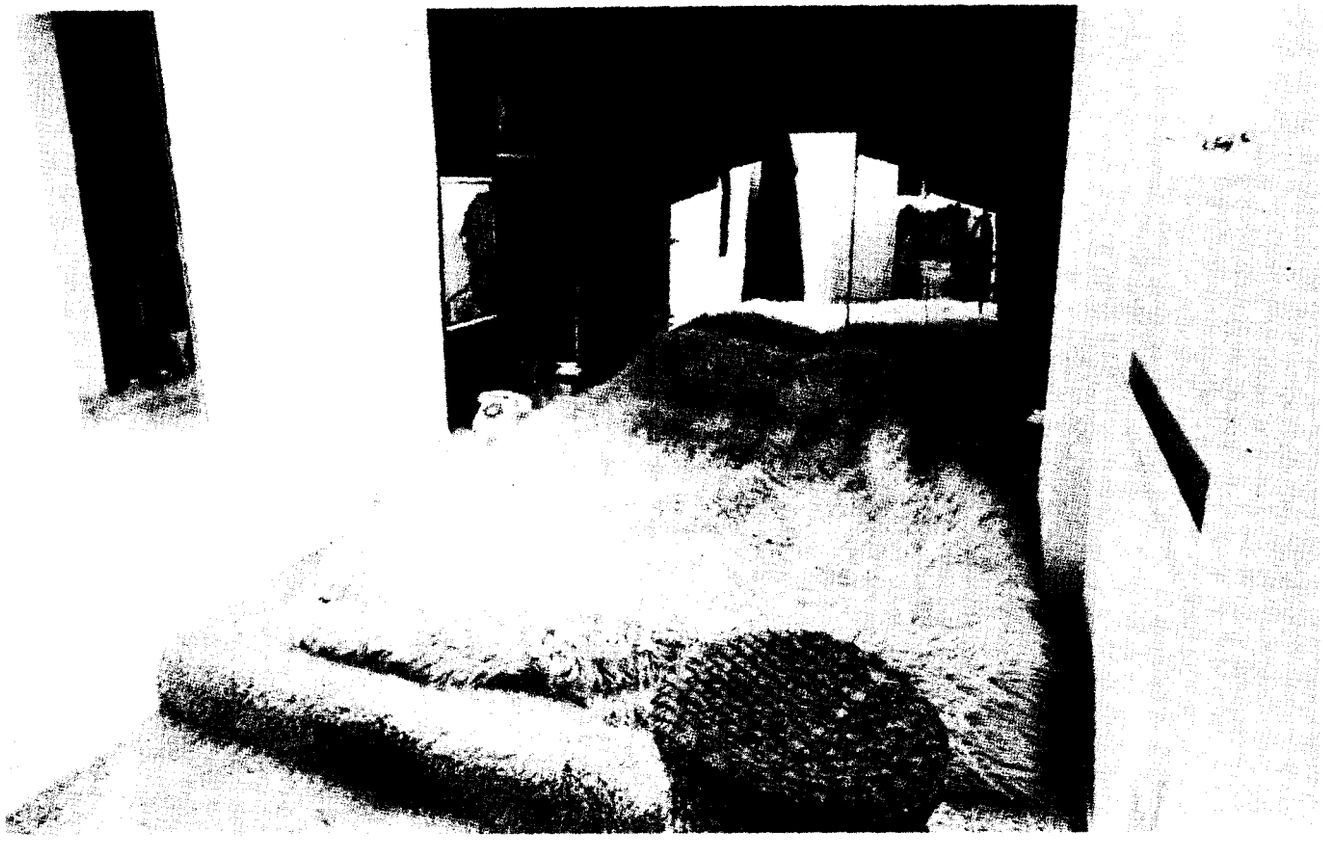
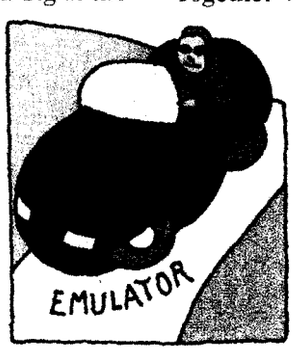


CLIVE HELM/COURTESY BLANDFORD PRESS

EMULATOR BEDROOM

Need-Drivens are an ethnically mixed lot; Outer-Directeds (Belongers, Emulators, and Achievers) are distinctly American. Dave and Donna, a blond Belonger couple, are interviewed standing in front of their local church. Later on, in their kitchen, they explain their choice of neighborhood in theological terms: "This is where the Lord wants us to be." An older Belonger couple, Jessie and Ken (he's a retired career military man), pose before their split-level house and talk about patriotism. Belongers, the largest group in the VALS typology (they make up 38 percent of the population), are traditional, conformist; they're what used to be known as Middle Americans. "They get a job and they stick with it," the narrator says. "They find a product they like and they stick with that."

Emulators, ten percent of the population, are less conventional, and have a mildly dissolute aura about them—like the bartender in a Hawaiian shirt who won big at the craps table the night before and is already making plans to spend his winnings. You won't find him putting the money in an IRA. "Emulators are always on their way," the narrator explains. "They want the Achiever life but they haven't cracked the code." They do seem a pretty bewildered lot. "Where did these people get it?" Lenny, a door-to-door salesman, frets as he drives through a wealthy neighborhood marveling at the posh homes. "I mean, do they own a factory, or what?"



Achievers, 20 percent of the population, are the second-largest group and the richest. Ann-Marie and Steve, interviewed in their hot tub, are a typical Achiever pair. Steve is blunt, athletic, hearty; Ann-Marie, sipping a glass of wine, talks in a quiet, authoritative voice about her theory of interior design, the effort she makes to balance formality with a "personal touch." Ann-Marie and Steve have "the right stuff," according to the narrator; and so does John, an Achiever architect who has a Porsche. John worries that he works too hard and doesn't have many friends, but there's nothing he can do about it; he's driven. "You either win or you lose," he says. "Money is a way of keeping score."

To Rob Noxious, however (the name is Rob's own invention), money means "hatred and anger and resentment." Rob, a guitar-playing punk rocker who goes around in shades and sports an earring, is an I-Am-Me. Together with the Experientials and the Societally Conscious, he belongs in the Inner-Directed category. But Rob is a rebellious youth, angry and maladjusted; his identity, the narrator sums up reprovingly, is "I-Am-Not-My-Parents." Jody the Jogger, interviewed on the run, and Tyrone, a muscular young man engaged in "a search for peak experience," are among the Experientials, a more wholesome group. "I like a little excitement, a little adventure," Jody testifies. "I'm happy," Tyrone declares.

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TIM STREET-PORTER

INNER-DIRECTED BEDROOM

Inner-Directeds seem Californian; they backpack, do yoga, are into holistic medicine. But where Experientials and I-Am-Mes only focus inward, the Societally Conscious (11 percent of the population) are aware of social issues and active in politics. Andy, a bookseller with a penchant for sixties rhetoric about the excessive power of corporations, clearly was once a campus radical. He's still suspicious of politicians, but he's working within the system now, and his shop is doing well. Tom, another representative of the Societally Conscious, lives in a comfortable suburban home with his wife, Sherona, and their infant son; he's a lawyer for the Environmental Defense Fund. (Is it just a coincidence that the two Societally Conscious men depicted in *American Portrait*—dark-haired, bespectacled Andy and balding, bearded Tom—both appear to be Jews?)

The Integrateds, the last group shown in the film, represent the VALS ideal. Chris, a management consultant who wears a tie but keeps his shirt open at the neck, hopes to devote thirty or forty hours a month to "learning." So do Mel and Patricia, a writer and an artist with a lucrative clothing business. Mel wants to paint and compose music too, he says, strolling in a park with his arm around Patricia. Integrateds are both creative and prosperous; no wonder they're the smallest of the VALS groups.

"ESSENTIALLY WHAT WE'RE TRYING TO DO IS TO understand people," Brooke Warrick, who produced *American Portrait*, told me in Menlo Park. "Our goal is to identify constellations of underlying motives within American society." The atmosphere of the VALS headquarters supports his claim. Housed in the sprawling SRI complex, the corridor of plainly furnished offices has the informal feel of a college English department. The staff prides itself on being "heterarchical"—that is, without a lot of titles on the doors—and Societally Conscious. "Our goal is responsible consumerism," Warrick told me.

Though SRI has annual revenues of some $175 million, it is a not-for-profit organization, and the VALS program benefits from this status. I was curious about what happens to the profits. "Internally we look like a profit-making company," Warrick explained. But there is "an elusive difference." SRI has no stockholders, so profits are invested in research, "for the benefit of our clients." But surely VALS employees must get some share of the profits? SRI does offer "compensation incentives," Warrick admitted, and staff salaries reflect the program's success. Then what does "not-for-profit" mean? "It means we don't pay taxes."

On the wall of every staff member's office is a framed copy of the VALS "Mission Statement":

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The mission of the VALS program is to exert a positive and creative force in the evolution of the American culture. VALS aims to do this by acquiring, disseminating, and applying insights into how values can aid institutions and individuals to operate in a more humane, productive, responsive, and ethical way.

Specifically, VALS intends:

- To become a significant part of American business thinking
- To enhance public awareness of the role of values in social change
- To extend applications of VALS to non-business domains
- To contribute to SRI research, remain financially healthy, and operate for the enjoyment and personal growth of the staff.

VALS, then, is more than a market-research outfit; it's a credo, an aesthetic, a way of interpreting contemporary life. "Hegel says somewhere that the philosopher's task is to comprehend his time and thought," James Ogilvy, who gave up a job teaching philosophy at Williams to join VALS, said one afternoon in his office. "In the university I could not comprehend my time and thought. Here I can." The portable radio on his desk was tuned to a classical-music station. In the corner was a Herman Miller chair. "My wife bought it for me," Ogilvy said. "It's supposed to remind me that it's okay to just sit around and read."

Intense and vigilant, with a fondness for quoting the philosophers he used to teach ("My main man is still Hegel"), Ogilvy made it clear that he hasn't given up philosophy; he's only given up the academic world. "I spent ten years in the philosophy department at Yale before I went to Williams," he said, "but I got bored with the technical scholasticism of the academic world. I think it was Leibniz who said, 'To speak with the learned, speak with the vulgar.' "

Ogilvy handed me a book he had written in collaboration with two colleagues in the VALS program, Paul Hawken and Peter Schwartz. It is called *Seven Tomorrows*, and it offers seven possible scenarios for the 1980s and 1990s, ranging from The Official Future, in which America continues to prosper and achieves a "technological triumph," to such bleak prophecies as Chronic Breakdown (the economy worsens, events spin out of control, and "what little economic activity persists has the air of a scramble for better deck chairs on a doomed Titanic"); Beginnings of Sorrow ("Cold weather, crime, hunger, and abandoned institutions leave an angry, weakened, and shocked populace that experiences a psychic death"); and Apocalyptic Transformation (a nuclear war begins in space and culminates in the destruction of Istanbul). In between are more tranquil scenarios: The Center Holds, Mature Calm, and Living Within Our Means. "It's a pluralistic book," Ogilvy said. "What we're trying to show is that there isn't just one god or king. There are lots of ways up the mountain. Our task is to map the evolutionary movement of the human spirit—to know species consciousness."

Robert Kimball, who worked with clients on specific ad campaigns, helping them to understand their target audiences (he has since left SRI), was another fugitive from academe. An anthropologist with an M.A. in Southeast Asian Studies ("I was a total academic"), he returned from Indonesia in the late sixties to find that teaching jobs were scarce, and he ended up working at a research firm in New York. That led to a series of jobs as a high-level marketing executive and eventually to VALS, after a corporate headhunter called and asked if he could recommend any candidates for a job there. "I was going through some dramatic changes," he told me. "I loved my work, but I missed that side of it, analyzing people and society. So I recommended myself."

Kimball, fast-talking and energetic, broke off from a telephone conference that had been going on since 6:30 that morning (my appointment was at ten) to tell me about a campaign he had worked on with Timex to develop a line of three home health-care products: a blood-pressure monitor, a digital electronic scale, and a thermometer that can register a person's temperature in less than twenty seconds. "This was a perfect instance of life-style, VALS-oriented packaging," he said. "We knew that the potential market for these products was Achievers and the Societally Conscious. Why? Because they're more accepting than Belongers of high-tech products. Because they're at the high end of the gift market—and these products make wonderful gifts; I gave away a lot of blood-pressure monitors last Christmas. And because our target audience is into health. This is a group that's comfortable with the concept of prevention."

Kimball recommended a print campaign—"The VALS types we were going after don't watch a lot of TV"—so Timex saturated magazines that are popular among Achievers and the Societally Conscious. The hardest part was coming up with the right image. Timex executives recruited people from shopping centers ("mall intercepts"), assembled them in "focus groups," and talked about the new Timex line. The result was a package for the blood-pressure monitor that featured an "upscale-looking" Achiever couple who had just strode off the tennis court. "Tennis is a popular Achiever sport," Kimball said. "Just right for our usage frame: healthful people engaged in healthful pursuits."

The people at Timex loved the presentation. "We're a new corporate division, so we had to start from scratch," Jim Dean, who directed the marketing campaign for Timex, says. "VALS was integral to our development. We spent a lot of time just kind of hypothesizing about which VALS groups would be receptive to our product categories—and we must have been right, because we sold a lot of Timex products." Within a year Timex had captured 34 percent of the market for electronic blood-pressure monitors; its closest competitor had nine.

Teresa Kersten, a VALS marketing consultant with a B.A. from the humanities honors program at Stanford, told me that *Reader's Digest* uses VALS when advising potential ad-

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vertisers on how to reach its readership. Clairol was reluctant to advertise in *Reader's Digest*, "because they were convinced its readers were a bunch of stodgy, middle-aged housewives," Kersten said over lunch at the Bay Window, a cozy English tearoom near the SRI complex. "It's definitely an Outer-Directed audience, with a strong Belonger component, and the *Digest* had to show the advertiser how they could address that audience." *Reader's Digest* went to Clairol and interpreted two of its "product executions" for Nice 'n Easy hair coloring according to VALS. One was an Inner-Directed ad, more appropriate for, say, *Cosmopolitan*; the other was Outer-Directed, and fine for *Reader's Digest*. The Inner-Directed ad showed a woman in a slip, feeling her hair, enjoying the softness Clairol gave it. "She was focused inward," Kersten pointed out. "The whole ad was about how good the product makes you feel." The woman in the second ad was a traditional, Outer-Directed type: she was wearing a dress and makeup, and giving a testimonial.

Clairol ultimately decided on "a new creative," as Paula Byrne, the research manager at *Reader's Digest*, describes it, which ran in both magazines. It showed a fully dressed woman in profile, and it had the challenging tone that Inner-Directeds like and the endorsement that Outer-Directeds like. *Color and condition that should have been yours can be*, declares the new creative. *Make it happen. Sells the most. Conditions the most.* Outer-Directeds are reassured that Nice 'n Easy is popular, and Inner-Directeds feel in charge of their own lives. Make it happen.

For most of its clients VALS has done just that. Henderson Advertising, a firm in South Carolina that handles the Folonari wine account, knew that it should be going after Inner-Directeds, because VALS data revealed that they were the kind of people who drink wine and were "first-time users"—that is, willing to buy new brands. "They make their own judgments, take chances," Jack Shimell, Henderson's director of marketing services, says. "They'll go out and try something a little different." And they're casual about the wine they drink—which is why Pernell Roberts, the "spokesman" for Folonari, was shown in a recent Henderson's ad without a tie, grabbing the jug right out of the refrigerator. "ID's will drink jug wine," Shimell says. "They don't care if it has a cork or not."

When Recreational Equipment, Inc., an outdoor-gear retailer in Seattle, wanted to find out more about who was buying its products, it commissioned VALS to do a survey and learned that between 48 percent and 50 percent of its customers were Societally Conscious (versus a mere 11 percent in the country at large). So it designed a catalogue featuring models who bore vestiges of the counterculture—beards, moustaches, longish hair—and conducted an "environmental review" of its stores with an eye toward making them more congenial to those types. "Earth tones appeal to our customer base," Carsten Lien, the vice-president of Recreational Equipment, says, "and we know that Societally Conscious types process information well. They make highly informed purchase decisions, so we tend to offer a lot of information about our products." From VALS reports the retailer's marketing executives also knew, for instance, that skiing, a popular sport among eighteen-to-thirty-four-year-olds, is less popular among those with "maturing life-styles"—people with families. Once they enter what Lien calls "the withdrawal mode," these people tend to buy more camping equipment than sports gear. "What VALS did," Lien says, "was give us a feel for the phases of people's life-styles as they go through life's conduit toward the grave."

Joseph Plummer, of Young & Rubicam, has used VALS on a number of campaigns. "You remember the 'Jell-O Is Fun' campaign?" he asks. "The woman who tells her family, 'I didn't make dessert. Instead, I made some fun'? Jell-O's a Belonger brand; it shows women in the provider role. So we got some Belonger women in here, and tried it out on them. They loved it." Thus the famous "Watch that wobble, see that wiggle" campaign.

Where did one come up with Belonger women? I wondered. "We found a town in the New York area that had a good sample of the more consumer-oriented VALS types, and did in-depth interviews. We talked to them, photographed them, photographed their homes. We questioned them about what products they used, and tape-recorded their answers. Then we analyzed our data and put together a series of consumer profiles based on VALS."

One couple Young & Rubicam interviewed were Holly and Bill, a management trainee and a designer who live in a Boise Cascade pre-fab but have put a lot of money into their living room. Holly and Bill are Emulators, and Emulators "spend where it shows," Plummer says (even if their sense of interior design is a little off; they've installed track lighting and a chandelier in the same room). They jog and play tennis, shop at Saks and Bloomingdale's, and read "Achiever life-style" magazines. They'd like to *be* Achievers, but they lack the Achiever style and the money to back it up.

What VALS offered, according to Plummer, was a new way for the "creatives" at Young & Rubicam to visualize the needs of Holly and Bill—or of Ruth, a Belonger who works as a secretary in her local church and has a flamingo on her front lawn; or of Carol, an Achiever executive who lives in a wealthy Connecticut suburb and buys only top-of-the-line brands because she doesn't like "the hassle of shopping around." VALS has made consumers less abstract. It has clarified "their needs, their lives, their life-styles, and their experiences," and gives a sense of them as individuals rather than statistics.

Not everyone in the advertising business is so convinced. One complaint I have heard often is that the VALS types are contrived and artificial. "In reality, all of us have traits common to each of the eight types," John

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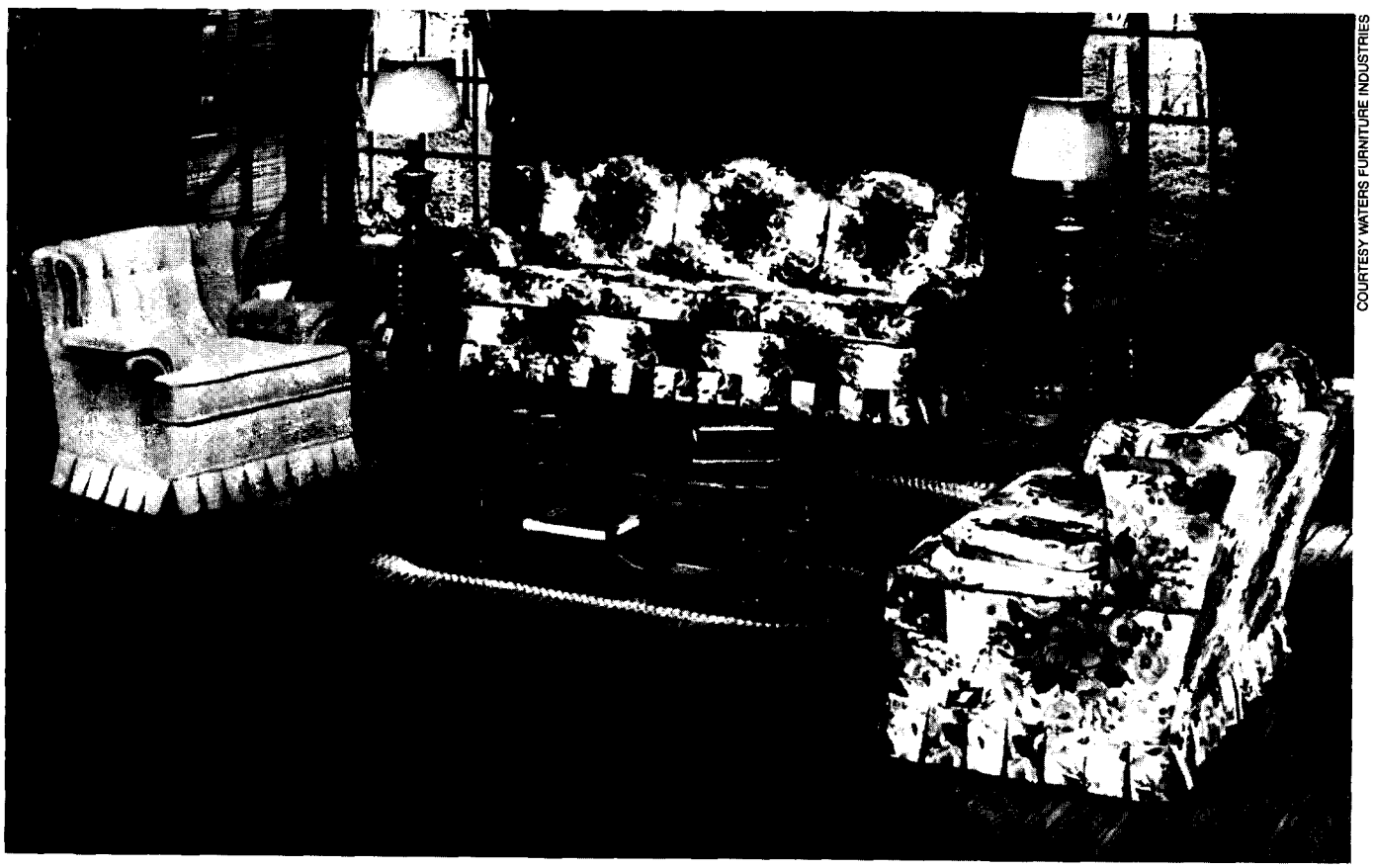
Hadley, the associate research director at Foote, Cone & Belding's Chicago office, wrote in 1982 in *On-Line,* the newsletter of Interactive Market Systems, a distributor of computerized media and marketing data. "One may have Belonger tendencies in a grocery store, Achiever tendencies in an auto showroom, and Emulator tendencies at a stereo dealer. VALS doesn't account for this possibility." For all its sociological complexity—the academic treatises on consumer values, the references to Maslow and Riesman, the fine distinctions among types—the VALS typology is still highly theoretical. It was "built from the top down," Hadley argued, "—developed conceptually by piecing together other theories rather than empirically from consumer data."

Another objection is that VALS isn't really comprehensive. Survivors and Sustainers are largely ignored (they're "extremely downscale typologies," one marketing consultant I spoke with explained). Nor are the main groups original. The affluent types correspond, more or less, to the conventional gradations of middle class (Belongers) and upper-middle class (Achievers and Societally Conscious). These types represent "a jazzed-up version of the all-American status ladder—with a heavy marketing orientation," Joan Kron observes in her book *Home-Psych: The Social Psychology of Home and Decoration.* Or, as Jim Walsh, of Merrill Lynch, puts it, "Some of 'em are ridiculous."

Then there's the matter of statistics. Is the VALS sample large enough to give a sense of the various types? Integrateds, the exalted two percent, are generally discarded as too small a group to consider in any meaningful way, and some of the other categories are marginal: I-Am-Mes constitute three percent of the population, Experientials five percent (though VALS consultants claim they're the fastest-growing type). "The samples suddenly fall apart when you break them down into all those groups," one marketing executive whose firm subscribes to VALS admits. "For the smaller categories you're talking about a few hundred people, and that's just not enough to work with."

To increase the data base, VALS consultants devised what they call the VALS Lifestyle Classification System, a highly abbreviated version of the original survey that consists of thirty statements—"I like to be outrageous"; "Just as the Bible says, the world literally was created in six days"—with which respondents are asked to agree or disagree. Clients can administer the new form to consumers and forward the results to Menlo Park to be classified into VALS types. (How they do it is "proprietary information," but the people at VALS claim that the short form yields virtually the same results as the longer one.) Since 1982 Simmons Market Research Bureau (SMRB) and Mediamark Research Inc. (MRI) have been including the new VALS



COURTESY WATERS FURNITURE INDUSTRIES

BELONGER LIVING ROOM

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form in their surveys, which encompass much wider samples than VALS uses; Simmons and MRI each poll 20,000 people annually. VALS clients who put up $12,500 for access to the SMRB/VALS or the MRI/VALS data base get a "VALS-coded" breakdown of which VALS types use their products. Instead of identifying its readers as, say, men from eighteen to thirty-five with incomes of about $25,000, *Penthouse* can say that it has "a strong franchise among Inner-Directed Males." (According to MRI/VALS, 46 percent of *The Atlantic*'s readership are Societally Conscious.)

Advertisers that appeal to an "upscale audience" can assume that Achievers, Experientials, and the Societally Conscious are their primary customers. The average Achiever—to resort to the old demographic profile—is forty-three years old, with 13.7 years of education and a median household income of $37,000; the average Experiential is twenty-seven years old, with 14.2 years of education and a median household income of $26,000; the average Societally Conscious is thirty-six, with 14.7 years of education and a median household income of $32,000. For a client interested in advertising a domestic wine, it's worth knowing that these three segments rank highest in domestic-wine consumption and read the most weeklies but are on the low end of the spectrum when it comes to watching television. The conclusion is obvious: forget television and concentrate on magazines.

Still, even agencies that have "gone on-line" with VALS recommend caution. "Magazines don't have those breakouts," Carla Loffredo, a vice-president and the director of media at the Marsteller agency, says. "And even if a magazine is predominantly one type, we still want to reach the others. Say we're marketing an antihistamine, and we know from VALS that more Achievers use antihistamines than any other type. We still have to address the Belonger segment; they're a major marketing type we can't ignore."

VALS is "one of many inputs," Loffredo says. "We use a little bit of everything"—and that seems to be the consensus among media buyers. "We use it along with demographics," Chet Bandes, a vice-president and the director of media research at Doyle Dane Bernbach, says. "Like any tool, you apply it where the marketing data makes sense." Chester Gore, the president of the agency that bears his name, says that VALS is "as good a single measure of who's out there as we have," but his advice to advertising directors contemplating a print campaign in a specific magazine is to take an issue home for the weekend and read it. "If you can't figure out who it's trying to reach, talk to the editor—and if you still can't, advertise somewhere else." VALS isn't the only way to interpret the consumer, John Hadley concluded in his *On-Line* article. "It is just a *different* and *additional* way."

AMERICAN PORTRAIT ENDS WITH A GLIMPSE OF THE Stars and Stripes whipping in the wind while Aaron Copland's patriotic *Appalachian Spring* swells in the background and the narrator intones: "VALS helps us to see the America of tomorrow." Living in that America, at least as it is depicted in the VALS documentary, will require a good deal of money. The Societally Conscious Tom and Sherona can afford a big house on a quiet suburban street (even if he does work for the Environmental Defense Fund); Ann-Marie and Steve, the Achiever couple lolling in their hot tub, are clearly well off. As for the Integrateds Mel and Patricia, they're more interested in art than in material possessions—though even Mel concedes that "money makes things easier."

These couples are in what Carsten Lien, of Recreational Equipment, Inc., calls "a buying mode." They're young and they have a lot of money to spend. It is primarily to their generation that VALS has addressed itself. "Forget the cult of youth," James Ogilvy says. "The Oedipal rebellion of the sixties is over. We're going from slay the father to protect the mother." In *The Nine American Lifestyles*, Arnold Mitchell predicts that Inner-Directeds, now 19 percent of the population, will constitute nearly a third by 1990. (This figure includes the Integrateds, a category that will grow from two to four percent.) In the "Renaissance" future, one of four that Mitchell posits and the one he believes in most, the 1980s will turn out to be the "Decade of the Real Thing"—a decade characterized by the quest for "the down-to-earth, the authentic, the direct, the honest, the unfrilly, the real." The number of Belongers will decline; Achievers and Emulators will react to the predominance of Inner-Directed values with a "new conservatism"; Experientials and the Societally Conscious will continue to express themselves through "artistic pursuits and single-issue politics." In the 1990s a new class of visionary Achievers—"a kind of person the United States has not yet known"—will emerge and eventually combine with Inner-Directeds to produce a more activist Integrated type.

How will these attitudes affect business in America? Some changes are visible already: a preference for low-tar cigarettes, decaffeinated sodas, foreign cars, low-alcohol beers and wines. But products are products, and there's no indication that the "graying countercultural-ists," as William Meyers refers to the Inner-Directeds of the 1980s and 1990s in *The Image-Makers*, will be spending any less. The "bottom line," according to the VALS introductory brochure, is "how to apply values and life-style information in marketing, planning, product development, and other areas of business"—in other words, how to get across the message that it's okay to be a consumer again. □

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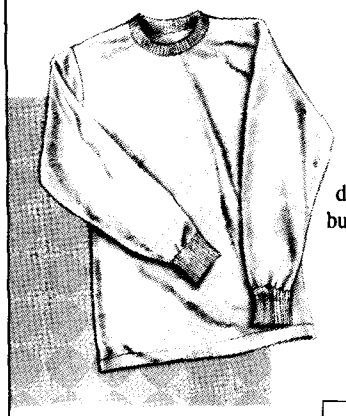


Silk Undershirts

For men and women
$22.00 ea. for 2 or more, 1 for $24.50

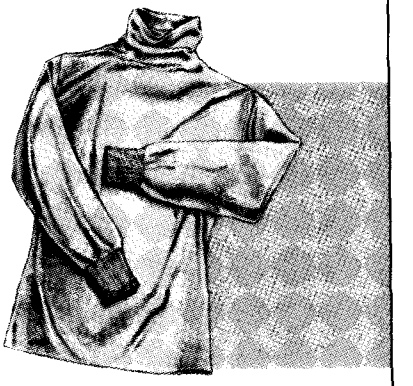
Tailored for all-day comfort, indoors or out. Wear skiing, apres-ski, or under dress clothes at the office. Absolutely no bulk. Unlike other winter undergarments, you hardly know you're wearing silk. Crew-neck collar, elasticized cuffs. Hand or machine washes easily. Dries overnight at room temperature. Men's/Ladies XS-L, Unisex sizes (see chart below). Color: Champagne.

	XS	S	M	L
Men's	30-32	34-36	38-40	42-44
Ladies	4-6	8-10	12-14	16-18

Silk Turtlenecks

$29.50 ea. for 2 or more. 1 for $32.50 ea.

Soft, smooth and stylish! The traditionally popular turtle, now in pure silk. Elasticized cuffs and turtle. For skiing, chilly weather sailing . . . or weekends. Great for travelers who like to dress up but travel light. Feather-light to the touch, easy to care for. Men's/Ladies XS-XL sizes in Navy or Red.



	XS	S	M	L	XL
Men's	30-32	34-36	38	40-42	44
Ladies	4-6	8-10	12	14-16	18-20

Silk Balaclavas *$8.85 ea. (in quantity)*

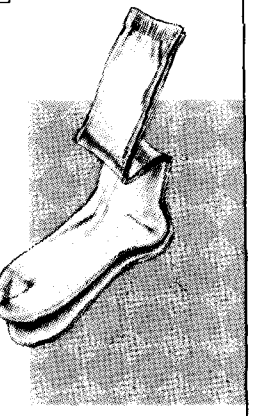
Long a favorite of skiers and climbers in Europe. 100% pure heavyweight knitted silk fabric fits comfortably over entire head, with oval opening for eyes. Wear alone, or under ski hat or parka hood. Weighs one ounce and compacts to the size of a golf ball. One size fits all. Colors: Sky Blue, Navy, Red or Silver Gray. 1 for **$9.95 ea.**; 2 for **$9.75 ea.**; 3 for **$9.50 ea.**; 6 for **$8.85 ea.**

Silk Sock Liners

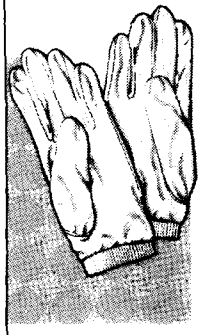
The last word in cozy, warm toes. Wear right next to the skin under your sport or dress socks. Keep an extra pair in your car, briefcase or office desk for traveling during those wet, chilling January thaws. Men's/Ladies' XS-XL sizes. Color: Champagne.

Ankle Height Silk Sock Liners: 1 for **$7.95 ea.**; 3 for **$7.50 ea.**; 6 for **$7.25 ea.**; 12 for **$ 6.95 ea.**

Mid-Calf Height Silk Liners: 1 for **$8.95 ea.**; 3 for **$8.50 ea.**; 6 for **$8.25 ea.**; 12 for **$7.95 ea.**



Sock Sizes	XS	S	M	L	XL
Men's Shoe	7	8	9-10	10½-11½	12-13
Ladies Shoe	5½-6	6½-7	7½-8½	9-10	11-11½



Silk Glove Liners *$5.70 ea. (in quantity)*

Our Wintersilks Glove Liners are feather-light, durable and warm — with absolutely no bulk. Wear alone for driving, cross-country skiing or chilly commuting. In frigid weather below 20 F, wear under your favorite gloves or mittens. Each pair weighs one-half ounce and compacts easily into a shirt or jacket pocket. Color: Champagne. 1 pair, **$7.95**; 2 pairs, **$7.85 ea.**; 4 pairs, **$6.95 ea.**; 6 pairs, **$6.20 ea.**; 12 pairs, **$5.70 ea.**

S	M	L
6½-7	7½-8	9-9½

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			Men's/Ladies' Silk Turtlenecks	$29.50/$32.50	
		Champagne	Silk Glove Liners	see above	
		Champagne	Ankle Height Silk Sock Liners	see above	
		Champagne	Mid-Calf Silk Sock Liners	see above	
	—		Silk Balaclavas (one size fits all)	see above	
			Shipping, Handling & Insurance		$3.40
			5% Tax for Wis. Addresses		
			Total Enclosed		

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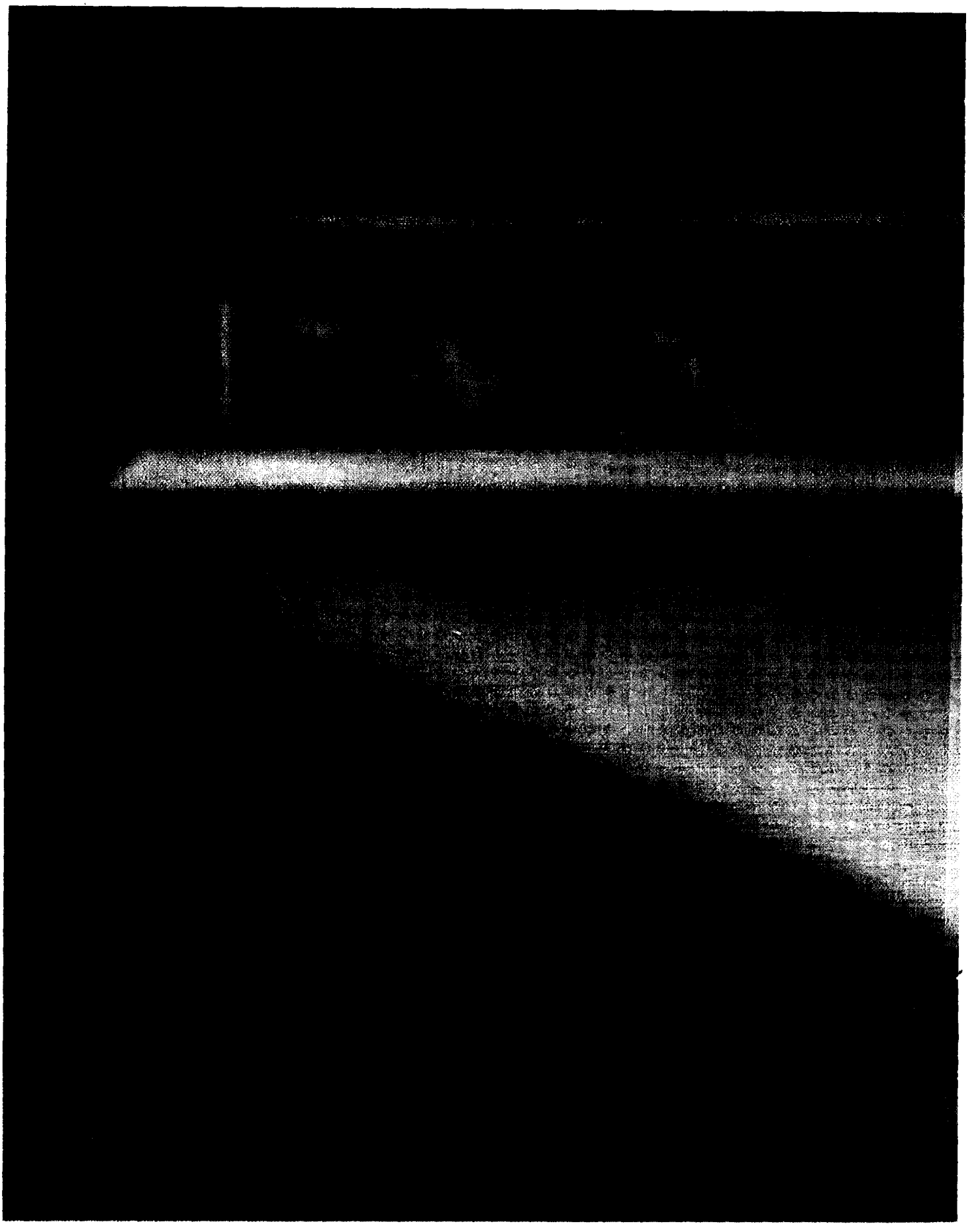

ILLUSTRATION BY BRAD HOLLAND

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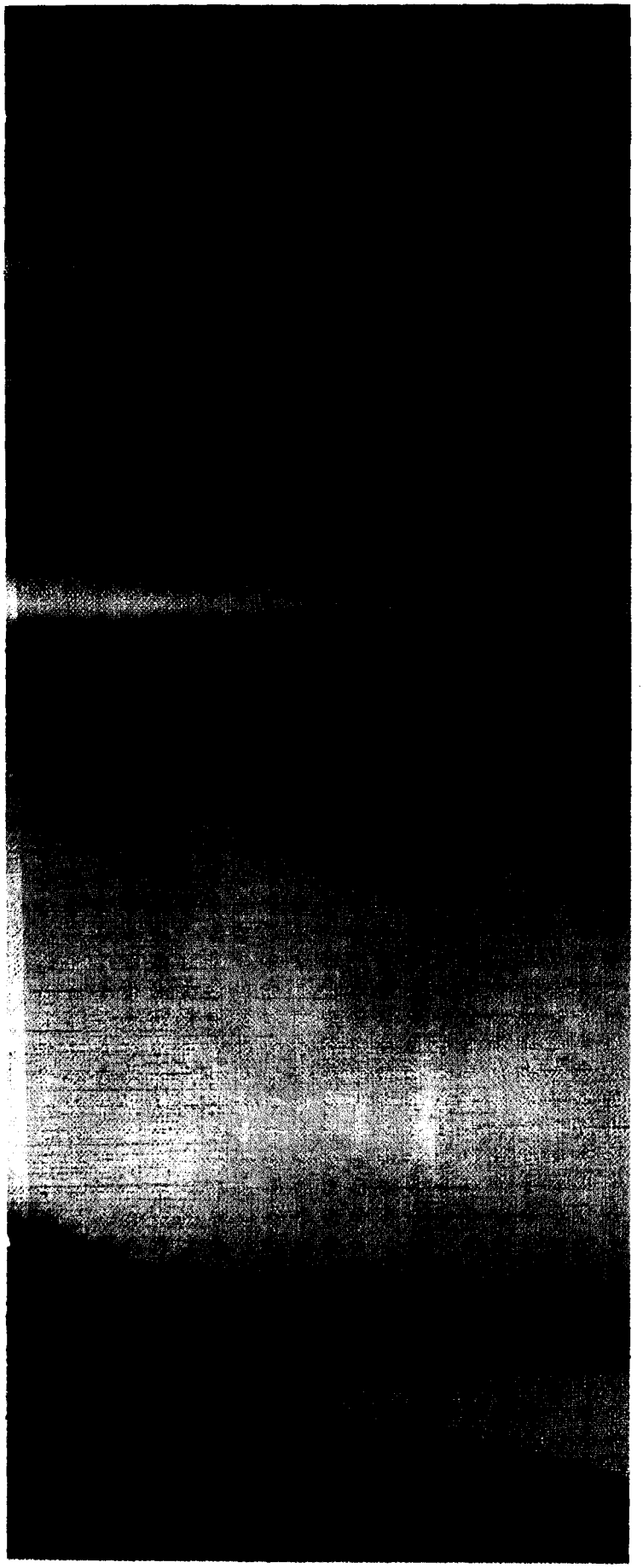

A Short Story

THE SMALL THINGS THAT SAVE US

BY BRENT SPENCER

THE FIRST TIME I SAW EASY, HE WAS STANDING NEXT to his tractor in the middle of the road, a one-armed man kicking one of the big back tires and then slapping at it with his hat. I pulled over to give him a hand. It was a small tractor, an old gray Ford, so we just rolled it onto the shoulder. The whole thing seemed to be held together with bent coat hangers and electrical tape.

I drove him back to his farm. He had about forty head of cattle on twenty-five acres that sloped into a shallow valley. The top ten acres were fenced off and full of timothy, tall and shimmering in the wind. The rest was pasture and woodland. He didn't seem worried at all about the tractor. But then, it wouldn't start for some thief any easier than it had for him.

I stayed for supper, though at first Joan, his wife, seemed nervous at having a stranger in her house. Their boy, Jimmy, must have been the quietest four-year-old on record. We had chicken, mashed potatoes, and peas, but Joan didn't seem to mind that he mainly ate slices of buttered bread.

Easy was the kind of man who likes to run the talk at supper.

"Those cows of mine are stupid on purpose," he said. I remembered thinking they were strange-looking when I first noticed them. Big dull eyes, and smaller than any cows I had ever seen. They were full-grown yet stood no higher than my waist.

Easy said, "All the smarts got bred out of them so you can raise them in a smaller space. They fatten up fast too, and don't eat much. Meek as your maiden aunt." From the window I could see them crowding up against the closed barn door, waiting for him to let them in.

Easy was Frank Nagle. He had brown shaggy hair that looked like he cut it himself, in the dark. He and Joan were thirty, thirty-five. She was taller than Easy by a couple of inches. She wore faded jeans and one of his old flannel shirts that had seen too much work and washing. The colors were faded and the cloth was limp and threadbare,

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but it brought out her beauty. She had a generous look that told you that the things you said mattered to her.

Easy's right arm had got chewed off in a corn picker a couple of years earlier.

He said, "It was one of those things you warn everybody else about, and then all of a sudden you just can't believe it's happening to you."

I could see Joan tense up as she listened to a story she must have heard many times. The memory made Easy massage the stub of his arm.

"Some cobs got caught in my picker," he said. "I went back to knock them free. Didn't turn the thing off first. It grabbed a corner of my cuff and pulled my arm in. When I reached in with the other arm to yank it free, I lost a few fingertips on that one. I was lucky not to lose that arm too. Caddy Leboux, my neighbor, he came running when he heard me screaming. I guess I'm lucky he was out in his field shooting snakes. He says he found me jammed up against the picker, with my arm being clawed to pieces inside. I was unconscious by then. He says the picker wouldn't let me fall. Just held me there by the arm. I got my name because I can do things easier with one arm than most can with two."

"Except when it comes to cleaning up after himself," Joan said.

After supper he and I went out on the back porch and drank, looking out over his farm, watching the evening come down. He said that once a month he visited a cousin in West Virginia. He called it his "moon run." Moonshine. We left the porch light off to keep the bugs away. Barn swallows had built a nest in the space above the fixture. They liked the warmth when the light was on, Easy said. We'd watch one or the other come dipping up the long slope toward the house and then swoop above us to the nest. All evening it was like that, sitting in the dark, drinking Easy's moon.

We got to talking about what he wanted to do to the farm. How he was going to get a bank loan so he could fence in more pasture and buy more of his "mini-cows." We were talking about how hard the work would be. And maybe it was that, or the drinking, or just the good feeling I had sitting there, but I offered to stay and help out if he wanted.

He looked at me a little suspiciously and took a pull from the bottle. "If it's money you're after, there isn't any," he said.

I told him I was only after food and a place to stay. Then he was quiet for a while.

"Let's sleep on this," he said. "See if it sounds good tomorrow."

In the morning he showed me the shack. "You can fix this place up any way you like," he said.

It was about a hundred yards below the house. Two rooms attached to a small potting shed. Easy said he used the place when Joan kicked him out of the house. He would come down there to poison his liver and argue with the empty rooms. The shack was a wreck, but the light in the field was pure luxury. Country light. Clean. I could hear the birds circling through the trees. The wind hissing in the long grass.

One room had a cot, a moldy chair, a woodburner, and a stack of wood against one wall. The kitchen had a Formica table and two lopsided chairs with rusty legs. It had an electric stove that didn't work and a sink that wasn't hooked up. But it also had a truckload of canned food stacked on wooden shelves. I got used to heating cans on the woodburner. Easy built the shack as a place to hole up if the Russians dropped the bomb. But when Caddy Leboux told him about radiation, he gave up on the idea.

The commode was in the potting shed, right by the greenhouse windows. At least it worked, though after a while I noticed that the grass downhill was more lush than it should have been in August. The place had mice and a few snakes. A woodchuck lived under it. Sometimes I'd go into the kitchen in the morning and there it would be, staring at me. Then it would just waddle back to the potting shed and under the house.

EASY AND I GOT ON WELL TOGETHER, WITH ME DOing the heavy work and him dealing with feed suppliers and the bank. His farm was not a moneymaker, but he was serious, he had plans. And little by little, we thought, we could turn the place around. Those huge farms you see, they're all science. A small farm like Easy's is a record of the farmer's life. Sometimes it's a record of the failures and mistakes and accidents that make a life. So it was important for us to do things right. The farm was a kind of fresh start for Easy. He had bought it two years earlier, when he and Joan had married, using inheritance money he hadn't already drunk or gambled away. He liked to say that Joan's love saved his life. It embarrassed me whenever he said that, the sentimentality of it.

Winter came in early October that year, and money got scarce. One evening Easy and Joan started yelling and stomping around the house. I could hear some of it all the way to the shack, maybe because of the way sound carries over snowy ground. Maybe because misery carries over any ground.

I heard her say, ". . . cows . . . loser . . . farm . . . lunatic."

Then his voice, louder: ". . . beat me . . . I'll be damned . . ." I heard doors slam and glass breaking. The TV came on loud. Some goofy cartoon voice singing, "Take good care of yourself, like your friend Shamu!" Then the TV went off, and I didn't hear anything for a long time.

A little later I was near the house, burning some trash in the barrel. All that time Jimmy was out playing in the snow, rolling it around in snowballs that kept falling apart. He looked like a little blue astronaut in his snow gear. He was talking and singing to himself, words I couldn't make out. The barrel of trash was in full blaze. I poked at it with

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a broom handle so it crackled and roared. Sparks shot up in bright showers, and fell on the snow. It was late. It had been quiet for a long time.

When I looked up, I saw Easy and Joan standing on the back porch, with Joan clinging to him a little like she was hurt, like he had beaten her and it was all she could do to stand up. But then I thought she might be holding on to him to keep him from flying apart. She was crying a little with her head against his shirt, stroking his chest. There were tears in his eyes too. They stood there a few minutes on the porch in the cold, staring off down the hill. I could see him hold her close and kiss her hair without taking his eyes off the darkness. Then he called the boy to the house, his voice weak and raw. The boy walked toward them and climbed the back steps slowly.

When you're four years old, I think, the world goes on pretty much without you. You find the safe places where you can. He climbed those stairs like an old man coming home from a long day of field work. His house was safe again, for a little while at least. The three of them went back inside. The upstairs lights came on, and after a time went out again. There was nothing left but the night and the snow and flames spraying into the cold wind.

WE HAD A FEW WARM DAYS LATE IN OCTOBER, AND I was digging postholes for Easy, getting things ready for the new fencing he would string. Digging postholes was one thing a one-armed man couldn't do. He was off at the Agway and the bank. I went up to the house for a cold beer and found Joan at the sink, with her hands in soapy water, just staring out at the farm.

Her windowsill was full of cuttings in jelly jars. Coleus. Wandering Jew. Swedish ivy. We got to talking. We talked like farm neighbors in a back field. Later, when I thought about it, I thought it might have been the signs of hope those cuttings represented, the late-afternoon light sloping through the windows, Joan's hair shining in that pale gold light: we make up stories to carry ourselves through the longest nights, and this is mine.

We made love like old friends who thought they'd never see each other again. Slow and solemn love. Later, we talked. Easy was her second husband. Frank, she called him.

"I was first married to Big John, Jimmy's father. He was small and spiteful. He had corns on his vocal chords from screaming at wrestlers on the TV."

I was lying on my back, listening to Joan, listening also for the sound of Easy's pickup. Already the feelings that had made it all seem so natural were starting to fade. I think she knew that, and that's why she kept talking.

"Big John worked in a heat-treating plant. Anchor chains, gun barrels, cam shafts, and the like. It was a dangerous job. Furnaces that heated up to eighteen hundred degrees. Sometimes an oil bath would burst into flame. Blow out every window in the place. Two men died there, and he was one of them. He was walking along an I-beam and slipped off into a vat of caustic soda. When I'm feeling truly mean about the past, I like to say all they could fish out was his rodeo belt buckle. But the truth is he survived, at least for a while. He swallowed some of that slop, though, and died later from pneumonia. I gave him a wake the next day." She rolled so she was leaning on her elbow, looking down at me with her loose hair shading her face. She said, "The day I married Frank, my heart was in my mouth. Without him, I would just turn into some kind of character."

When Easy's pickup pulled in next to the house, I was back in the field, chopping at the ground, feeling cheap and lonely. Beyond the fence line, over in Caddy Leboux's woods, I could see rusty tin cans and loose trash fluttering. I thought about how what had happened would drive Easy and me apart before we even got a chance to know each other well. Joan was sweet and strong, and I loved her in a way that afternoon, but I thought I had ruined all our lives.

I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT CATTLE. BEFORE THE snow I used to watch them grazing in the field like slow freight trains crawling west. The cowbirds sat on their shoulders or hung in swarms overhead. Nothing bothered those cows. Easy was right about how stupid they were. I ran a water line to the field and attached a noser. It took all one afternoon to show them how to nuzzle the paddle to get fresh water.

They'd walk the fence, looking for a break into the wild grapes on the other side. During storms you could see them huddling under the lean-to Easy and I built, staring out at the rain. The lean-to was nothing but sapling trunks and sheets of tin, but it was sturdy. Then the cows got the notion that they could scratch an itch by rubbing against the roof supports. Each day that roof was more and more crooked. Someday, I figured, it would come right down on them.

When Easy couldn't get his price for the cows, he decided to keep them through the winter. Lots of farmers did that, kept cattle, siloed grain, waiting for a better market. But there was the extra cost. We had a barnful of hay, some corn. Feed, though, all that extra Super Fit-n-Fresh—that was expensive. Easy didn't get his price because the buyers said there wasn't enough meat on the new breed. They said the cows were all bone. But Easy didn't see it that way. He would keep those cows, he said, until he found a buyer who wasn't out to cheat him.

Things began to fall apart when the feed started running out. At night I'd hear the cows groaning and butting the barn door. They thought they'd graze the field, I guess, but they couldn't with two feet of snow on the ground and more falling all the time. Pretty soon the grain was gone. I pitched plenty of hay to them, but they needed more than that to keep up their body heat. They kicked at the pens when they saw the hay dropping down. Big whucking kicks that splintered wood. Later, as they passed the silo on their way to the field, they'd lick the

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feeding auger, but when they saw it was no use, they stamped the ground, tails switching like whips.

One evening a couple of weeks later I noticed some of them hadn't come back to the barn. Three of them were lying against one another in the lean-to. It didn't look like they had the strength to make it up the hill. That night the temperature dropped to twenty below. By morning they were dead. For days I saw them lying out there. I hoped the drifting snow would cover them up, but no. The other cows wouldn't go near the lean-to. More died, in the field, in the lane that went down to the field, in the barn. Easy couldn't work or do anything. He had gone to all the feed suppliers in the valley, but his credit was stretched to the limit and the bank wouldn't give him a break. He just sat on the porch all day in the cold, drinking moon and staring at the cows as if they had betrayed him.

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE DAYS WHEN THE SUN IS SO BRIGHT and the cold so cutting that you can hardly stand it. From the window of my shack I could see Jimmy coming toward me, dragging a red plastic sled behind him. When I went outside, I could see that he had loaded it with kindling, a piece of rope, a few handfuls of snow, other trash. He stared up at me, and then said, "He says to give this to you."

The note said, "Let's fall by The Farmer's and do some damage."

When I looked back at Jimmy, he was almost crying. His voice was like a prayer. He said, "You're hurting my shadow." I stepped away from him. His small shadow lay sprawled on the snow, its chest caved in by my footprints.

When I got to the house, Easy was coming out the door.

Joan followed, saying, "You were my hope against hope. Do you hear? I thought . . . But look at us, Frank. Look at us."

Jimmy had followed me up the hill and was emptying the heavy sled onto the snow, singing quietly to himself.

Easy threw things into the back of his pickup. Rope, stray lumber, a sack of rock salt. It was as though he wanted to hear what she had to say but he didn't want to appear to be listening.

He said, "Don't lay it all on me, Joan." He said her name as if it were a dirty nickname. He stomped around the truck, kicking it, banging his fist against it. I remembered the first time I saw him. As we climbed into the pickup, he kept saying, "I'm bitched! I'm bitched!"

Joan was at my window. I rolled it down. "Talk to him, Evan," she said. "Knock some sense into the pigheaded cripple." She pushed off the truck and went back into the house. Easy pumped the gas hard and swung into the road.

When we were away from the house, he looked at me and broke out laughing. "Pigheaded cripple! I love that woman!"

At The Farmer's Inn we drank a few beers and threw some darts. Easy's shots kept hitting the wall.

He said, "It's a rag-arm, but it's the only arm I got. Let's say you won. Anyway, the soup here's a killer, and I'm hungry."

We each had a bowl of split pea. A few farmers were sitting around with their caps pushed back on their heads, sipping beers and wiping their faces with their hands. They nodded at Easy as if they knew his trouble but weren't going to be the ones to bring it up.

"Sure, my head's hard," Easy said to me. "I'm a pigheaded cripple! After this is all over, I'm going to have to get me a new nickname. Pig. That'd be it, I guess."

"You know what I miss?" he said, looking down at his empty sleeve, his voice softening. "I had the prettiest little dragon tattoo. Right about there." He touched the sleeve where his forearm had been. "Isn't that the damnedest thing? I miss my tattoo."

I was eating my soup and watching the old woman behind the bar. She was wide in the hips and took her time.

Easy said, "This is a good bar. Never saw a single drunk here. Gerry, there, is really something. Saved me many times in the bad old days. Helped me face up to a few things."

I thought about Joan and that afternoon months before. "You don't know me very well, do you, Easy?" I said.

"I know your work," he said. "You learn a thing about a man when you see him work. That's enough for me."

"I could be escaped from prison or something," I said.

"I thought of that," he said. "At first, when you said you wanted to stay on, I thought you might rob us blind. But then I thought, what've we got to steal?"

"I appreciate that," I said.

"You married, Evan?" he said. "It's none of my business, but you have a look. You married?"

"Not in the eyes of the law," I said.

"Not in the eyes of the law. Now that's sad as can be. When you came to the farm, I told Joan I figured you were broke down. She said your car looked fine to her, and I said no, it was more than that. That's all we needed to know. She trusts you the same as me."

"You shouldn't trust me," I said. "Easy," I said, "there are things people do. They don't mean to, but they do them. Later they're sorry, but the harm is already done."

"You planning on robbing us after all?" he said. He was scraping his spoon at the green sludge on the bottom of his bowl.

"You're not listening to me. I've done something I'm ashamed of, and I have to tell you."

Easy looked up then and sipped his beer. I could see his eyes going over me.

"A little while ago," I said, "I was working in the field. I went to the house for a beer. Joan and I got to talking."

"That woman of mine is a great one for talking. Sometimes she'll be quiet for days. And then it's like a dam burst—everything just rushes right out."

"Easy," I said, and for the first time it seemed like a foolish name to say.

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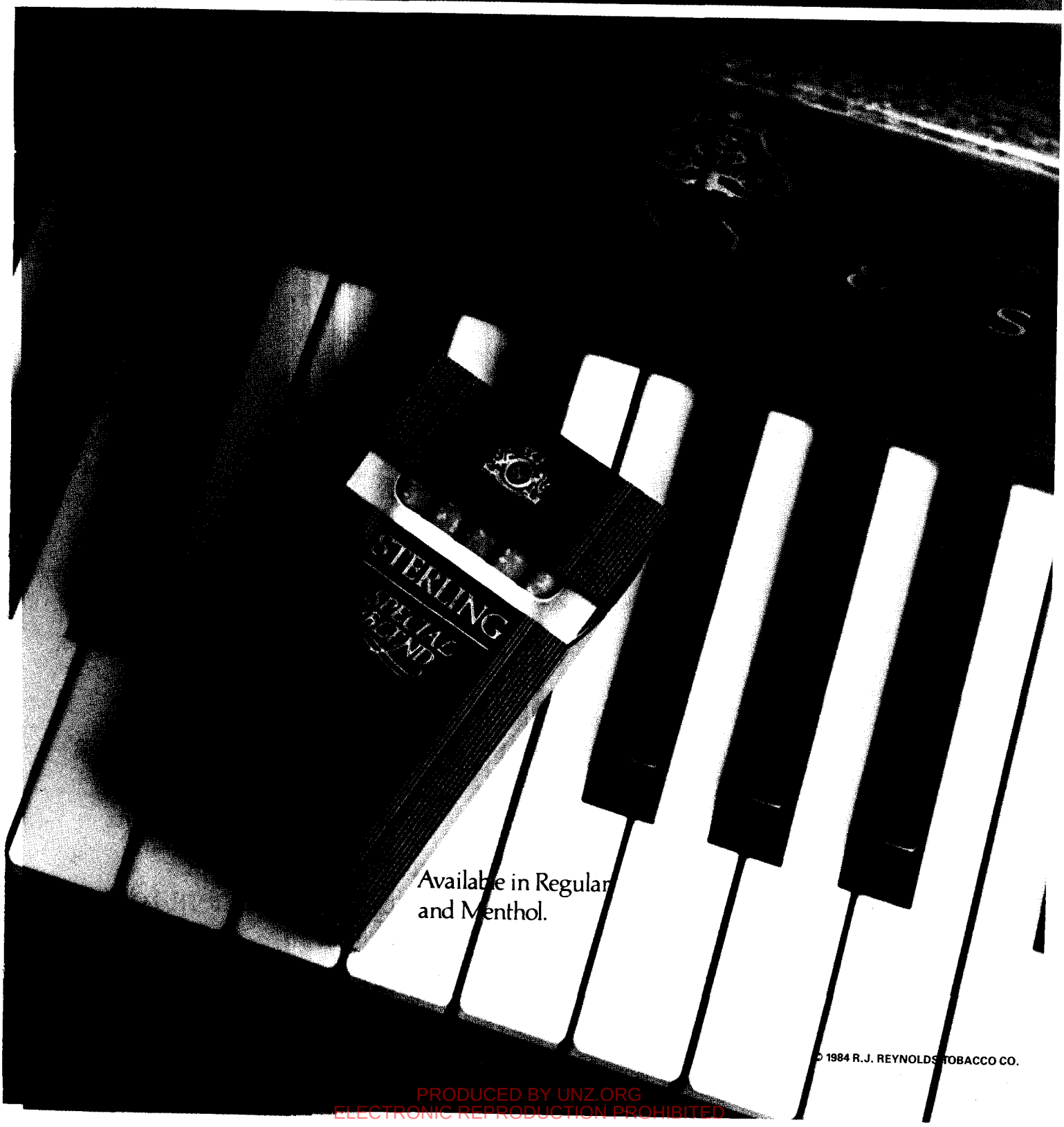

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"She takes her time thinking about a thing. She'll talk about it only after she has it figured out in her mind. She's deeper than me, and I admire that."

"Easy, something happened between Joan and me that afternoon."

"I know, I know," he said quietly. "You spent time together." He was looking down at the rings of wetness his bottle had made on the tablecloth. He ran his hand through his shaggy hair. He looked tired.

"I'm sorry, Frank."

He said, "Only Joan calls me Frank. Nobody else."

I said, "I wish it never happened. I wish we didn't have this standing between us now."

"When Joan told me, first I was mad. Then I cried. I thought it meant she was leaving me. But she said no, that it was just something that happened, naturally, between friends. She doesn't lie to me, Evan. I know enough to listen to her. I'm not that pigheaded. I used to be a drunk and a runaround. I know that life—do the worst and don't get caught. Joan settled me down. She opened my eyes. If you're sorry because you hurt me, well, that's one thing. To that I say, I'll live. But if you're sorry it happened, that's something else. I don't really think that's true. Do you?"

I don't know how to account for the calm in some people. I wasn't anything to him. Easy was a one-armed man watching his life fall apart, and I was the stranger who stole his wife away one afternoon. But we spent several more hours in The Farmer's, talking and laughing about bills that were past due, money beyond our reach, and the string of useless postholes I had dug.

By the time we got home, the evening was setting in. We stood awkwardly near the steps of the side door. He gripped my shoulder. There was a lot of strength in that hand. Then he moved his rough palm up against the side of my neck and held it there.

"Oh, Evan," he said. He said it like a lover, the way a woman says your name in the dark when the stars are right, making you forget how much you fear her.

I said, "Easy, this afternoon, before we left, I heard Jimmy out here. You know how he sings all the time? Well, I finally heard what he's singing: 'Cows are brown, cows are gray, cows are in the field all day.' "

Easy looked off at the dead cattle lying in the field and shook his head. "That's not fair to him. He shouldn't have to see that. What have I been thinking?"

Earlier that day, as Easy and Joan argued, Jimmy had kept quietly breathing his chant in and out. His junk scattered on the snow was the most important thing in his life at that moment—an empty cigarette pack, a saucer, old clay pots and medicine bottles . . .

"We got unfinished business, Evan."

I hooked up the backhoe and drove the tractor down the icy, rutted lane that ran along the far edge of the farm. Easy rode with one foot on the axle and the other on the backhoe, so I drove as slowly as I could. The tractor almost shook itself apart as it lurched and slid over the hard ground. Twice the engine died, and in the silence I could feel the presence of the dead cattle lying in the field beside me. The clouds were faint scraps of shadow far away, and the stars were beginning to show.

In the darkening field beside us we could see a half-dozen or more cows in plain view, like mounds of freshly turned earth. Snow had swept high against them. The coats of the long dead had lost their pigment. Shreds of gray fur covered the snow around the bloating bodies. The wind scattered bits of it into the air. Heavy black birds had settled on some, worrying the carcasses. As they landed, their broad, oily wings snapped viciously.

Halfway down the lane I turned to Easy and yelled over the engine, "Let's dig it in the woods, okay?"

He nodded his head a few times, but I'm not sure he heard me. I wanted the grave to be hidden, so I drove to a clearing deep among the trees. It was darker there and seemed colder, despite the windbreak of pine, cedar, and laurel. Easy walked off into the trees. He must have figured he wouldn't be much help, and that probably embarrassed him.

I set to work on the grave, but every time I brought the backhoe against the icy ground, the tractor's engine strained and choked and nearly died. I gave it a little more gas, shifted into the lowest gear. Nothing worked. Finally, cold and angry, I yanked the prong of the throttle toward me, ripping it over its notched metal scale. The engine roared with the rich gasoline, the backhoe bit into the ground, but then sour black smoke began to pour from the engine, the roar became an aching metal shriek, and the whole thing shuddered into silence.

HAWK MUSIC

My happiness is to watch
the intricate valleys weathering
and the wearing down

of upturned faces of rock.
Let me lean into this wind,
so rare that its demands

are those of music. I would
give it a note on the thinnest
string of air, a sound

so high the ear cannot
support it. But I
will hope to hear it.

—*Leslie Norris*

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I jumped down and cursed myself and the tractor. My feet were cold, my breath came in plumes. The stars glowed weakly over the bristle of trees at the edge of the clearing.

I heard Easy's voice from deeper in the woods. I thought he would yell something about burning out the engine, but he was calling for me to bring the wire cutters.

I climbed over some fallen trees and stepped across the narrow stream that fed the pond. I couldn't move quickly, because of the rocks and roots hidden beneath the snow.

When I got to Easy, he was standing near the border fence, rubbing the back of his neck and moaning a little. One of the cows had become caught in the barbed wire that ran between Easy's place and Leboux's.

Easy said, "At first I thought it might be a boulder, the woods are so dark. Then I saw it clear. Then I knew."

It had tried to push its head between the top two strings and step through, but it had fouled itself and fallen into the wire. The posts on either side strained and creaked with the weight.

Easy said, "I feel so awful. This is all my fault."

I said, "It was an accident, Easy. It just happened, that's all."

The cow had not died right away. It must have struggled against the sharp wire with the last of its strength. I could see long, twisting grooves in the flesh, and blood standing as thick as jelly in the open wounds. The carcass was pitched forward, with its head hanging just a few inches above the dark, crusty snow. One string of wire had caught under its long jaw, and held it like a strap. One hind leg barely touched the ground, the other was splayed and twisted by the wire. Both forelegs were bent and bound against the stomach.

"We got to cut it free," Easy said.

I said, "It's dead. That won't do any good."

He turned to me. His face was rashy and swollen from the cold. "We can't leave it like this," he said.

I set the metal jaw of the wire cutter against the wire, near the cow's head, and snapped it through. It sprang into spiky coils as the body fell forward onto the ground.

The cow was still alive. It gave a long screaming moan of pain, and then struggled to stand. One hind leg was still hung up in the wire. The other kept slipping on the snow. Its eyes were wide and white. I could see its fat black tongue behind its bared teeth. Then it slammed its bloody head back into my chest.

Easy said, "Oh my God, my God . . ."

The cow screamed again, a rising groan of terror. It tried to shake its hind leg free but couldn't. Just then its forelegs buckled and the cow crashed down for the last time. It didn't move, but when I bent over it, I could see one eye rolling in its socket, then trembling, and then congealing to ice. The cow lay there on the bloody snow, finally dead.

There was nothing we could do. We left the tractor and the cow, and made our way back through the woods toward the open field and home. When we got to the stone wall at the edge of the field, we sat down. Easy kneaded his stump and stared.

He said, "What was I thinking when I bought those cows? They're none of them any good."

My lungs burned and my ribs ached from where the cow had hit me. I said, "That tractor's a piece of junk too."

"That tractor's a '49 Ford. It's a classic," he said. "You just got it all gummed up."

"I think I ruined it," I said.

"No, no. We'll just give it a good swift kick in the morning. That's the thing about a classic."

"I hope you're right," I said. "I hope we can get them buried."

The shadows of clouds crossing the moon floated over the field.

"This is a terrible thing," Easy said. "I sure messed things up good. Some farmer I am. Some kind of farmer."

"Look," I said. "You can see the house from here." It was just over a mile away, and I could barely make out the lights in the windows. But it was like the sudden light you find sometimes in deep woods. All you expect is darkness and shadow. Then, just where you're going to set your foot, a shaft of sunlight or moonlight pours through the pines. It's a small thing, but it makes you think you should keep walking.

Overhead, the night hardened around its cold stars. Maybe there were things he could have done. He could have sold off some acreage or unloaded the cattle at any price. But there really wasn't time. And anyway, that didn't matter. The only thing that mattered was the way he and Joan stood on the back porch that night, clinging to each other, while out there in the dark their dreams were dying.

What happens happens. The day rises and the night falls. Troubles turn on you before you bat an eye. "Should have" and "could have" don't count. Your house is in flames and the world is made of ice.

Easy stood and said, "I'm never going to be the same."

But he was wrong. He would be all right. Easy would let the small things save him. Days of sun and sweet breezes. Late afternoons full of birds streaming into the trees. And other shadows on other nights, as deer climb down from the high ground to the stream in moonlight. □

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Caspar Weinberger in Reagan's Pentagon

THE PEACETIME WAR

BY NICHOLAS LEMANN

FINDING SOMETHING TO SPEND THE MONEY ON

AT SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING ON FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1981, Caspar Weinberger, the brand-new secretary of Defense, and David Stockman, the director of the Office of Management and Budget, met in Weinberger's office in the Pentagon to decide by how much to increase the defense budget. It was only the eighth regular working day of the Reagan Administration, and neither man was a defense expert. Stockman had carefully studied domestic spending and intended to concentrate his early efforts on cutting it, but he had not really learned the defense budget; Weinberger had made it no secret that he was going to have to learn defense on the job, because it was outside his area of expertise.

That they were meeting at all was a sign of how strongly the current of the new Administration was pushing them to spend more on defense. Reagan had campaigned ardently in 1980 (and in 1976) for increased defense spending. Senator John Tower, of Texas, who as a result of the new Republican majority in the Senate had become the chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, had made it clear to Weinberger and Stockman that he wanted large increases. Tower had met alone with Weinberger and with Stockman, to suggest a specific plan to them. "We had the numbers already," Tower told me recently. "I don't think Stockman or anybody else did. Weinberger did not know defense and, to his credit, was willing to rely on people who did."

There were two other people at the meeting between Weinberger and Stockman. One was William Schneider, Jr., a conservative defense expert who had recently become the associate director of OMB for national security, put there at the suggestion of conservatives who wanted to make sure that while Stockman was cutting the rest of the federal budget, defense would be growing. That appointment was a sign of the times; so was the great outcry that had greeted the appointment of the other man at the meeting, Weinberger's new deputy secretary, Frank Carlucci. Carlucci had worked for Weinberger in the Nixon and Ford

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Administrations, but had also served under Carter—an unpardonable sin.

The meeting went on through the evening; at the start of the next working day—Monday, February 2—budget officers at OMB and the Pentagon had a one-page memo saying that the Administration would immediately request a total increase of $32.6 billion, the largest and swiftest rise in defense spending during peacetime in our history.

Now that there was a figure, the first question was not What should our military strategy be and what programs will help us achieve it? Instead it was What can we think of to spend all that money on? This was a matter made more complicated by President Jimmy Carter, who, on January 15, 1981, five days before leaving office, had proposed a national defense budget for fiscal 1982 of $200.3 billion—an abrupt increase over the figure that had emerged as a result of negotiations between the Pentagon and OMB in October and November, and $26.4 billion more than the fiscal 1981 budget. The Reagan Administration would be adding its $32.6 billion on top of that.

So even before the new additions the armed services had received an unexpected windfall, and they had proposed a new round of programs to meet it. Now, in the first week of February, they were asked to come up with more programs, to meet the new Administration's numbers. Here is the way one former Pentagon budget officer recalls that period: "It was kind of a unique situation. I was working for the Navy, and there was a numbers drill that said, If you had half a billion or a billion more, what would you do with it? And my stuff was only five billion total. We put in a minesweeper that had been on the books for years, for example. Definitely there was a need for a new class of minesweeper, but this design was kicking around for ten years and we just pulled it off the shelf. Suddenly money was available. There are cheaper designs that could have been looked at, but they just dusted off the old plans. Under Carter's zero-based budgeting, they had priority bands—band one, band two, band three. There was a lot of crap from band five and six that got funded."

Another account, from a different former budget officer: "I was in the Office of the Secretary, working for the readiness accounts. Carter had given us a lot. The Weinberger team came in and said, Add more. Find room to add. Find places to put more money. We said, You don't up your readiness in a year. They said, This is the honeymoon, and the later cuts will be on a much higher base"—that is, the higher the initial appropriations, the more would be left after the inevitable cuts came. From someone still at OMB: "We were thinking they'd add seven billion. Maybe even fifteen. But thirty-two! Schneider argued, We have a mandate, and every day that goes by, it lessens. We argued with him." Richard A. Stubbing, then a high-ranking civil servant in the National Security Division of OMB and now the assistant provost of Duke University, willing to speak on the record, recalls: "The services were stunned, and the OMB staff was stunned—Stockman was too, I think. It was, You got two weeks, fellas, and anything you want is okay. They went to the wish lists—they filled it up. There was no serious screening. No review by OMB. No national policy. And that became the essence of the submission."

There was not, however, a total lack of systematic thinking behind the new budget requests, which Weinberger unveiled publicly before Tower's committee on March 5, with the stern warning that "we do not believe we can afford to temporize any longer in the face of the Soviet threat." In January the Heritage Foundation had published a book of specific suggestions for the Reagan Administration, called *Agenda for Progress*; the chapter on defense had been written by Schneider, and virtually every one of its many specific suggestions was incorporated into Weinberger's budget submission. These included seed money for the restoration of the B-1 bomber, which Carter had canceled; a major investment in the military's command, control, communications, and intelligence system, which is designed to maintain America's ability to fight during a nuclear war; twenty new F-15 fighters to intercept cruise missiles and planes or low-altitude satellites; development funds for a new aircraft carrier and the recommissioning and purchase of several other ships; a large military pay raise; major investments in spare parts and maintenance; and, mainly, increased rates of production for many of the services' weapons systems. The services' suggestions overlapped Schneider's and, particularly in the case of smaller weapons systems, went beyond them; Schneider's suggestions alone did not add up to the new number. Weinberger's budget sailed through the Senate and the Democratic House virtually untouched—the $226.3 billion that the Reagan Administration had requested for 1982 was cut by less than a billion dollars.

Although every succeeding budget that Weinberger has proposed has been the result of an elaborate process of planning and bargaining inside the Pentagon, the first round of increases established a trajectory for the Reagan Administration's defense spending and strongly influenced the size of the later budgets. Similarly, on matters of defense policy, though the succeeding years have seen long-term studies and intense public debates, the seeds for most of the new policies were contained in that first quick budget submission: the B-1 and the MX, the bigger Navy, the emphasis on the ability to fight a protracted nuclear war. The Administration at the outset committed itself to using most of the new money to buy more of the existing array of weapons systems, rather than undertaking any dramatic new strategy. And because the numbers emerged so quickly, they shaped Weinberger's own job, making it necessary for him to assume the role not of defense planner but of defense salesman. The specific agenda was not his at the start and can never be his; his cause was the general one of more for defense. Less than a month after the House passed the huge first round of defense-budget increases, the numbers began to come under serious attack, and so they have remained ever since. It has fallen to Weinberger to protect them.

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THERE IS A CHART THAT SHOWS DEFENSE SPENDING since the Second World War, adjusted to eliminate the effects of inflation. It begins with a steep decline after the war, and reaches a trough in the late forties. There is a peak in the early fifties, for the Korean War, followed by a decline; a hillock during the Kennedy Administration; another peak in the late sixties, for the war in Vietnam, and then another decline; another hillock under Carter; and a third sharp upturn with the beginning of the Reagan Administration. Last year spending rose past the spending peak of Vietnam, and in the fiscal year that begins this month it may, depending on the outcome of the never-ending battles over the defense budget in Congress, go past the peak for Korea. In spending terms we are in our first peacetime war.

The defense budget for fiscal 1985 is still in dispute; the Administration has requested $313.4 billion. In Carter's last true budget, for fiscal 1981, national defense got $173.9 billion. In fiscal 1980 it got $145.8 billion, less than half of today's likely figure. During Reagan's first term, defense spending has increased 80.2 percent in what are called "nominal" dollars—that is, dollars not adjusted for inflation—and 48.7 percent in constant dollars.

All that money has produced amazingly little in the way of tangible increases in the military strength of the nation. When Reagan took office, the United States had sixteen Army divisions and three Marine divisions; today, after the buildup, we have sixteen Army divisions and three Marine divisions. When Reagan took office, the Air Force had twenty-four active-duty tactical air wings; today it has twenty-four active-duty tactical air wings, and fewer planes on active duty. The Navy today has two new ships that weren't put on track by Carter, and it has plans to build many more in the coming years. Steaming days are up slightly, and flying hours down. In the Army, training days per battalion and flying hours per crew have decreased since Reagan took office. The Marine Corps's training days are down. When Reagan took office, Defense Department officials complained about American forces' low rate of sustainability in the field, said to be less than thirty days, and spoke of increasing the rate to sixty or even ninety days. The definitive numbers are classified, but congressional reports and the recent testimony of military leaders indicate that sustainability is still less than thirty days—for the Navy, it is less than a week. "Readiness," a subjective measure of our forces' ability to fight, has officially shown a decline for the Army and the Air Force during the Reagan Administration. The problem of our forces' inability to meet our stated military commitments around the world, much discussed as Reagan was taking office, still exists, and is perhaps even more severe than before.

The Administration's great success story is in enlisted personnel. Re-enlistment rates, recruitment rates, and the quality of the recruits are up dramatically. The rate of first-term re-enlistment, which was 30 percent in 1976, is 68 percent today. The percentage of new Army recruits who are high school graduates, which was 54 in 1980, is 88 today. But the personnel numbers had already started to rise sharply in 1981, before any of the Reagan program took effect, thanks to a recession in the civilian economy and an 11.7 percent military pay raise pushed through Congress in 1980 by Senators Sam Nunn, of Georgia, and John Warner, of Virginia. Since then the Reagan Administration has raised military pay another 30 percent across the board. In addition, a "variable housing allowance" for military personnel who live in expensive areas, which was part of the 1980 legislation, has become all but universal—98 percent of the military personnel in the continental United States receive it, and only one town where military personnel are stationed, Gallup, New Mexico, is classified as not in a high-cost area. Special and incentive pay is up too. Today, according to the General Accounting Office, a full colonel has a gross income of $66,556 a year and a disposable income of $42,917. The military's generous retirement plan, under which an officer may retire after twenty years' active duty at half pay for life, is intact, though the rationale that it compensated for an underpaid, physically debilitating career is gone.

How can it be that we have spent so much and failed to solve many of our basic problems in defense? One answer, from the Administration, is that Congress has cut too much from its defense budgets. Another is that the procurement of weapons systems that are ever more complicated and difficult to maintain can eat up a great deal of money without appreciably increasing our forces. There are other answers, too, having to do with the politics of the Administration and Congress, beginning with the nature and the speed of the early spending increases. But those answers get ahead of the most fundamental one: that the real context of the buildup is the military and diplomatic policies of the Soviet Union, rather than a systematic consideration of the state of our own forces. The real aim of the buildup is to show the Soviets our resolve. The spending is meant to be a powerful symbol, and therefore a deterrent.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AND MORE, THE VIEW THAT the Soviet Union is on the road to military superiority over the United States has had currency in this country, most strongly among conservative defense intellectuals and the professional military. It is an idea that has flitted in and out of the mainstream of American politics—for example, it was a main point of Barry Goldwater's presidential campaign, in 1964. In the mid-seventies it began to gain force again, in reaction to our withdrawal from Vietnam, the signing of the Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty, the decline in the rate of growth of American defense spending, the receipt of intelligence reports about Soviet military activity, and other factors. That Republican Presidents were in power only made the situation worse, in the view of those worried about the Soviets—it showed that even the more conservative of the two parties was willing to let America slip.

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In December of 1975 a group of officers, intellectuals, and former government officials gathered at the headquarters of the Strategic Air Command, in Omaha, to discuss this state of affairs, and after the meeting came a flurry of activity. In 1976 Paul Nitze and Eugene V. Rostow, both former high government officials, founded a group called the Committee on the Present Danger to promote increased military spending and a generally more aggressive response to the Soviets. The same year, some members of the committee, along with other conservatives, persuaded President Gerald Ford that the Central Intelligence Agency was underestimating Soviet military strength and that he should appoint a special committee to review the CIA's intelligence reports. Ford and George Bush, then the CIA's director, named nine conservative defense experts to an organization called the B Team (the CIA itself was the A Team) and gave it full access to the CIA's classified intelligence about the Soviet Union. The B Team was supposed to review this material and draw harsher conclusions from it than the A Team had. It worked through the second half of the year, issued an alarmed report, and then disbanded.

One member of the B Team was William Van Cleave, a professor at the University of Southern California and in every way a true believer. He is a man with a plainspoken, midwestern manner that obscures how difficult he can be, how much of a lone wolf. He lives alone in the California desert, a hundred miles from his office. Van Cleave believes that in the late fifties the Soviet leadership set itself on a course of developing its nuclear weapons to the point at which it could fight and win a nuclear war with the United States. We could have prevented the Soviets from achieving this goal, he feels, but during Robert McNamara's tenure in the Pentagon it became our doctrine that we and they should have rough parity in nuclear weapons, and that neither side would use them because of the fear of assured destruction by the other side. This was the opening that the Soviets needed, in Van Cleave's view, and all during the late sixties and early seventies they pressed relentlessly onward, steadily increasing their defense spending and the power and accuracy of their conventional and nuclear weapons.

Van Cleave was a member of the SALT negotiating team and was the only official witness to testify against the treaty in the Senate. In 1976, he says, he coined the phrase "window of vulnerability," to make vivid the situation into which he thought the United States was rapidly heading: The Soviets were deploying a new generation of extremely powerful and accurate land-based intercontinental ballistic missiles (particularly SS-18s) that would be capable of destroying most of our land-based ICBMs on a first strike. Yes, we had thousands of sea- and air-based nuclear weapons with which to respond (we built many more nuclear warheads than the Soviets did during the seventies), but they were not powerful or accurate enough to destroy the key Soviet military targets. They would have to be aimed at cities and would result in genocide. An American President would be unlikely to order strikes at cities, and if he did, the Soviets were prepared to take enormous losses while their leaders and millions of others were protected in a network of underground shelters. So we would surrender. If the Soviets didn't use their first-strike superiority, our knowledge that they had it would nonetheless let them behave more aggressively all over the world.

Van Cleave worked a little in Ronald Reagan's presidential campaign in 1976, and afterward he stayed close to Reagan. Reagan first used the phrase "window of vulnerability" in a speech in 1979. In 1980 Van Cleave went to work full-time for the Reagan presidential campaign as its chief defense adviser. Soon he suggested to Reagan that he begin work on an eight-year defense plan for the Reagan Administration, to be ready by Inauguration Day. Reagan told him to go ahead. Part of the arrangement was that after the election Van Cleave would become the head of the defense transition team and would move into an office in the Pentagon, so that he could have access to classified information while he completed the plan. In the fall of 1980 Van Cleave began to quarrel with other campaign advisers about how much more Reagan should promise to spend on defense. He wanted Reagan to say that defense should be based on needs, not a number, and to point out that in the fifties defense spending had been more than nine percent of the gross national product, whereas in 1980 it was less than five percent. If pressed, Reagan should say that an annual increase in the defense budget of seven percent a year, after adjusting for inflation, was the absolute minimum. Van Cleave's main combatants within the campaign were Martin Anderson, in charge of domestic policy; Alan Greenspan, in charge of economic policy; and Caspar Weinberger, in charge of budgetary policy.

There was one contretemps in September, during preparations for an economic address that Reagan was to make in Chicago. Because Carter had scoffed at Reagan's plans to balance the budget, cut tax rates, and increase defense spending at the same time, Reagan decided to include in his speech some numbers showing how he would do it. On the plane to Chicago, Van Cleave, Anderson, and Greenspan began working with the numbers, and it quickly became clear that with a seven-percent increase in defense spending they couldn't show a balanced budget. Anderson and Greenspan cut it to five percent. Van Cleave, ever zealous, extracted a small measure of revenge by telling reporters at a press conference after the speech that he *still* thought five percent was too low. In October, when members of the Reagan campaign staff were holed up at a Virginia country estate preparing for Reagan's debate with Carter, Van Cleave, playing the reporter, asked Reagan how much he would increase defense spending. Five percent, said Reagan. No, that's wrong, said Van Cleave; we haven't committed to that. Weinberger, who was also in the room, quickly said, Oh, yes, we have; five percent is definite; we are not going to promise more than that.

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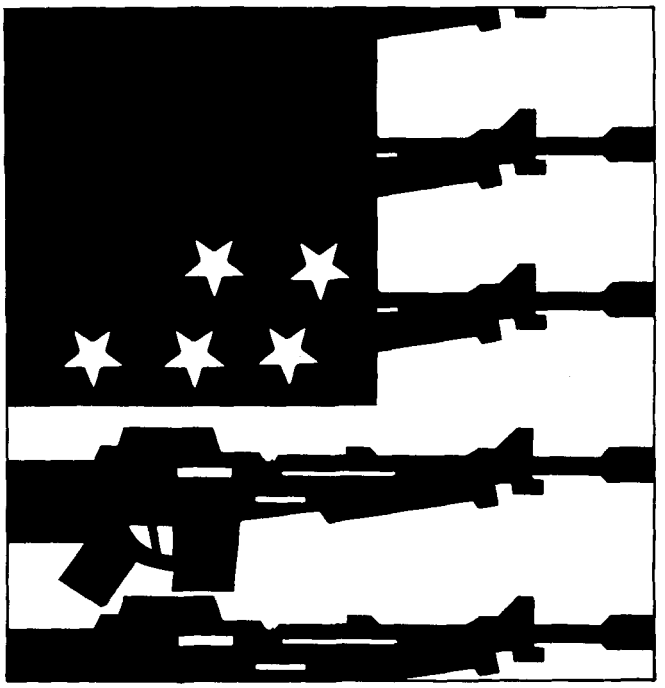

AFTER THE ELECTION THE MOOD OF VAN CLEAVE AND of the whole circle of people who were like-minded on defense issues was one of jubilation mingled with firm resolve—election results, they knew, did not automatically translate into policies, and Washington was full of Republican supporters of détente who, in an atmosphere lacking in vigilance, would soon be able to capture the Administration. The Committee on the Present Danger held its annual banquet a few days after the election, at the Sulgrave Club, in Washington, and there was much talk about how Reagan was coming just in time, because it was almost too late to reverse America's decline. "There was a feeling that we were scooping the country up from the depths," says one person who was there, now a high official in the Administration; another remembers that the seventies were described as "the dark years." Although defense and diplomacy were the committee's main concerns, its members had over the past few years developed a sweeping cultural critique of American society. We had become weak, self-doubting, incapable of showing resolve, appeasing. That last was the key word: it conjured up the whole rich picture of England in the thirties—Munich, the liberals calling for disarmament, Churchill's magnificent, lonely warnings against the threat to the West. Almost incredibly, even with that example still firmly in reach of personal memory, we were taking the same road again, with the Soviets playing the old role of the Nazis. We needed a dramatic jolt out of our complacency.

Van Cleave, typically, took this feeling further than anyone else. A few weeks later he suggested to Richard Allen and Edwin Meese III, two members of Reagan's inner circle, that the inaugural ball be canceled and that Reagan go directly from his swearing-in to an emergency joint session of Congress called to increase the defense budget. He was not alone in recommending extreme measures. During a conference of conservative defense experts held in Baltimore in December of 1979, for example, the talk turned to "triggering events" that might cause public opinion to change in favor of more defense spending. In the transcript Fred C. Iklé, who now has the number-three job in the Pentagon, says, "What should we do in the event of a post-Tito Soviet invasion of Yugoslavia? . . . In the present situation we would scrupulously refrain from aiding the partisans. In a larger global context . . . I think that would be the wrong decision. We should move in with assistance and be prepared to lose on that battlefield in order to trigger the larger reaction that is needed to halt the further deterioration in the correlation of forces."

At this point Kenneth L. Adelman, now the director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, interjects, "It is pretty depressing when you get to the point where you want some kind of a defeat, no matter how little it may be, to waken people up."

"No, we don't *want* a defeat," Iklé replies. "We want an engagement. It would be better to win in Yugoslavia. But you have to be prepared to lose locally."

Van Cleave knew that Weinberger would be given an important Cabinet job, because he had a long record—of more than ten years, anyway, which is long in national politics—as both a high government official and a loyal counselor to Reagan. Van Cleave hoped the job would be secretary of State, though, and not the Pentagon. He pinned his hopes on Tower for secretary of Defense, and began to establish a line of communication with him, arranging a series of breakfasts together to talk about defense. Van Cleave urged Tower to propose an immediate, major increase in defense spending if he became secretary; he gave Tower three sets of numbers, which he had labeled "Minimum Essential," "Begin to Close the Gap," and "Recommended."

There were several theories about why Weinberger didn't get the State Department: one was that Reagan had decided to put Alexander Haig in the Cabinet, and a former general is legally barred from serving as the civilian head of the Pentagon; another was that Weinberger's having worked for Bechtel Corporation, the construction giant that does extensive business in the Arab world, would make diplomacy in the Middle East hard for him; another was that Reagan, planning to increase defense spending, wanted to put someone known as a strict manager in charge, to send out the signal that there would not be a spree. Whatever the reason for Weinberger's appointment (on December 12, 1980), Van Cleave reacted quickly to the news of it: he arranged a meeting with Weinberger. As soon as he got wind that Weinberger wanted Carlucci as his deputy secretary, he began to campaign ardently—with Allen, with Meese, with Tower, with Reagan's friends in California, with many others—against the appointment. Van Cleave and other conservatives believed that the CIA's covert operations had been "dismantled" during the time Carlucci was deputy director, and this made them especially bitter about his appointment.

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On Saturday, December 20, 1980, Van Cleave and his deputy on the transition team, Benjamin Plymale, went to Weinberger's office at Bechtel, in San Francisco, and spent the morning briefing him on their policy suggestions and on the Soviet military. At the end of the briefing Weinberger very politely thanked Van Cleave for his work and said that he would be sending in his own people now, so he wouldn't be needing the transition team. Van Cleave said that he couldn't bear to fire his people just a few days before Christmas, and Weinberger gave him until New Year's Eve.

But the game was not over. Van Cleave made sure that the story of his dismissal soon became well known around Washington. He continued to give briefings in which he suggested specific defense-spending increases—for instance, working through his old friend Schneider, he wangled an appointment with Stockman and presented his numbers to him. In the same spirit Tower sent one of his aides, Rhett Dawson, to the Pentagon budget office in January with a paper that suggested, as Van Cleave had suggested to Tower, three options for increases in defense spending. Allen and Tower began actively pushing candidates for the other jobs in the Pentagon, even going to the President to press their case. This was nothing new in Washington—it is rare for an incoming Cabinet secretary to be able to pick all of his own team—but the conservatives' dissatisfaction with Carlucci gave them an opening to push particularly hard, if not for his job, then for others. When all the jobs were handed out, they did well; in effect, though Weinberger got Carlucci, they made him pay a very high price.

Three conservatives in particular, all members of the Committee on the Present Danger, got important jobs. Iklé, a Swiss émigré who, like Allen, had worked in the Nixon Administration, run afoul of Henry Kissinger and détente, and been an exile from the center of foreign-policy making ever since, would be the undersecretary for policy. John Lehman, Jr., then thirty-eight, a great favorite of both Allen's and Tower's, would be the secretary of the Navy, having won that position after a spirited campaign against a California automobile dealer named Robert Nisen, who later became the ambassador to Australia. Richard Perle, for years an ardently anti-Soviet aide to Senator Henry Jackson and more recently Lehman's partner in a consulting firm, would be the assistant secretary for international security policy, in charge of nuclear strategy and arms control. Perle had played the transition brilliantly, first elaborately feigning lack of interest—he let it be known that his young son and his new enthusiasm for cooking were of great importance to him, and that he was thinking of opening a restaurant, to be called Le Soufflé—and then, when negotiations began seriously, bargaining responsibility for European policy away from a rival assistant secretariat as a condition of his coming. Van Cleave, who had had hopes of getting either Carlucci's or Iklé's job, was finally named to an advisory committee in the State Department.

WEINBERGER STAYED ALOOF FROM THESE MACHINATIONS, letting Carlucci represent him in negotiations on the high-level staffing of the Pentagon. But within a month of his appointment as secretary he became an ardent proponent of the views about the Soviet military that Van Cleave, the Committee on the Present Danger, and other conservatives had put forth for so long. Weinberger had never—until now—been associated with the political manifestations of the pessimistic view of Soviet power and intentions. For example, in the fall of 1973, as the secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, he took a sixteen-day tour of the Soviet Union, meeting with the Soviet health minister, Boris Petrovsky, and setting up a direct cable link between Washington and Moscow for the transmission of information on advanced health research. At a news conference upon his return, he criticized the National Academy of Sciences for threatening to stop participating in joint research projects with the Soviets in protest against the treatment of Andrei Sakharov. Weinberger said that the benefits of scientific cooperation should transcend an internal Soviet affair, even if he did not approve of it. Henry Jackson heatedly condemned Weinberger (a nice irony, in that Perle must have helped with the statement), saying, "Secretary Weinberger's statement is an example of just how low his administration will sink to produce a deal at any price with Moscow." Early in the transition, during discussions of defense and foreign policy, Weinberger became animated only when the subject turned to the Law of the Sea Treaty, on which he had long held definite views. By January, however, he had become an impassioned convert. Weinberger and his inner circle say that what did it was the briefings he got on the Soviet threat—that he was shocked, had had no idea that the Soviets had achieved military superiority over us in so many areas. A few weeks into the job he was telling friends that he didn't know how much time America had left.

The briefing that had the greatest impact was by John Hughes, a quiet, ailing, scholarly analyst at the Defense Intelligence Agency who was famous in the intelligence world for his pioneering work in the use of photographs taken from spy planes and satellites; it was Hughes who in 1962 had discovered the Soviet missiles in Cuba. He had briefed Kennedy then, and he had briefed officials on the Soviet threat ever since. Weinberger gave him new prominence. It gave Hughes credibility that he was no swaggering general, on the order of Curtis LeMay, but a shy, unprepossessing technician; the briefing was all the more intense for its low-key delivery. One saw photographs of the new Soviet Typhoon submarine, bigger than our Trident; of airstrips in the Western Hemisphere; of the vast Nizhniy Tagil tank plant, nearly a mile long. Because of a long-standing bureaucratic arrangement, defense intelligence and what is called "net assessment" are done in separate government departments, so the Hughes briefing focused mainly on Soviet forces in and of themselves rather than comparisons of their forces with our own. Still, if one wanted to compare, the Soviets vastly outspent us,

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had increased spending while we were cutting back, had ICBMs more powerful and numerous and advanced than ours, had a B-1-like bomber while we didn't, had 180 Army divisions to our sixteen, 50,000 tanks to our 11,000, 220 attack submarines to our 90. Their society was fully devoted to military production, giving it 15 percent of their GNP, in contrast with our five. Weinberger twice sent Hughes to Europe to brief NATO defense ministers, and on several evenings during one spring's fighting over the defense budget, members of Congress were brought to the White House movie theater to get the Hughes briefing there. In the fall of 1981 Weinberger published the first of three editions of a paperback called *Soviet Military Power*, which uses photographs, charts, and double-page color paintings to make some of Hughes's main points.

There is one other important factor in the conversion of Weinberger: his boss. At a point last spring when, as was often the case, all of Washington seemed to be clamoring for cuts in the defense budget, I asked Weinberger why so many people didn't agree with his views on defense spending. He immediately answered: "Well, the President does, and I'm here to serve the President and came back only for that reason. I did not come back to fight the President. I could have done that at ten times the current income from my home in California, and I did not come here to do anything but try to help the President and work with him and help this Administration succeed. And I have had no reason whatever to believe that any of the things I've done thus far have been things that the President didn't want done."

ORGANIZER, ADMINISTRATOR, MINISTER

HE WAS BORN IN SAN FRANCISCO IN 1917—CASPAR Willard Weinberger, the second and last child of Herman and Cerise Carpenter Hampson Weinberger. His parents were both from Colorado. Herman Weinberger's grandparents were Jewish immigrants from Bohemia who opened a general store in the town of Idaho Springs. Cerise Weinberger's parents were from England and were Episcopalian, and Caspar was raised in that faith. Herman Weinberger worked from the time he was in junior high school, put himself through college and law school at the University of Colorado, practiced law briefly in Idaho Springs, and in 1913 moved west to San Francisco. After working for several years for the well-established law firm of Chickering & Gregory, he left and practiced on his own for the rest of his life.

Peter, the older of Herman Weinberger's boys, was athletic and outgoing. Caspar was small and serious, and he was often ill with mastoid infections. He became bookish, and from a very early age was strongly interested in politics. He recalls his father's telling him bedtime stories about the parliamentary maneuvering at the Constitutional Convention, and listening to radio broadcasts of the 1924 political conventions. Even before high school, he says, he took out a subscription to the *Congressional Record* and read it cover to cover.

He was a conservative and a Republican, as was his father, whom he adored. I asked him not long ago what had attracted him to conservatism, and he said, in a characteristic tone of irony mingled with combativeness, "Well, anyone with any discernment who studied government would always come out on the conservative side," and chuckled. When I asked him again, he answered seriously, in terms not of great social theories but of determination and getting ahead in the world: "I think primarily it was the basic idea that the individual should be free to move up as far and as fast as he was able to do. I was very concerned and suspicious and opposed to any system in which people were forced into particular molds or particular patterns or anything of that kind. I liked the idea that we had a system in which an individual was free to rise and start a new industry, earn whatever he could, and follow any path that he wanted to without somebody trying to plan and to require him to fit into a particular mold."

He graduated from Polytechnic High School in 1934 and went to Harvard—initially on a one-year scholarship granted by a rich alumnus in San Francisco on the basis of a personal interview. (Peter Weinberger, already at Stanford, transferred to Harvard after Caspar enrolled there.) He was a government major and an outstanding student, but he spent most of his time working on the student newspaper, the *Crimson*, and became its president. This was one of the proudest achievements and happiest experiences of his life—one that, even forty-five years later in the Pentagon, he discusses often with his close aides.

Weinberger was by no means instantly a part of the comfortable center of life at Harvard. By any broad measure the Weinberger family had already achieved great success, but the very outer rim of the very inner circle is perhaps the vantage point from which the difficulty of reaching the center is most apparent. Many of his classmates on the *Crimson* were from the East and had gone to prep school. Also, to have a Jewish name in that time and place was a matter that did not escape notice. In his mailbox late at night he once found a crude note from someone who didn't like something in the *Crimson*; it was addressed "dere casper winebur-ger," and signed "JACOBSTEIN & BLOOMBERG." Weinberger was not invited to join one of the Harvard "final clubs," to which many of his friends belonged. In his early days on the *Crimson* staff he went into Boston every night, an eager lad willing to do scut work, to get the used wire copy from the *Herald*. He worked tirelessly; friends remember him sleeping five hours a night. By the time of the election that would decide whether he would become president, there was no doubt about the outcome.

In the early thirties there had been a liberal spin-off of

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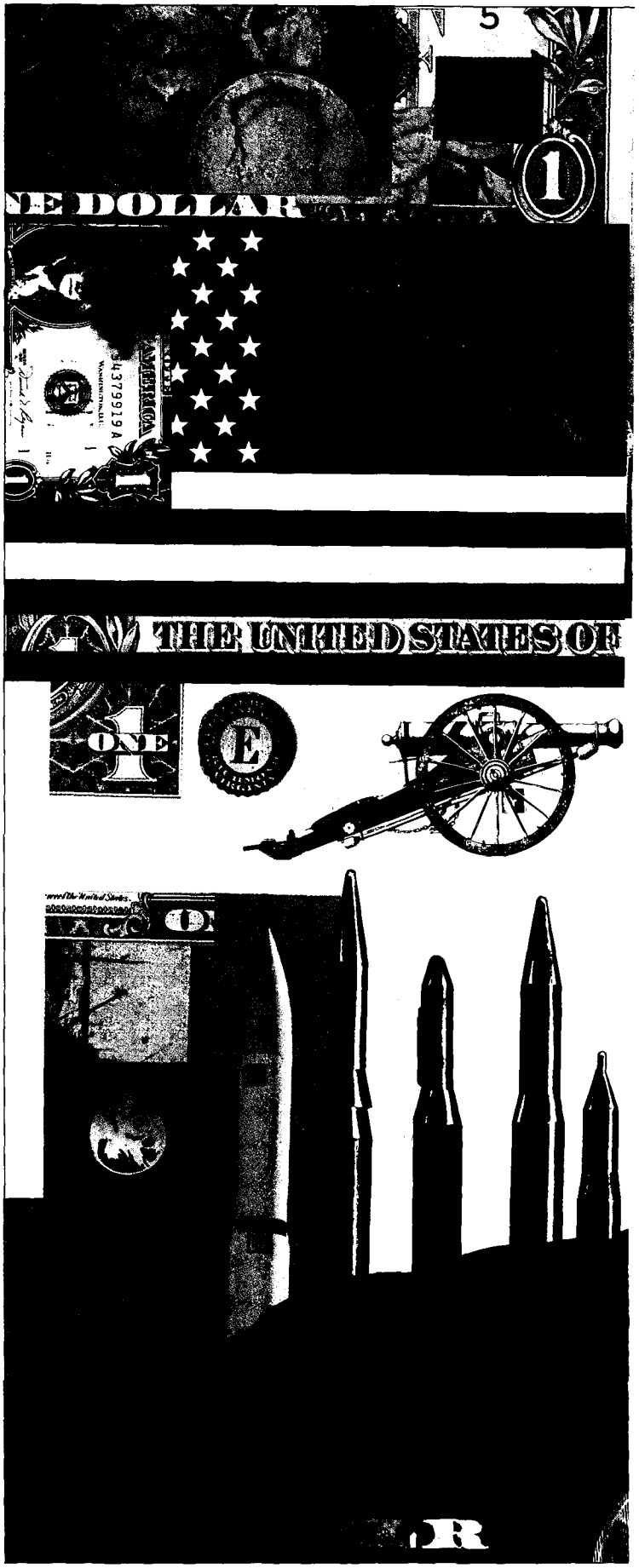
the *Crimson*, which folded; the paper left behind was staunchly Republican, in a comfortable, gentlemanly way. If the *Crimson* was conservative, Weinberger was more conservative. His great cause was opposition to the New Deal and to unions. He admired Herbert Hoover and even bet on Alf Landon. The editorials he wrote were fierce, biting, heavily ironic. One side was always completely right and the other completely wrong; a Weinberger editorial did battle against the forces of darkness. In November of 1937 he wrote of Roosevelt, "His mental state is calmer and more conciliatory, quieted perhaps by the start of a depression which may well develop into one fully as fearful as the depression which first elected Mr. Roosevelt." He was already a devoted Anglophile, and he was bitterly disappointed by Edward VIII's abdication, which he felt was a betrayal of the Empire. Commenting on an editorial that was tolerant of the abdication, he wrote, "I hate to see this stand being taken—Mrs. Simpson is just used goods & Edward is an ill-tempered, spoiled fool."

The object of his greatest scorn was John L. Lewis, the head of the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO), who was under constant attack in the *Crimson* editorial columns. After one editorial Morris Earle, who would succeed Weinberger as president, wrote plaintively in the book where the editorials were pasted for comments by the staff, "No more labor eds! No more eds on *controversial national* subjects unless both sides are represented!" This elicited a heated response from Weinberger: "Even if all 10,000 men of Harvard liked Lewis it wouldn't change our policy. . . *Perfect Rot:* Of what use is an Ed on any subject if it doesn't take one side? . . . It's perfectly stupid to be afraid to run an Ed on a controversial subject for fear of offending some people—God—what's an Ed column for—if it doesn't take a side & a strong one.—this Ed was perfectly fair—it recognized that all labor leaders aren't Lewis & the C.I.O.—out for their own good. If these dictatorial statements are intended to be orders, they are hereby countermanded & declared null & void—Labor Eds *will* be run & National Eds on controversial subjects *will* likewise be run." Another time, commenting on a rip-roaring anti-Lewis editorial by Weinberger, J. Sinclair Armstrong, the editorial chairman, wrote in the comment book, "Purely an armchair attack, composed with no knowledge of labor, no attempt to hide the ingenuous bias with which it reeks. It is impossible to have your editorial message effective unless the pill of bias is coated with a little bit of the sugar of reason." Weinberger all his life has tended toward the majestic, overstated attack on the heathen which demonstrates intelligence and fire, but not depth. He sees the world in black and white.

In his personal relations he was the opposite of combative—loyal, dutiful, gracious, assiduous. His college friends, even the ones with whom he sometimes bitterly disagreed, speak about him today with pure affection. Few felt intimate with him—he kept his feelings to himself and had no hobbies except reading—but they respected him, expected great things from him, kept in touch. Most of



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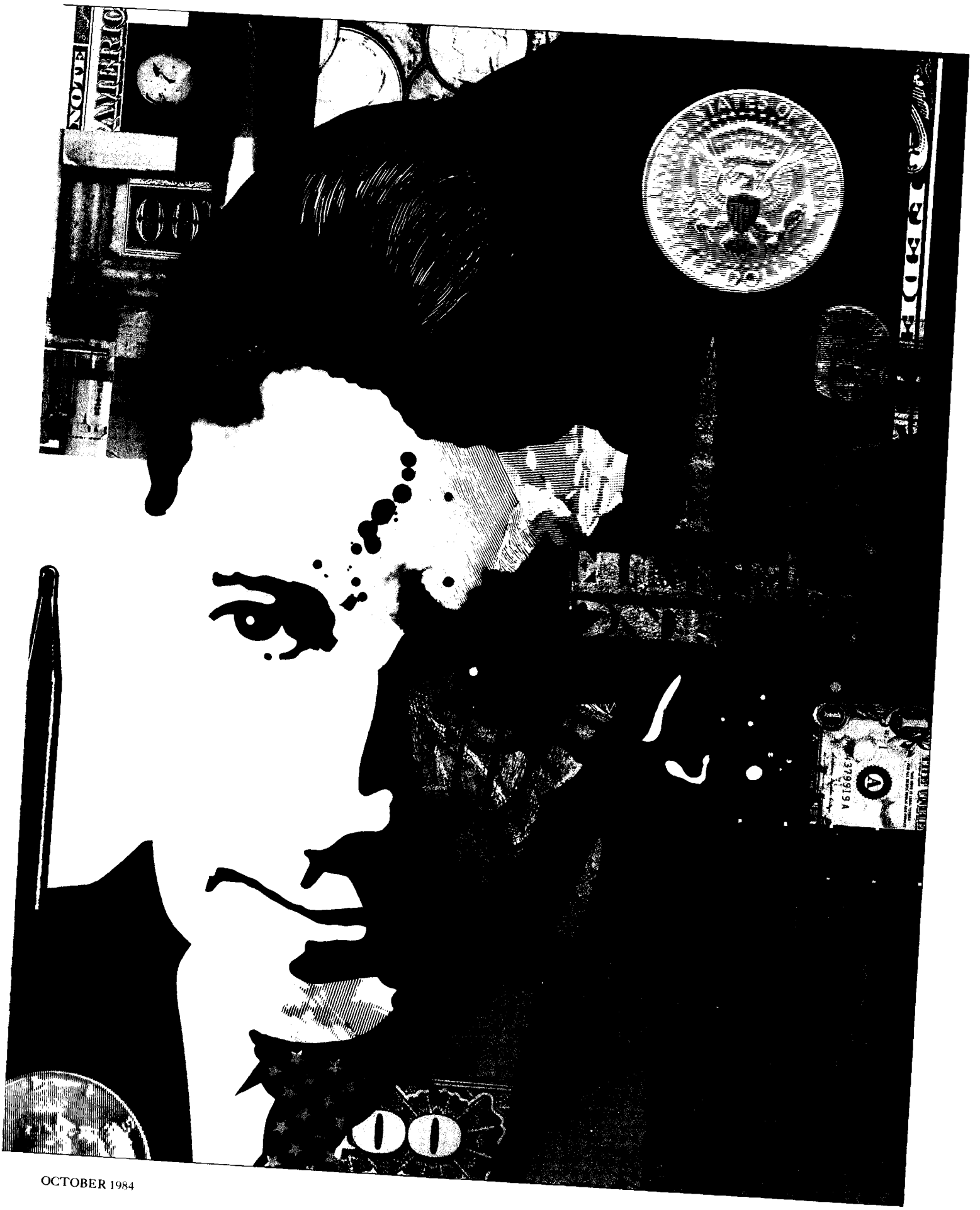

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them have stayed with the drift toward liberalism of the eastern patrician class. Morris Earle, who lives in rural Vermont, is running for Congress for the second time on a "small is beautiful," nuclear-disarmament platform—but when he's in Washington, he calls on Weinberger in the Pentagon, and defense is not discussed.

This sense of loyalty and decorum extended also into Weinberger's choices about his life. He had an odd combination of wildness, almost, in the way he thought about the world and caution in the way he plotted his own course. In his senior year, garlanded with honors—Phi Beta Kappa, a magna cum laude for his senior thesis on the Farm Credit Administration—he was awarded a fellowship to study in Cambridge for a year, with generous time off for travel around Europe, but, seized with what he now calls misplaced prudence, he turned it down and immediately entered Harvard Law School. He had decided to go to law school, he says, "because I knew my father wanted me to." He planned after that to work for a year in New York and then return to San Francisco and join his father's practice.

It was obvious in the spring of that year, 1938, that war was coming. Weinberger says that he was eager to join up—in 1939 and 1940 he talked to Royal Canadian Air Force recruiters (they rejected him for his poor depth perception)—and that he burned with indignation against prominent American isolationists like Charles Lindbergh and Joseph P. Kennedy. Anticipating that Caspar would want to serve in the war, Herman Weinberger urged him to finish law school and then to take a desk job in Washington that he had lined up for him. The final arrangement was that Weinberger did finish law school, and then, in the fall of 1941 (before Pearl Harbor), he joined the infantry. The following summer, in Australia, he married Jane Dalton, a nurse on his troop ship to the Pacific Theater. He served in New Guinea, won a commission, joined the staff of General Douglas MacArthur, and left the Army as a captain. In 1944 Herman Weinberger died in San Francisco. When the war ended, Caspar and Jane and their two-year-old daughter, Arlin, came home. He was law clerk to a federal appeals judge for two years, and in 1947, the year his son, Caspar, Jr., was born, he joined a leading San Francisco law firm, Heller, Ehrman, White, and McAuliffe.

ALMOST IMMEDIATELY WEINBERGER BECAME INVOLVED in local Republican politics. He and several friends, veterans and young lawyers upset by Harry Truman's victory in the presidential campaign, formed a group called the Grand New Party to take on the old, hidebound San Francisco Republican machine run by Herbert Hanley. In 1950 the Grand New Party's slate ousted Hanley's and took over the Republican County Committee. When a seat in the state assembly opened up in 1952 in a Republican district—the Pacific Heights neighborhood of San Francisco—Weinberger, after getting the permission of the skeptical senior partners at Heller, Ehrman, ran for it and won.

He made his name in the legislature by taking on another heavy, Artie Samish, the chief lobbyist for the liquor industry and the de facto ruler of the state Board of Equalization, which controlled liquor licenses. Weinberger proposed setting up a state liquor-control department to put the Board of Equalization out of the licensing business, and in the 1954 elections that proposal passed as a constitutional amendment. It was not a lone-wolf crusade on Weinberger's part—it was a good Republican issue, backed by the leadership—but it took hard work and a willingness to make enemies. Weinberger told me that he had learned about defense "exactly the same way I did when I went to the legislature and to my considerable surprise was assigned to investigate the liquor regulatory system. You do what you do when you take on a new client or prepare for trial. You just read everything you can find and talk to everybody you can find and try to absorb as much as possible." The pattern was established very early, and he has stuck to it all his life.

In his third term he decided, audaciously, that in 1958 he would run for attorney general—a big job, a steppingstone to the governorship; Earl Warren had been attorney general before becoming governor (and later Chief Justice), and the current attorney general was Pat Brown, himself about to move on. A bitter conservative–moderate split in the California Republican Party, which would rend it for eight years, was just beginning. It was a war between two cultures. The moderates' stronghold was San Francisco, an established, cosmopolitan city well steeped in the tradition of good-government nonpartisanship that had dominated California politics since the teens. The conservatives were strongest in places that had grown by 150 and 200 percent in population since the war, especially Orange County, in the south. Their troops were migrants to California, often from the Midwest or the South, people who felt they had achieved a magical degree of opportunity by throwing off the shackles that bound the eastern half of the country. The John Birch Society, though its headquarters were in Massachusetts, reached the pinnacle of its influence in Orange County. Weinberger and all his political associates in San Francisco were moderates—Weinberger so fervently that some of his friends from those days were surprised when I told them that he had been a conservative in college.

He thought that he would have a clear shot at the Republican nomination for attorney general. But Senator William Knowland, a conservative, abruptly decided to run for governor, and Governor Goodwin Knight, a moderate not eager to run against Knowland, reacted by running for senator. In the flurry of rearranged plans that followed, a conservative Los Angeles congressman named Patrick J. Hillings filed against Weinberger. The early returns put Weinberger comfortably ahead, but when the Southern California ballots came in, he had lost.

Friends of Weinberger's say that he was quite bitter

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about his defeat, and that he blamed it on Richard Nixon. Hillings had promised Weinberger that he wouldn't run for the attorney-general nomination, and his decision to run after all had Nixon's tracks all over it. Hillings was an ally of Nixon's, and Nixon's people in Southern California (especially his infamous tactician, the rough-playing Murray Chotiner) had helped direct the campaign. It had been dirty at times; the right-wing radio commentator Fulton Lewis, Jr., had called Weinberger "the *People's World* candidate," referring to a Communist newspaper, and friends remember anti-Semitic leaflets playing on the name Weinberger appearing in the San Joaquin Valley. Not naturally a risk-taker, Weinberger went deeply into personal debt to finance a race that he thought he had wrapped up (in November the whole Republican ticket lost badly). He never ran for public office again, and he soon moved out of San Francisco, his political base, to Hillsborough, a luxurious suburb down the peninsula, in San Mateo County. From then on his political career was as an organizer, an administrator—a minister, serving others.

In the fall of 1959 Weinberger was a co-chairman of the Northern California Nixon for President Committee. In the spring of 1960 he was elected vice-chairman of the Republican State Central Committee with Nixon's blessing. After Nixon lost the presidency in 1960, Weinberger and other moderates called on him to urge him to run for governor, as the only man who could bring the party back together. But the rifts widened. A Los Angeles conservative named Joseph Shell ran against Nixon in the 1962 Republican primary, and threatened to oppose Weinberger's supposedly automatic elevation from vice-chairman to chairman of the state central committee, complaining that Weinberger was a front man for Nixon. When Weinberger did become chairman, he had to preside over Nixon's defeat, and then over the bitterest intra-Republican campaign of all, the race between Nelson Rockefeller and Barry Goldwater in the California presidential primary in 1964. Everyone knew that Weinberger was a Rockefeller man, though he never formally declared himself. Joseph Martin, an old friend of his from the Grand New Party days, resigned as the Republican national committeeman from California in order to support Rockefeller publicly; Weinberger remained state chairman.

Heller, Ehrman had made Weinberger a partner after the attorney-general race. He practiced all during his state chairmanship, mostly as an anti-trust litigator, but the law never held his interest. He did a dozen different things, by working long hours and perfecting the ability to digest material quickly. He would have an associate brief him on a case in the taxi on the way to the courthouse, and then would be able to stand up in court and repeat perfectly all the arguments he had heard. He reviewed books for the San Francisco *Chronicle*. He wrote a column twice a week on state politics, which appeared in several newspapers in California. He was the host of a weekly public-affairs show called *Profile: Bay Area*, on the television station KQED, and again he was able to plunge into briefing materials about his guest just before the show and put on a flawless performance. He was the treasurer of the Episcopal diocese of California, a vestryman in his church, a part-time law professor, and a member of many civic boards. In the house in Hillsborough—white with two stories and gables, a touch of New England among the bungalows and eucalyptus trees—he built up an extensive library. He was quite well known, a famous moderate Republican, but his energies were not fully engaged. A friend remembers seeing him at their twenty-fifth Harvard reunion, in 1963, and thinking, Cap hasn't yet quite found his spot.

In 1966 it seemed that the split in the Republican Party would continue into the next governor's race, in which the Republicans hoped to unseat Pat Brown. The conservative candidate was Ronald Reagan, who had emerged from the ashes of the 1964 Goldwater campaign a talented, popular political speaker. He had been passionately for Goldwater and had opposed the federal Civil Rights Act. He refused to criticize the John Birch Society, and spoke constantly about the dangers of communism. The moderate candidate was George Christopher, a former mayor of San Francisco and an unsuccessful candidate for lieutenant governor. Weinberger supported Christopher—he served as his campaign chairman in Northern California—on the grounds of old friendship and as part of the continuing battle to beat down the right.

Reagan, though, was different from Goldwater—he could tap the raw emotions of Southern California conservatism without seeming to sink into them—and in victory his mood was conciliatory rather than vengeful. After he had beaten Christopher, he immediately reached out to the moderates and brought them into his campaign. Weinberger was on the published list of Reagan advisers in the fall campaign; and after Reagan beat Brown, Weinberger was a leading candidate for the most important appointive job in state government: finance director. Reagan's early supporters—the group recently known as the Kitchen Cabinet, then as the Millionaire Backers—vetoed Weinberger, having still not forgiven him for supporting Rockefeller and Christopher, and the job went to a management consultant named Gordon Paul Smith. But Reagan seemed to bear no rancor toward Weinberger from the old wars. A year into his governorship, after Smith had embarrassed Reagan by handling his budget-cutting program in a clumsy way, Reagan replaced Smith with Weinberger.

Weinberger got a reputation for learning every line of the budget and cutting assiduously. He gave no quarter—he even cut the budget of his brother, Peter, by then a minor official in the Reagan administration. When, in 1968, the California government showed a surplus and returned some of it to the taxpayers, it was credited to Weinberger. In fact he was partly just lucky. During Smith's tenure Reagan had raised state taxes, and the revenue from the increase made the surplus possible. Reagan's final fiscal accomplishment was to institute payroll withholding for the state income tax, an idea against which Reagan had ini-

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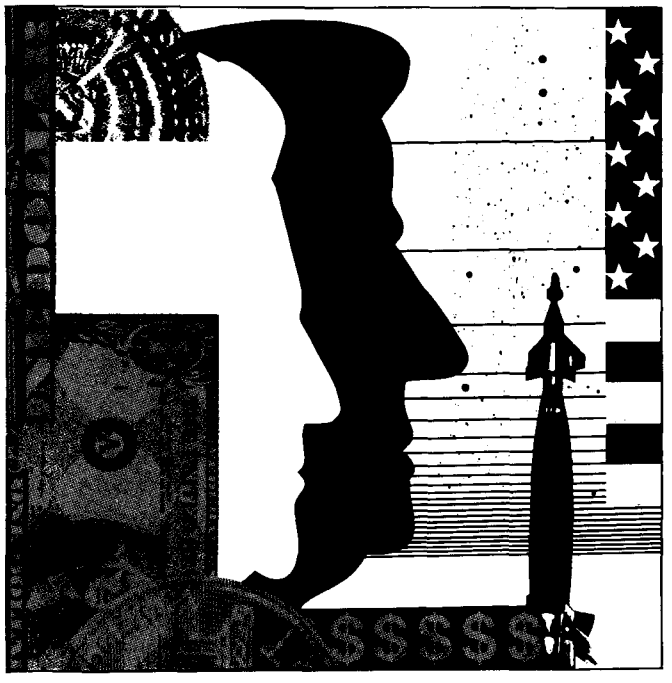
tially had a strong instinctive prejudice, believing it was an attempt by government to hide its taxing activities. Just after being appointed, Weinberger said he was "flexible" on the subject, but knowing the force of Reagan's feelings, he never pushed it. He was the kind of official who doggedly carried out his superior's wishes without much questioning them; he did not, it seemed, see it as part of his job to tell Reagan that he was wrong. After Weinberger had left the state government, his much less seasoned successor as finance director, an automobile dealer named Verne Orr (now secretary of the Air Force), made a presentation about withholding to Reagan, and Reagan agreed to support it.

In December of 1968, when Nixon named Reagan's lieutenant governor, Robert Finch, to his Cabinet as secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, a friend of Weinberger's suggested to Reagan that he give Weinberger the job of lieutenant governor. No, said Reagan, it's too soon—meaning that the wounds of 1964 had not yet fully healed. By the summer of 1969 Weinberger was taking a different path upward, and was in job negotiations with the Nixon Administration. On October 2 he was named chairman of the Federal Trade Commission.



THE FIRST GROUP OF RALPH NADER'S RAIDERS, LAW students working in the summer of 1968, had produced a devastating report on the FTC, showing it to be a sleepy, lazy agency run by a club of Tennessee country boys operating under the patronage of Senator Estes Kefauver, who was from Tennessee and was the chairman of the Senate subcommittee on anti-trust. The American Bar Association responded to the Nader report by undertaking one of its own, which, in a more restrained fashion, reached the same conclusion. For the Nixon Administration, reforming the FTC was a wonderful opportunity: the agency's charter included all the consumer issues that had become great causes of the moment, and the mess there was a Democratic one. Nixon himself had requested, and then praised, the ABA report, and, clearly, Weinberger's job was to clean house.

Weinberger right away took Nader to lunch and told him that he wanted to hire a Raider to help with the reforms he planned. Nader suggested William Howard Taft IV, a young man of both sincere conviction about the FTC and impeccable Republican lineage. Taft has been Weinberger's right-hand man in every government job since. Then Weinberger plucked out of the FTC bureaucracy a lawyer named Basil Mezines, a Republican who had been demoted ten years earlier from a management job, and made him his executive assistant. He and Mezines began to get rid of the old crowd; nearly fifty lawyers left in a matter of months, and many more later.

Kefauver was already gone from the Senate, and the protector of the old FTC gang was a Tennessee congressman named Joe Evins, who was on the House Appropriations Committee. The tough firings, the division chiefs, Weinberger took on himself, and he had to defy Evins directly to do it; at the FTC every important official had a sponsor on Capitol Hill. The director of field operations, "Tennessee" Charlie Moore, was so confident of his position that, as the story went within the FTC, he actually walked into Weinberger's office and said, You can't fire me. But Weinberger fired him; the following year, in retaliation for this and other insults, Evins cut the FTC's budget by $875,000. What seems most significant today about Weinberger's tenure at the FTC is less what he did than the way he did it. His *modus operandi* has stayed exactly the same: Get the brief. Set a course right away. Be tough with the opposition. Never waver. Make the President look good.

After just seven months, in July of 1970, Weinberger left the FTC to become the deputy director of the Office of Management and Budget, newly created to be a bigger, more vigilant version of the old Bureau of the Budget. George Shultz, the OMB director, worked in the White House, Weinberger with the budget staff in the Executive Office Building, next door. Weinberger's job was to be a stop against federal spending, to keep it in line, and he was as zealous as he had been at the FTC. An official who knew about his career in California was amazed when a small appropriation to buy federal land around Lake Tahoe came up—a great Northern California environmentalist cause, and one with a powerful sponsor in Congress, Representative Harold Johnson—and Weinberger unhesitatingly cut it. He did exactly what he was supposed to do. He never argued with the White House; he executed. When Shultz left to become the secretary of the Treasury, in 1972, Weinberger replaced him and named Frank Carlucci as his deputy.

Cutting spending was Weinberger's overall cause at OMB; his no-holds-barred devotion to it found expression in impoundment—directing the executive-branch agen-

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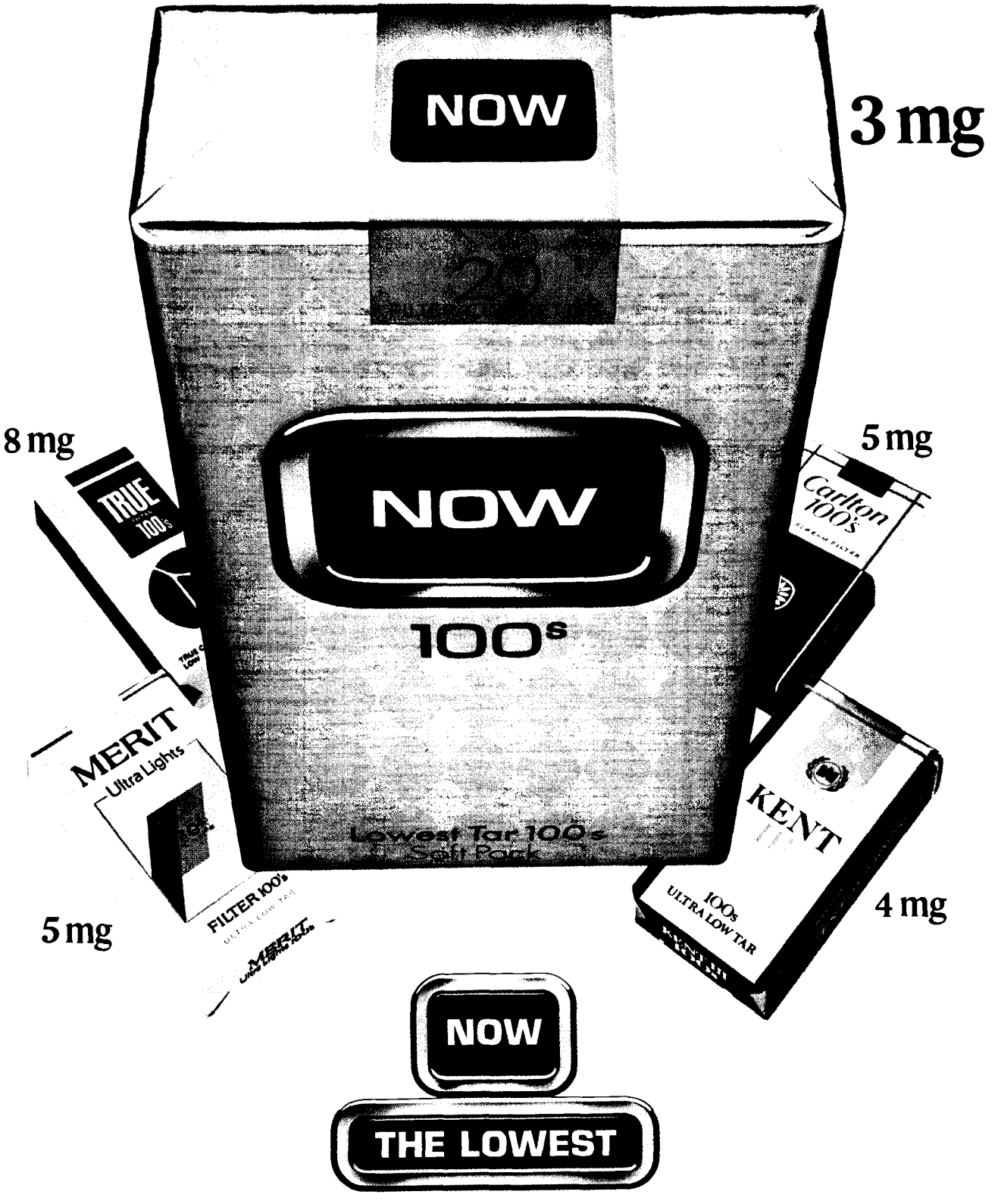

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cies not to spend money that Congress had appropriated, because it would make overall spending too high. Past Presidents had used impoundment, but in a minor way—for instance, on the rare occasions when Lyndon Johnson had impounded money, he had first checked personally with the congressional sponsors of the projects. The Nixon Administration impounded on a grand scale, and without forewarning. In the White House in the early discussions of impoundment there was concern that it might be illegal, and William Rehnquist, then an official at the Justice Department, was solicited for an opinion; after Rehnquist gave impoundment his approval, Weinberger was its guiding spirit. In the year that he was director of OMB, he impounded $11.2 billion.

Typically, once on course he was fervent to the point at which he shocked people. Senator Sam Ervin, of North Carolina, once called him for hearings on impoundment and had Alexander Bickel, the great constitutional scholar from Yale Law School, question him. Bickel suggested that the President did not have the power, under the Constitution, to overrule congressional appropriations by fiat. "That assumes that the essential residual power does reside in the Congress, and that is a matter that I think the courts ultimately have to resolve," Weinberger said. A moment later he went himself one better: "There can even be an argument made that the courts themselves have no power to interfere with the President or with the executive power." In his ardor to carry out his assignment, in other words, he was willing to declare null and void the equality of the three branches of government. The Budget and Impoundment Act of 1974, which established the Congressional Budget Office and made impoundment illegal, was a tribute-in-reverse to Weinberger.

He was not a budget expert in the Stockman league, but as always he was able to absorb briefing material and then repeat it in public with utter conviction. When he had to appear on a television show to explain something about the budget, he would spend several hours with the career people at OMB, and watching him perform, they would be amazed at how perfectly he repeated what they had told him. Being convincing meant more to him than being accurate. Once, an official who had briefed him before a press conference heard him get a figure wrong, and buttonholed him and said, Cap, that number you said was three billion dollars was really five billion—I think you should correct yourself. He got a cold stare. Weinberger did not like to appear to temporize.

He was not a great friend of the defense budget; budget directors never are. In interviews he loyally condemned the cutting aspirations of the Democratic doves, but two of the three budgets he worked on—for 1972, and the one decided when he was director, for 1974—showed modest decreases from the preceding year when adjusted for inflation. He and Shultz fought the Pentagon over the B-1 bomber, and it was leaked around Washington that they had successfully killed it in the name of fiscal restraint. But David Packard, the deputy secretary of Defense, got an audience with Nixon and threatened to resign if the initial funds for it were not restored, so back into the budget they went. (Weinberger today cites the initial funding of the B-1 as evidence of his devotion to defense even then.)

Once, Weinberger was invited by the American Enterprise Institute to speak at a forum on defense spending. He listened to OMB defense experts for three hours, absorbed their briefing, and went on to deliver an impressive, detailed argument for the Nixon Administration's defense policy. Though the Soviets were building up their nuclear arsenal, he said, a response from us would be "both expensive and ineffective." Our emphasis on multiple warheads and on sea-based missiles, along with the SALT treaty, would make us stronger and safer. Spending had to be held down, because "the more we take from the common wealth for its defense, the smaller it becomes."

IN NOVEMBER OF 1972 NIXON NAMED WEINBERGER SECretary of Health, Education and Welfare. From Nixon's point of view, HEW had been a problem from the start. Because of the times, the department was a pressure point; it was hard to find a secretary who would provide an opening to the liberals, as one had to in that job, but also remain loyal to the White House. Nixon's first two HEW secretaries, Robert Finch and Elliot Richardson, had both, in the slang of the White House staff, "married the natives" after being sent there. Finch had enforced integration in the South too ardently and kept on a renegade secretary of education, and then developed an incapacitating disorder in his arm; Richardson was suspected of having had private dealings with the Senate Finance Committee which had contributed to the defeat of Nixon's Family Assistance Plan. (Weinberger, describing to a friend the lesson to be drawn from Finch's troubles, said, You must realize that in American politics you must first of all be tough as hell—with the unmistakable implication that Finch might not be but he, Weinberger, certainly was.) For any Republican, HEW is a thankless job, but it was a big one, sweetened for Weinberger by the addition of the title of counselor to the President. Weinberger once told a friend that Nixon had had him out to Camp David and said, How would you like to be secretary of Defense? and then, after a moment in which Weinberger's hopes had soared (Defense being one of the very biggest jobs, especially for a Republican), had said, No, I think I'll send Elliot over there. So Weinberger went to HEW.

His charge from Nixon was to figure out a new welfare policy, a goal Nixon had had in mind since the demise of his Family Assistance Plan, which would have replaced an array of programs with a simple guaranteed annual income. Because Watergate began to absorb all of the White House's energies, Weinberger had plenty of time to think about welfare before making up his mind. He spent that time listening to two sets of briefings arguing completely different positions. The analysts at HEW's Division of Planning and Evaluation were for a guaranteed income,

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but Weinberger had brought with him into the department the architect of Reagan's welfare reforms in California, who regarded a guaranteed income as a national disaster.

The two sides fought for Weinberger's mind, and gradually the Planning and Evaluation briefers pulled him away from his instinctive bias toward the California position. They delivered the coup de grace by bringing in Milton Friedman, with his impeccable conservative credentials, to join the last of eight briefings on their side. Shortly afterward Weinberger committed himself to a new welfare program, called the Income Security Plan. It didn't make much difference; President Ford rejected the plan. Next time around, in the Pentagon, Weinberger went back to picking up the signals from above, exposing himself to one side only, and inalterably setting his course without a minute for reflection.

IN THE FALL OF 1975 WEINBERGER LEFT GOVERNMENT to become special counsel to the Bechtel Corporation, where Shultz had become president the previous May. His reason for leaving was described by some as his wife's poor health, by others as his desire to improve his financial situation. Certainly, his five years at Bechtel made him a rich man. He bought a new house in Hillsborough, and his compensation package was so good that his income in 1981, after he had left Bechtel, was more than $650,000; even last year he made $285,680. But he was not fully engaged at Bechtel, as he had been not fully engaged in his law practice. Friends heard that he missed government, that he felt that nothing in business could compare with the scope of the issues and the importance of the decisions in Washington. After Reagan's victory in 1980 he seemed almost joyful, knowing he would go back in at last.

Weinberger had always been completely loyal to Nixon, but he had made it clear to his friends that he had never liked him. During Watergate he made the requisite statements about its not amounting to much ("essentially ephemeral matters," he told reporters); once, in May of 1974, a photograph of Nixon and Weinberger went out on the wires, billed as Weinberger "urging" Nixon not to resign. To friends he indicated his disdain for the whole affair. A former employee once asked him if he had ever heard the story that Nixon had said he understood Weinberger less than anyone who had ever worked for him, and Weinberger said scornfully, I'm glad. His attitude toward Reagan, though, was different. Weinberger had kept in close touch during his years in Washington; at OMB the staff would see him looking fatigued on Monday mornings from weekends in Sacramento. Reagan had attended his swearing-in as secretary of HEW. Weinberger kept a picture of Reagan on his desk. Privately he would make the case that Reagan was a genuine statesman, enormously underrated. He had a clear vision of the world and a way of making events move his way. Weinberger would speak eagerly about restoring discipline to government under Reagan. A friend visited him at Bechtel during the campaign and found him putting the finishing touches on a blistering attack on Carter's deficit spending, brimming with the old zeal about bringing government under control.

STRENGTH THROUGH SPENDING

THERE WAS A GOOD DEAL OF CONFIDENT TALK about efficiency and management in the Pentagon during the very early days of the Administration. In the White House, when doubts were gently raised about the size and speed of the defense increases—could the largest bureaucratic organization in the free world spend that much well?—they were met with assurances that reforms would occur in the Pentagon. Tight management was Weinberger's whole reputation; Reagan himself said in March, "Cap Weinberger is anything but a big spender. . . . I can assure you that Cap is going to do a lot of trimming over there." Weinberger immediately put Carlucci in charge of studying managerial reforms, and Carlucci in turn told *his* Carlucci, Vincent Puritano, a civil servant who had followed him from OMB to HEW to the CIA to the Pentagon, to devote most of his time to it.

Their approach was to try to eliminate bureaucratic traditions that encouraged fraud and waste, rather than deciding which programs were wasteful and cutting them. In particular, they wanted to get rid of the game-playing that had grown up in procurement and budgeting—the little tricks the services and the defense contractors use to protect their budgets and programs, like stretching out procurement even though that hugely increases the unit cost of weapons, or understating the cost of weapons just to get them in the budget, or underestimating inflation even though it will have to be made up for later.

As the services told it, the prevalence of these practices was really the fault of Robert McNamara. He centralized power in the Office of the Secretary of Defense (OSD), a move that in the services' view disrupted the traditional military notions of honor and chain of command, and encouraged expensive weapons systems by placing strict limits on force size but not on budgets. (This was in addition to McNamara's greatest sin, as the services saw it—getting them into the Vietnam War and not letting them win it, thus making the military the scapegoat for the weakness of the political system.) In retaliation the services' impulse to play dirty became much stronger, and one result was cost overruns on a whole new order of magnitude.

The management reforms, then, would stress the procurement of major weapons systems through tamper-proof multi-year contracts instead of less-efficient year-by-year ones, but they would also return power over procurement

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to the services. For example, the Defense Resources Board, which Harold Brown, Carter's secretary of Defense, had created to oversee the development of the budget, had had six members—the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and five officials from OSD. Now the three service secretaries and several others were added to it. The services gained a strong voice, and the board became not an instrument that Weinberger could use to control procurement but, in the words of one person who attends its meetings, "a debating society." Today, after another expansion, it has twenty-three members. Planning and budgeting flow upward from the services to OSD, rather than the reverse. The procurement reforms were issued as a package of thirty-one "Carlucci initiatives," and Congress approved those that required legislation in the summer of 1981.

Then the smooth course of the Weinberger Pentagon quickly got rough. Late in the summer of 1981 Reagan's tax cuts were passed in a more generous form than had been proposed and it began to be clear that the Administration's estimates of short-term economic growth had been too optimistic. Stockman realized that the budget was not going to balance in 1984, as he had promised it would. In August he undertook the task he had put off in January—learning the defense budget. He began to put together a series of cuts, $30 billion over three years—diluting the March increase by one third—and to sell them around the Administration, without telling Weinberger.

On August 17, in a suite at the Century Plaza Hotel, in Los Angeles, where Reagan was staying, there was a daylong meeting on defense. The morning session dealt with the MX missile, and the afternoon was devoted to a discussion, which was supposed to be perfunctory, of the defense budget. Here Stockman presented Reagan with his cuts, which caught Weinberger completely flat-footed. Stockman had lined up a group of officials—including James Baker, the White House chief of staff; Edwin Meese, counselor to the President; Murray Weidenbaum, the chief economic adviser; and Donald Regan, the secretary of the Treasury—who all indicated their approval. Stockman said that he wanted only to slow the buildup that had started in the spring, not cut strength; the alternative was to cut domestic programs that helped poor widows and other unfortunate people, or to send a signal of large future deficits that would cause Wall Street to lose confidence in the Reagan Administration, with devastating economic consequences.

Presumably, Weinberger could have gone along, but nothing would have been further from the pattern of his life—the absolute certitude once his mind was made up, the willingness to take on anybody. Aides frantically passed him notes, suggesting arguments to use. Representative Patricia Schroeder, of Colorado, had proposed a minor cut in the defense increases of the spring and summer—was Stockman saying that Mrs. Schroeder, a liberal Democrat, hadn't gone far enough? Alexander Haig, then the secretary of State, and Bobby R. Inman, then the deputy director of the CIA, joined the battle on Weinberger's side. It was agreed that the group would discuss the matter again the next week.

At the next meeting, held on August 27 at a hotel in Santa Barbara, near Reagan's ranch, Weinberger produced a series of charts comparing Stockman's plan with his. Each chart had two pictures dramatizing in third-grade fashion the Pentagon view of Stockman's cuts; for manpower there was a big soldier and a little soldier. Each big picture was labeled "President's Budget," and each little picture "OMB Budget." Weinberger said that Stockman's cuts would force him to eliminate one Army division and two tactical air wings, and to cut readiness by 15 percent—this at a rate of growth in defense spending of seven percent a year after inflation, the highest ever in peacetime. He scornfully dismissed Stockman's arguments about Wall Street—were *stocks* going to be the determinant of how fully we met our commitment to defend this nation? After the meeting the Stockman forces were still confident of victory, perhaps thinking that the President would be insulted by how simplistic Weinberger's presentation had been. Baker even told reporters that $30 billion would be cut from defense. But Weinberger then requested a private meeting with Reagan, also in Santa Barbara, using a chip that even the highest-ranking Cabinet officer hoards carefully. Afterward Reagan announced that the cut would be only $13 billion over three years, and only $2 billion in the first year.

That episode was the end of the honeymoon for Weinberger and the defense buildup. From then on it was clear that the Administration was running up huge deficits, and for more than a year the unemployment rate was also very high, creating an image of the nation going into economic collapse to feed the defense monster. At every moment since, the defense budget has been under strong attack. Each Christmas the OMB lops off a few billion before the budget is submitted, in late January. Then the budget committees, House and Senate, try to make cuts while setting their budget ceilings, in the spring. Then the two armed-services committees, friendlier forums, produce authorization bills, cutting more. Then come the budget and armed-services conferences. Then the floor votes, where there are always a few renegade amendments. Then, in the fall, the House and Senate Appropriations Committees, and more cuts (especially by Representative Joseph Addabbo, of Queens, New York, the much-hated—in the Pentagon—chairman of the House Appropriations defense subcommittee). Meanwhile, the skirmishes over the following year's budget are just beginning. And all year long there is sniping with the White House staff and attacks from the press. One day last spring I was riding in an elevator at the Senate Office Building with someone who spotted a friend of his, an aide to Tower, and asked him how it was going. He shook his head resolutely. "You've got to protect the number every day," he said. "They never stop going after it." That is the mood.

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A CABINET SECRETARY IS ALWAYS MORE THAN A PURE administrator. The most important jobs especially contain an element of theater, of performing on the stage of Washington and the world. The program must be sold to the Congress and the President, to the public, to the press, to allies, even to the department itself. Every secretary finds a balance between administration and theater. Weinberger's predecessor, Harold Brown, devoted himself almost completely to management; Weinberger, committed to defending a program that he hadn't planned but that the President wanted, operated more and more on the theatrical side. He had a dramatic concept to put forth—the re-arming of America (a favorite phrase of his) in its hour of perilous weakness—and he did it by moving into the realm of perceptions.

Early signs that Weinberger would be attentive to—and skeptical of—the programs soon faded. As the Pentagon worked through the first full-year Reagan Administration budget and began formulating its plan for strategic forces, he would sometimes bore in with questions about a program, seeming eager to make judgments: Why did the new DDG-51 destroyer cost so much—nearly $2 billion? Would the B-1 really be able to penetrate Soviet air defenses, and why did *it* cost so much? But these programs stayed right on track, and as time passed Weinberger questioned what he was told less. He was far more interested in the public arena. He traveled frequently, visiting thirty-five countries in his first two years in office. He was extremely accessible to the press. He often appeared on television, almost never turning down an opportunity to be on one of the Sunday public-affairs shows. He accepted speaking engagements all across the country, and then had his staff also schedule local television appearances and meetings in the places he visited. Weinberger has a speechwriting staff of eight; Harold Brown's was considerably smaller.

Every day in the secretary's suite at the Pentagon began with a senior staff meeting at 8:30 (Weinberger would have been at work for some time already, usually having arrived at seven or even earlier); every staff meeting began with a discussion of the "yellow bird," a package of photocopies of clippings from the day's papers, put together by the Pentagon public-affairs staff during the night. Fairly often there would be a story saying that a weapons system didn't work, or that there was some other problem. Weinberger would turn to the person whose responsibility the problem was and ask, Is this true? The *Chicago Tribune* reported that Navy ships were short on ammunition—true? One assistant secretary answered, Yes, it's true; it's not easy to build ships as fast as we do and also keep them stocked. Then John Lehman said that it would be taken care of, and that was that. There were stories that the new Aegis anti-missile system on the cruiser *Ticonderoga* had failed its first tests—was there a problem? Richard DeLauer, the deputy secretary for research and engineering, said, Yes, there's a problem. But Lehman said that it would be worked out, and the meeting moved on. Weinberger fought more assiduously against the perception of problems in the Pentagon than he did against the problems themselves. He was genuinely upset about the spare-parts horror stories—the claw hammer that cost $435, the screw that cost $92—because they detracted from the legitimacy of the buildup. Several times in meetings when the difficulty of selling the defense budget came up, he said, Would that we could take this money and just go buy a television station.

Press reports became a way to short-circuit the bureaucratic process, because Weinberger paid such close attention to them. A story came out in *The Washington Post* about the excesses of military retirement compensation, an issue that had languished for months, and instantly Weinberger ordered a report on it from the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The assistant secretary in charge of the National Guard and Reserves, Lawrence Korb, launched a big push for a budget increase; General John Vessey, Jr., the chairman of the Joint Chiefs, produced a clipping from *The Minneapolis Star* about a National Guard armory overflowing with ammunition, and the issue was dead. In 1981 Carlucci had spent an hour with Franklin C. Spinney, a Pentagon analyst who had developed a sweeping critique of the unreliability and underfunding of the big weapons systems. But when Spinney began testifying on Capitol Hill the following year, the question in the meetings was not Is Spinney right? but How do we deal with the Spinney problem? After embarrassing accounts of the deficiencies of the Army's Division Air Defense anti-aircraft gun appeared, Weinberger became deeply concerned about the gun, even scheduling a monthly meeting at which he would be apprised of its progress. But on the less controversial systems he usually took his subordinates' word. Bad tests? We're doing more, Mr. Secretary, we'll fix the problems, we'll make it work, a few bugs early on. Who's feeding that reporter anyway?

The meetings were important, because Weinberger, a formal, orderly man, saw even some very high officials in the Pentagon only then and never privately; but in every way they were a forum designed not to foster real debate but to focus attention either on the hostilities of the outside world or on internal bureaucratic matters. One person who regularly attended the morning staff meetings remembers that during a year of crises all over the globe, obvious emotion was shown only once, and that was over a jurisdictional squabble of the most minor sort: General Robert Barrow, the commandant of the Marine Corps, pounded the table and said I'm sick and tired of having my people used for health testing by OSD!

The officials who had the strongest impact on Weinberger's agenda were Iklé, Lehman, and Perle, which was odd in that none of them seemed to be exactly Weinberger's type. Perle, for instance, disliked rising early, and never went to the staff meetings; also he was more loyal to the anti-Soviet cause than he was to Weinberger. Lehman, a jaunty, cocksure young man who liked to be photographed at the helm of a Navy fighter jet, treated Wein-

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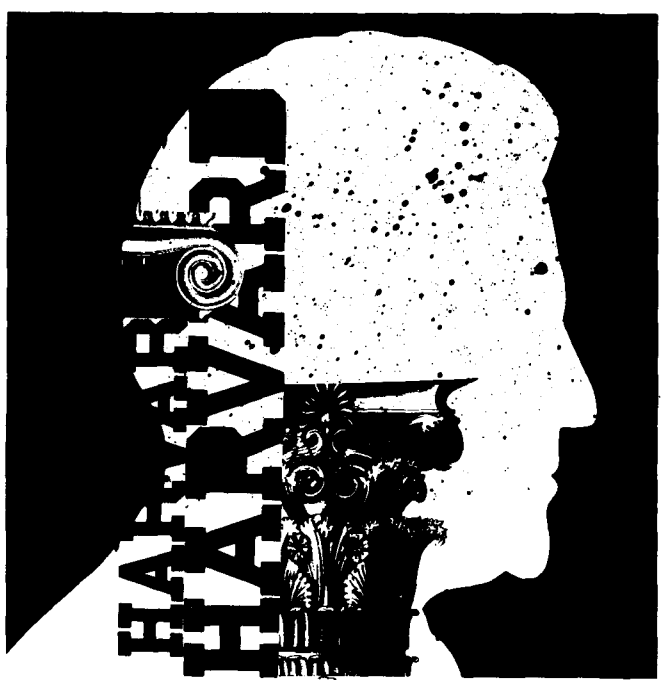
berger with mild irreverence, calling him Cap (Taft, in front of other people, always called him Mr. Secretary) and engaging in mild high jinks at the staff meetings—tossing around a sonar buoy, for instance. But in the 1983 budget Lehman got two *Nimitz*-class aircraft carriers, at $3.5 billion each (he had wanted three, but what he got was still a coup, especially since each carrier brings with it a battle group of eighteen ships, for a total cost of $18 billion). Perle was able to bring Weinberger around to his position on arms control, according to which we would stop negotiating missile launchers with the Soviets, as we had in the SALT talks, and start negotiating throw-weight, in which they were far ahead. Once, in a meeting at the White House shortly before the first Strategic Arms Reduction Talks, in 1981, Perle and Iklé passed Weinberger notes, urging him into a tougher and tougher stance, until finally Reagan himself said, Why would I want to send negotiators with nothing to negotiate?



WEINBERGER'S EMBRACE OF THE CONSERVATIVES' views did not, however, extend to the bitterness the conservatives (and the military) felt toward the culture of the eastern liberal Establishment. Weinberger loved that world and considered himself a part of it. He gave generously to Harvard and spoke there often; even when he was shouted down and protesters threw blood on him, last fall, he bore it courageously and remained absolutely loyal to the school. One day in the staff meeting the discussion turned to an article about an antinuclear group, and Iklé, trying to dismiss it as unimportant, said, Oh, they're just those liberals from Harvard. Weinberger half-rose from his chair, deeply offended, and admonished Iklé never to talk that way about Harvard again. Teams from Harvard's Kennedy School of Government were given unusual access to people in the Pentagon to prepare case studies for use in teaching. Pentagon executives were sent to the Harvard Business School's Advanced Management Program. Someone cut from the budget a small research contract with Harvard; Weinberger quickly restored it.

The secretaryship had brought Weinberger back into the plummy world he had first encountered as an undergraduate, but now the sense of being an outsider was gone. When he talked about his life, he often mentioned Harvard and the Army, and rarely the years in California. He had sold his house in Hillsborough, and so for the first time in his life was by residence completely an easterner; he lived in a large house in Kalorama, a formal, genteel section of Washington, and in Somesville, Maine, on Mount Desert Island, for generations a favorite resort of rich but unostentatious old families. In 1983 a story appeared in *Reader's Digest* recounting an anecdote about Weinberger: as a Harvard student, it seems, he went to Katharine Hepburn's house in Connecticut, and after a touch football game made the mistake of taking a shower in a bathroom that was being kept immaculately clean for the use of Howard Hughes, who was then dating Hepburn. As the story was told by friends—Hepburn coming upon Weinberger in the shower—it had a note of affectionate amusement at Weinberger's social awkwardness. But when it was told from the Pentagon, there was a subtle shift in emphasis—the message was that these were the circles in which the young Weinberger had traveled. In his mid-sixties he had finally completely arrived.

He often went out at night to black-tie functions (they were listed endlessly on his daily schedules, with the notation "will try," "will try," "will try"). In social life he had a jaunty demeanor that conveyed both the grave danger of the times and his indomitable high spirits. When he saw a former employee—perhaps a bureau chief at OMB, the kind of person Cabinet secretaries usually forget—he always had a warm, personal greeting. He made time for old friends, or even friends of old friends. Ralph Nader, who hadn't seen Weinberger since their lunch in 1970, asked for an interview for a scathing book an associate of his was writing, called *Reagan's Ruling Class*; Weinberger gave it.

He loved the symbolism of military morale and resolve. Outside his suite of offices stood a young guard in full-dress uniform, all day, at rapt attention, installed there supposedly for security reasons. He ordered officers in the Pentagon to stop wearing business suits to work and go back to uniforms. He often visited military installations, and spent time with the troops as well as the officers, sometimes wearing an infantryman's shirt or a helmet or, on ships, one of the billed caps that the Navy gives visitors, embroidered with the name of the ship and his military name, SecDef. Just as Reagan had made it a minor project to rehabilitate the reputation of Calvin Coolidge, whom he regarded as an unjustly tarnished predecessor, Weinberger undertook the rehabilitation of his old commanding officer and hero, General Douglas MacArthur. He liked telling an anecdote about being a young captain

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on MacArthur's staff in the Pacific. One night, full of awe and trepidation, he had waked the General to tell him about an intelligence report, and MacArthur, in his bathrobe, had asked what *he* thought and then said, Very well, that's what we'll do; carry on, Captain Weinberger. Reagan dedicated a MacArthur Corridor in the Pentagon, an occasion at which Weinberger was especially charming and solicitous toward Mrs. MacArthur, talking at length with her during a ceremony in Norfolk and later receiving her in his office at the Pentagon.

Weinberger was completely loyal to Reagan. He wore presidential cuff links and a tie clip with the President's signature across the bar. Reporters grumbled about him, because he always answered questions with stock replies, which he often repeated word for word from interview to interview and delivered with his eyes shut tight and his large right hand pinching the bridge of his nose. He never let his guard down. He was a tough infighter with other departments, but as soon as a policy became the President's, it became his too. Reagan's speech in 1983 on space-based missile defense had been produced in the White House science adviser's office, with very little advance notice given the Pentagon. But a short while after Reagan delivered the speech, an official was amazed to hear Weinberger, seated at a dinner next to David Packard (who as a former deputy secretary of defense was a member of the club, and someone to whom one's real feelings could safely be signaled), selling the speech's policies with burning conviction.

The job called forth all his old determination. Always in the past he had settled into the role of the fierce advocate of what was right, facing down his enemies—the liquor lobby, the Birchers, the Tennessee gang at the FTC. In the Pentagon the enemies were those who would cut the defense budget, and with them Weinberger was as unbending as ever. In hearings he would say that every penny was needed, that if one wanted to cut, one would have to write off the Mideast, or Korea, or the Caribbean. He always made the same arguments, using the same phrases: "the threat that we face," "the decade of neglect." When members of Congress criticized the Pentagon, he would tell them that they were damaging national security and helping the Soviets.

He constantly described the stand he was taking as unpopular, implying an equation of unpopularity with virtue. He used words like *facile* and *comfortable* to describe his opponents' positions, and *difficult, long,* and *disagreeable* to describe his own. He told me that we had let our defenses lapse because "nobody was willing to make the strong, unpopular fight against it." Though he obviously felt the sting of the constant criticism of defense spending, he had always experienced attacks as a part of holding high office; naturally, in his highest office he experienced the strongest attacks.

So along with the wartime levels of spending went wartime rhetoric. For fifty years Weinberger had admired Winston Churchill; now Churchill became the patron saint of the buildup, because of his warnings in the thirties about the need to strengthen the British military. Churchill's thundering inscription in *The Gathering Storm*—"Theme of

STILL LIFE

Somewhere you're always twenty-four
and lie on sand
so hot you have to stand still
before you can move.
It's early but your tan is Arab-dark,
your hair incongruous blond.

A body rich in possibilities
like every body: longish hands
and wide eyes blurred by something
you had to reach to feel.
Part liquor, part intelligence,
it might have been real.

At the little lake you knew about
you were silent
while the blood-red sun
rang down on the scenic view:
white barns and a tree or two
in the fly-blown water.

We could have cracked
its mirror with a rock,
a branch that might have lifted
something muddy to the surface.
Instead we kept on staring
and the sun set, several times.

Somewhere it keeps setting,
waits for one of us to still
the thread that hums between us,
not gossamer but steel.
Somewhere you shimmer like the lake,
the picture on the glass is real,
and one of us says what we didn't say,
feels what we didn't feel.

—*Jonathan Galassi*

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the Volume: How the English-speaking peoples through their unwisdom, carelessness, and good nature allowed the wicked to rearm"—could have been Weinberger's motto. He made a point of speaking at the small college in Missouri where Churchill had given his Iron Curtain speech, and he took particular care with the speech, which was about Churchill's greatness.

There was one part that he wrote by hand with no help from the speechwriters. In it he praised the range of Churchill's talents, his ability to see the whole picture and to inspire people all over the world; today, he wrote, so many people are just able to focus on one small subject. Then came a passage that offers a sense of his true feelings about the details of this and that weapons system or strategy, belying his official position that the buildup is the result of careful study of those details: "We are perhaps in danger of becoming a nation of ascetic systems analysts, without the glowing fire and the vision and the ability to inspire that Churchill possessed in such full measure."

AS THE DEFICITS MOUNTED AND THE RECESSION GOT worse, the OMB and Congress began to cut more, and the services began to play their old games again. In 1982 sixteen programs were put into multi-year procurement; the number has since decreased. A Kennedy School of Government case study of multi-year procurement describes in painful detail the resistance of the services, especially the Air Force, to it. There are really two defense budgets, one for outlays (actual spending) and one for what is called total obligational authority (TOA)—spending to be carried out over several years. When Congress debates defense spending, it is debating TOA. Multi-year procurement requires a higher TOA in the first year of a buy so that there will be enough money to pay off the contractors in case a program is canceled in the next budget. The Air Force, unwilling to cut anything in its budget, tried to go by a formula that put off most of its TOA to other years; when that failed, it just stopped putting important programs into multi-year procurement.

There began to be program stretch-outs and inflation reestimates (inflation is down, but the Congressional Budget Office's estimate for defense-procurement purposes is 1.5 percent higher than the Pentagon's). Through three years of cuts the Pentagon has not canceled a single major program. Planned increases in the force structures of the Army and the Air Force were postponed in order to keep the procurement intact. Training was cut. Maintenance was cut. Both Congress and the Pentagon mournfully pointed out these developments, but neither would do anything about it—they were in a game of chicken. Almost no member of Congress ever willingly allows a defense contract in his own district to be cut; the Pentagon recognized this fact and knew that it would keep procurement safe. If someone on the Hill liked to cut defense, the Pentagon was happy to oblige—or to seem to. Senator Carl Levin, of Michigan, often complained about military waste; the Army cut production on the M-1 tank—made by General Dynamics, in Levin's state—and watched Levin increase it again. Congressman Addabbo found Navy fighter planes made by Grumman Aerospace in his district cut, and restored them. People in the Pentagon professed to hate the constant trench warfare on the Hill—fought by "micro-managers" on the committee staffs who wanted to decide how fast to run every production line—but Weinberger absolutely did not believe that the answer was to submit budgets that would seem to have a chance of passing.

The one strong advocate within the Pentagon of proposing smaller budgets that the Hill would not make Swiss cheese of was Paul Thayer, who replaced Carlucci in January of 1983. (Carlucci left to take a much-higher-paying job at a Washington subsidiary of Sears.) Thayer, as the chairman of the board of LTV Corporation, had been a member of an organization of businessmen that had called for eliminating the deficit; he was also a former fighter ace (and by virtue of that, one of the few active-duty military veterans other than Weinberger among the civilian defense experts who ran the Pentagon). Among the high command in the Pentagon, he was unusually skeptical of the sophisticated new weapons. He occasionally took fighter planes up for a spin, and as a result he judged that the F-15 should be cut back in favor of the lighter, cheaper F-16. Also he instructed Lehman to eliminate one program to upgrade a Navy fighter plane, the A-6, in favor of another, the F-14; Lehman ignored him, and went to the Hill to restore the A-6 funds. Weinberger and Thayer were not close—Weinberger had wanted to replace Carlucci with Taft, but the White House had refused his request. Sometimes in the morning staff meetings Weinberger drily noted press accounts of Thayer's speeches and trips, implying that his profile was a little high. When Thayer left because the SEC was investigating him on charges of improper use of inside information on stocks, Weinberger did not attend the going-away dinner for him in the secretary's dining room. The day Thayer resigned, Weinberger arranged for a personal meeting with Reagan to ask that Taft become the deputy, and this time his request was granted.

The budget submissions remained large. In 1982, when Congress cut $19 billion from the fiscal 1983 budget (already cut by Reagan and the OMB), Weinberger refused to provide any guidance about what to cut, though the services quietly circulated cut lists on the Hill. Three former secretaries of Defense, Harold Brown, James Schlesinger, and Melvin Laird, publicly criticized his intransigence—something unheard of in the polite world of defense experts—but he wouldn't budge. In 1983 Tower asked him for a cut list, and he wouldn't provide one; Congress cut the budget that year by $15 billion. When asked whether he could have gotten more by cooperating, he would say, Oh, no, they'd just use a cut list as a starting point and cut more. This year Reagan made a deal with Senate Republicans to cut defense by $14 billion, and Weinberger did fi-

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nally send in a list. The new number held in the Senate, barely—three challenges to it lost by one vote—and of course the House's number was substantially lower.

The three years of cuts when added together sounded savage, especially considering what OSD did to the services' requests, and OMB to OSD's, before the budgets even went to the Hill. But there was plenty of padding and disguising. Over three years the Pentagon was able to cut billions, because fuel costs were lower than projected. In this year's cut list the Air Force saved $1 billion through an item called "outlay controls," and the three services together saved $1 billion through "financing/transfers" and $1 billion by re-estimating foreign-currency exchange rates. There was a submarine cut that Senator Lowell Weicker, of Connecticut, a nonfavorite of the Pentagon, was likely to restore because it was built in his state. There were many stretch-outs and slowdowns. The Navy cut the cost of the F-18 fighter by eliminating electronic equipment it needed to perform its mission; in an earlier round, it had accelerated the planned decommissioning of twenty-two old ships to save money in the short term, in order to preserve the funding for one new one. The effects of the cuts, then, were not really losses but postponements—of increases in forces, training, and sustainability, and even of procurement itself, as long as it remained in the pipeline.

IN WHAT WAY DO THE RESULTS OF THE BUILDUP MAKE sense? They make sense most easily if one assumes, as many in the Pentagon do, that at some time in the future there will be another quantum leap in defense spending, the result of either a triggering event or a wholesale reordering of the priorities of the federal government. The training hours and ammunition stores and so on can be built up then; meanwhile, the heavy procurement must be put on track, because it is the one part of defense that can't be done quickly. "We've got to get the platforms now," one man told me. "There'll be no war in the next three or four years anyway. Somehow, when there's a problem, we'll get the rest of the money. Even if Gary Hart got elected President, he'd take office and find three carrier hulls already laid. There'd be nothing he could do about it." Senator Tower told me, "Defense is mandated in the Constitution. Other spending is not. Social Security is not in the Constitution. The arts and the humanities and aid to higher education aren't. Defense is the primary and sole responsibility of national government. These other things are not. Cut things the government's not mandated to do."

It appears that if defense spending does not take that quantum leap, we will come to some kind of reckoning, probably in the late eighties, when the spending for the new procurement will become heaviest. In fiscal 1985, $97 billion in defense spending is obligated by prior commitments. The Administration is projecting defense outlays for fiscal 1989 at $409 billion, and of that amount $176 billion is already obligated. Given the way procurement costs exceed estimates, the squeeze of past obligations will probably be even tighter than it looks, and if further huge budget increases don't materialize, there will have to be big cuts in the readiness and operating accounts, or even in forces. And because the new generation of weapons is much more sophisticated than the last one, training, spare parts, stores of munitions, and repairs will become much more expensive too, and hence more difficult to fund properly.

In military strategy it is the same story—only with budgets on a whole new order of magnitude will the spending begin to cohere logically. In the late seventies the phrase "strategy–forces mismatch" became a battle cry within the Pentagon. It meant that we were unwilling to spend enough to meet our stated defense posture; a strong rationale for increasing spending was to bring the mismatch to an end. But now the strategy has expanded past the capability of the forces again. The justification for the Navy's two new aircraft-carrier battle groups is that they will be needed to go on the offensive against Soviet ports in the event of a global war. Lehman talks about sending carrier battle groups to take on the Soviet northern fleet in Murmansk and the Pacific fleet in Vladivostok. Virtually every prominent defense expert but Lehman thinks that this is a fantasy, because of the vulnerability of carriers to land-based missiles and planes—in the Falklands an Exocet missile sank the British carrier *Sheffield*—but there is no other strategic rationale for the new carriers. Experts inside and outside the Navy say that, in reality, the strategy of carriers going on the offensive within range of the Soviet shoreline would require twenty-four carriers, or thirty-two, or thirty-five, not fifteen. An expert named George W. S. Kuhn argues in a report published by the Heritage Foundation that a shortage of funding for other ships in each battle group, required to protect the fifteen carriers, is a serious problem—according to the strategy, the carri-

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ers require sixty-one new escorts by 1992, and only twenty-five are planned through 1991. So the Navy already has some degree of strategy–forces mismatch.

When the idea of a worldwide offensive is applied to the Army and the Air Force, they too fall far short. The estimates of the forces that would be needed run from twenty-five divisions up to forty for the Army, and up to forty active-duty tactical air wings for the Air Force. In the sixties our military doctrine called for a "two-and-a-half-war strategy," meaning that our forces were sized to fight simultaneously a war in Europe, a war in the Far East, and a smaller engagement elsewhere. Nixon, after establishing warm relations with China, scaled the strategy back to one and a half wars. The Reagan Administration abandoned the one-and-a-half-wars plan; there was some talk about fighting wars simultaneously in Europe, the Pacific, and the Mideast. Weinberger now says, more vaguely, that we must be prepared "to meet any contingency."

Another example of the failure of the buildup to meet a strict test of logic is how it compares with the Soviet activity that is its justification. The conventional-arms statistics are virtually as frightening today as they were when Hughes started briefing Weinberger. The Soviets have many more tanks than we do, and vastly more Army divisions, and more attack submarines. The U.S. Navy has made submarine procurement a relatively low priority; we have increased the number of our large carriers from twelve to fifteen, while the Soviets have on active duty only one small carrier, lacking even a catapult to launch jets. The Soviet figures become much less scary, however, when they are examined critically. Most of their growth in Army divisions has been along the Chinese border; their divisions are much smaller than ours; many of their ships are designed for rivers or the Caspian Sea; there is a severe shortage of spare parts for their tanks. Recently the CIA, which had estimated the real rate of increase in Soviet defense spending at four percent a year since 1976, came up with a new estimate of two percent a year, and NATO recently lowered its estimate of the number of ready Warsaw Pact divisions in Europe from 173 to 115.

The strategic "window of vulnerability," according to those who believe in it, is still wide open. The MX missile was supposed to close the window by basing a new generation of ICBMs in such a way that the Soviets would have to fire many of their missiles on a first strike to be assured of knocking out one of ours; they would know that they didn't have enough missiles to incapacitate our ICBM force on a first strike. Carter planned to put MX missiles on tracks in Nevada and Utah, where they would move from location to location; in the Reagan Administration the strong opposition of three Republican senators from those states, Jake Garn, Orrin Hatch, and Paul Laxalt, doomed that plan. Weinberger at various times has publicly favored basing the MX on merchant ships, on planes, in underground clusters, and on submarines; he convened two separate commissions on the subject, the second of which concluded that there never was any window of vulnerability. Now the Administration plans to base the MX in existing missile silos, and talks about the missile as being mostly a bargaining chip with the Soviets.

A final sign of the lack of a clear strategy in the buildup is the degree to which the spending reflects the agendas of the services. In the Pentagon the perennial problem of interservice rivalry and indiscriminate budget-building has continued under Weinberger or gotten worse. The Air Force is involved in five strategic-bombing programs simultaneously—the B-1, the Stealth, an upgrade of the B-52, and two versions of the air-launched cruise missile. The Navy has six different fighter and attack planes, and the Air Force three. The Army has seven air-defense weapons. As always, each service de-emphasizes those of its own programs designed to help the other services. The Air Force has stopped new production of the A-10 plane for close air support of ground troops; the Army, prohibited from owning fixed-wing combat aircraft, uses the Apache helicopter for that mission, though experts feel that the A-10 does it better and more cheaply (six Army helicopters were lost in the Grenada invasion). If there is one capability that experts believe we need to increase, it is lift—the ability to move troops and armor to fight in remote areas where we don't have bases. By far the most efficient kind of lift is by sea; but the Navy, never enamored of moving the Army around the world, has spent comparatively little of its budget increases on this mission. The idea of a joint command for transporting matériel to a faraway front also fell victim to the Navy's intransigence. A commonly suggested solution to such problems is to make the Joint Chiefs a supervisory group whose members have no individual ties to the services, but Weinberger has not supported this.

Leaving aside these questions of strategy and the holes to be filled in later with more spending, there is another kind of logic that might be claimed for the defense buildup: the logic of symbolism. Everyone talks about never using nuclear weapons, and says that they exist only to deter the use of force; the same kind of strategic thinking might also be applied to conventional weapons. So by spending more—never mind exactly what for—we have become stronger, because we have shown the Soviets that we have resolve. Therefore they will be deterred from aggressive behavior, and the world will be safer and America more secure. This view probably would not have appealed to Churchill—he was a great student of strategy and of weapons, he pushed for a unified command in order to curb the military bureaucracies, and he always spent for a clear military purpose—but it does cause the defense budget today to make neat sense, as it won't when looked at most other ways.

Weinberger would never say so, but his every action indicates a belief that in defense appearance becomes reality—that employing the symbolism of strength does in fact make us stronger. One of the achievements of which he is proudest is a debate with the British socialist E. P. Thompson before the Oxford Union, in black tie, on the proposition "This house resolves that there is no moral difference

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between the U.S. and the USSR"; Weinberger won by a vote of those present. This was not leisure to Weinberger but important business, a sign to the world that ours is the right side. He has several times, with the encouragement of the services, strongly opposed the use of force—in Lebanon, in Central America, and in Libya. "It is perfectly true that I don't want to use token forces and token shows of military authority in situations in which you do not plan to win," he says. "Grenada is an example of how military force should be used. We had to go in to rescue a thousand students in a very difficult mission. Our principal contribution to Grenada was to insist that we go in with overwhelming forces . . . to do it, to get it over with, and get out. . . . I do not wish to be in the position of sending our troops into combat if we don't have the will . . . to win. Ideally, we should be strong so we won't have to use force." All four services participated in the Grenada invasion, and afterward the Administration asked for a supplemental appropriation of $72.1 million to cover the costs.

THIS SPRING, AFTER ALL THE BATTLES OVER THE DEfense budget, something seemed to change in Washington. Perhaps it was the improvement in the economy, which made the deficit appear less worrisome; perhaps it was that Weinberger was finally willing to negotiate cuts. On Capitol Hill there was a note of admiration for him that hadn't been there before. In terms of the theater of Washington he had done brilliantly. He had accomplished his mission, tough as it was—gotten huge increases in the budget. He had ground down his enemies through sheer staying power. Every big charge against defense had fallen short. He had moved the center, so that the notion of seven-percent annual increases in defense spending after inflation, which Reagan had not dared put forth in his campaign, had become perfectly acceptable; the liberal Democratic position had become three percent a year. Within the Administration his stature had remained high, whereas that of many others—Meese, Haig, Allen, Weidenbaum, Stockman—had long ago diminished. Rumors started that after the election he would leave the Pentagon and get the ultimate prize, the State Department, or the ultimate consolation prize, the Court of St. James's, with Tower taking over the reins at the Department of Defense.

There began to be assertions that America was stronger as a result of the increased defense spending, that its whole standing in the world had changed. Of course, this was a theme of Reagan's campaign, but it came from other quarters too. *The New Republic* credited Reagan with "the rebuilding of America's defenses." *The Wall Street Journal* called the buildup "the President's principal foreign policy achievement," and on the *Journal*'s op-ed page, Morton Kondracke wrote, "The people no longer feel doomed to suffer Iran-style humiliations because of the loss of our post–World War II military superiority." The perceived military crisis of 1980 had given way to a perceived resurgence in our strength and security, even though very little (except spending) had changed. The proud assertions continued: the Soviets had been put on the defensive. The alliance had held. Under Reagan, any show of Soviet strength or aggressiveness, such as the imposition of martial law in Poland, the shipment of arms to Central America and Syria, or the increase in the forces in Afghanistan, was seen not as a sign of our weakness but as proof of our wisdom in spending so much on defense.

As to where the spending will lead, there are two versions to be heard within the Administration. The scenario that Reagan and Weinberger put forward is that we are reaching a level of strength that will enable us to begin serious arms-reduction talks with the Soviets, and that these, along with the development of missile defenses in space, will enable the two superpowers to coexist peacefully and at lower levels of defense spending. Their projections into the 1990s show the increases beginning to level off, with the worst of the danger past. This spring, when Weinberger issued the latest edition of *Soviet Military Power* (on the day of a House vote on the defense budget), reporters asked him what he thought the Soviets' intentions were. He answered, "Well, I think you go back to the original teachings that were published at the time the Soviet Union was founded, have never been disputed, and have never been amended—and that is world domination. It's just that simple." But when I asked him to look far into the future, he said he hoped that "we would have a general acceptance by the Soviets that world domination was something they could not achieve, they would no longer try to attempt."

The other scenario, which can be heard around the Pentagon and elsewhere in the Administration, is this: Of course we are in an arms race with the Soviets. Of course it won't end at the bargaining table. We can win it. Their society is economically weak, and it lacks the wealth, education, and technology to enter the information age. They have thrown everything into military production, and their society is starting to show terrible stress as a result. They can't sustain military production the way we can. Eventually it will break them, and then there will be just one superpower in a safe world—if, only if, we can keep spending. □

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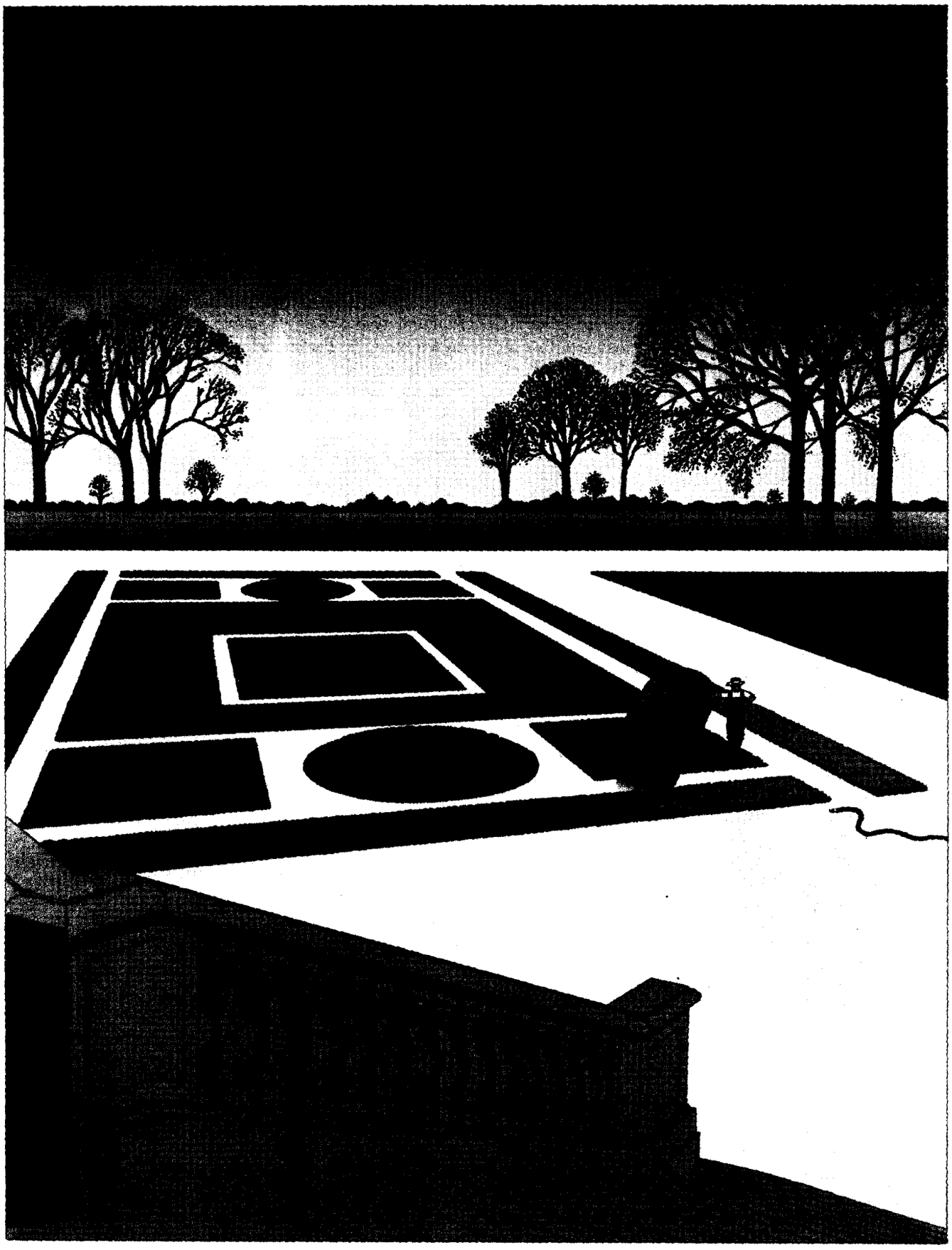
SEASONS

BY GUY BILLOUT



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A Short Story

"I DON'T BELIEVE THIS"

BY MERRILL JOAN GERBER

AFTER IT WAS ALL OVER, A FINAL DETAIL EMERGED, one so bizarre that my sister laughed crazily, holding both hands over her ears as she read the long article in the newspaper. I had brought it across the street to show to her; now that she was my neighbor, I came to see her and the boys several times a day. The article said that the crematorium to which her husband's body had been entrusted for cremation had been burning six bodies at a time and dumping most of the bone and ash into plastic garbage bags, which went directly into their dumpsters. A disgruntled employee had tattled.

"Can you imagine?" Carol said, laughing. "Even that! Oh, his poor mother! His poor *father*!" She began to cry. "I don't believe this," she said. That was what she had said on the day of the cremation, when she had sat in my back yard in a beach chair at the far end of the garden, holding on to a washcloth. I think she was prepared to cry so hard that an ordinary handkerchief would never have done. But she remained dry-eyed. When I came outside after a while, she said, "I think of his beautiful face burning, of his eyes burning." She looked up at the blank blue sky and said, "I just don't believe this. I try to think of what he was feeling when he gulped in that stinking exhaust. What could he have been thinking? I know he was blaming me."

She rattled the newspaper. "A dumpster! Oh, Bard would have loved that. Even at the end he couldn't get it right. Nothing ever went right for him, did it? And all along I've been thinking that I won't ever be able to go in the ocean again, because his ashes are floating in it! Can you believe it? How that woman at the mortuary promised they would play Pachelbel's Canon on the little boat, how the remains would be scattered with 'dignity and taste'? His mother even came all the way down with that jar of his father's ashes that she had saved for thirty years, so father and son could be mixed together for all eternity. Plastic garbage baggies! You know," she said, looking at me, "life is just a joke, a bad joke, isn't it?"

BARD HAD NOT BELIEVED ME WHEN I'D TOLD HIM that my sister was in a shelter for battered women. Afraid of *him*? Running away from *him*? The world was full of dangers from which only *he* could protect her! He had accused me of hiding her in my house. "Would I be so foolish?" I had said. "She knows it's the first place you'd look."

"You better put me in touch with her," he had said, menacingly. "You both know I can't handle this for long."

It had gone on for weeks. On the last day, he called me three times, demanding to be put in touch with her. "Do you understand me?" he shouted. "If she doesn't call here in ten minutes, I'm checking out. Do you believe me?"

"I believe you," I said. "But you know she can't call you. She can't be reached in the shelter. They don't want the women there to be manipulated by their men. They want them to have space and time to think."

"*Manipulated?*" He was incredulous. "I'm checking *out*, this is *IT*. Good-bye forever!"

He hung up. It wasn't true that Carol couldn't be reached. I had the number. Not only had I been calling her but I had also been playing tapes for her of his conversations over the phone during the past weeks. This one I hadn't taped. The tape recorder was in a different room.

"Should I call her and tell her?" I asked my husband.

"Why bother?" he said. He and the children were eating dinner; he was becoming annoyed by this continual disruption of our lives. "He calls every day and says he's killing himself and he never does. Why should this call be any different?"

Then the phone rang. It was my sister. She had a fever and bronchitis. I could barely recognize her voice.

"Could you bring me some cough syrup with codeine tomorrow?" she asked.

"Is your cough very bad?"

"No, it's not too bad, but maybe the codeine will help me get to sleep. I can't sleep here at all. I just can't sleep."

"He just called."

"Really," she said. "What a surprise!" But the sarcasm didn't hide her fear. "What this time?"

"He's going to kill himself in ten minutes unless you call him."

"So what else is new?" She made a funny sound. I was frightened of her these days. I couldn't read her thoughts. I didn't know if the sound was a cough or a sob.

"Do you want to call him?" I suggested. I was afraid to be responsible. "I know you're not supposed to."

"I don't know," she said. "I'm breaking all the rules anyway."

The rules were very strict. No contact with the batterer, no news of him, no worrying about him. Forget him. Only female relatives could call, and they were not to relay any news of him—not how sorry he was, not how desperate he

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RALPH GIGUERE

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was, not how he had promised to reform and never do it again, not how he was going to kill himself if she didn't come home. Once, I had called the shelter for advice, saying that I thought he was serious this time, that he was going to do it. The counselor there—a deep-voiced woman named Katherine—had said to me, very calmly, "It might just be the best thing; it might be a blessing in disguise."

My sister blew her nose. "I'll call him," she said. "I'll tell him I'm sick and to leave you alone and to leave me alone."

I hung up and sat down to try to eat my dinner. My children's faces were full of fear. I could not possibly reassure them about any of this. Then the phone rang again. It was my sister.

"Oh, God," she said. "I called him. I told him to stop bothering you, and he said, *I have to ask you one thing, just one thing. I have to know this. Do you love me?*" My sister gasped for breath. "I shouted *No*—what else could I say? That's how I *felt*. I'm so sick, this is such a nightmare; and then he just hung up. A minute later I tried to call him back to tell him that I didn't mean it, that I did love him, that I *do*, but he was gone." She began to cry. "He was gone."

"There's nothing you can do," I said. My teeth were chattering as I spoke. "He's done this before. He'll call me tomorrow morning, full of remorse for worrying you."

"I can hardly breathe," she said. "I have a high fever and the boys are going mad cooped up here." She paused to blow her nose. "I don't believe any of this. I really don't."

AFTERWARD SHE MOVED RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET from me. At first she rented the little house, but then it was put up for sale, and my mother and aunt found enough money to make a down payment so that she could be near me and I could take care of her till she got her strength back. I could see her bedroom window from my bedroom window—we were that close. I often thought of her trying to sleep in that house, alone there with her sons and the new, big watchdog. She told me that the dog barked at every tiny sound and frightened her when there was nothing to be frightened of. She was sorry she had got him. I could hear his barking from my house, at strange hours, often in the middle of the night.

I remembered when she and I had shared a bedroom as children. We giggled every night in our beds and made our father furious. He would come in and threaten to smack us. How could he sleep, how could he go to work in the morning, if we were going to giggle all night? That made us laugh even harder. Each time he went back to his room, we would throw the quilts over our heads and laugh till we nearly suffocated. One night our father came to quiet us four times. I remember the angry hunch of his back as he walked, barefoot, back to his bedroom. When he returned for the last time, stomping like a giant, he smacked us, each once, very hard, on our upper thighs. That made us quiet. We were stunned. When he was gone, Carol turned on the light and pulled down her pajama bottoms to show me the marks of his violence. I showed her mine. Each of us had our father's handprint, five red fingers, on the white skin of her thigh. She crept into my bed, where we clung to each other till the burning, stinging shock subsided and we could sleep.

CAROL'S SONS, LIVING ON OUR QUIET, ADULT street, complained to her that they missed the shelter. They rarely asked about their father and only occasionally said that they wished they could see their old friends and their old school. For a few weeks they had gone to a school near the shelter; all the children had had to go to school. But one day Bard had called me and told me he was trying to find the children. He said he wanted to take them out to lunch. He knew they had to be at some

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school. He was going to go to every school in the district and look in every classroom, ask everyone he saw if any of the children there looked like his children. He would find them. "You can't keep them from me," he said, his voice breaking. "They belong to me. They love me."

Carol had taken them out of school at once. An art therapist at the shelter held a workshop with the children every day. He was a gentle, soft-spoken man named Ned, who had the children draw domestic scenes and was never once surprised at the knives, bloody wounds, or broken windows that they drew. He gave each of them a special present, a necklace with a silver running-shoe charm, which only children at the shelter were entitled to wear. It made them special, he said. It made them part of a club to which no one else could belong.

While the children played with crayons, their mothers were indoctrinated by women who had survived, who taught the arts of survival. The essential rule was *Forget him, he's on his own, the only person you have to worry about is yourself.* A woman who was in the shelter at the same time Carol was had had her throat slashed. Her husband had cut her vocal cords. She could speak only in a grating whisper. Her husband had done it in the bathroom, with her son watching. Yet each night she sneaked out and called her husband from a nearby shopping center. She was discovered and disciplined by the administration; they threatened to put her out of the shelter if she called him again. Each woman was allowed space at the shelter for a month, while she got legal help and made new living arrangements. Hard cases were allowed to stay a little longer. She said that she was sorry, but that he was the sweetest man, and when he loved her up, it was the only time she knew heaven.

CAROL FELT HUMILIATED. ONCE EACH WEEK THE women lined up and were given their food: three very small whole frozen chickens, a package of pork hot dogs, some plain-wrapped cans of baked beans, eggs, milk, margarine, white bread. The children were happy with the food. Carol's sons played in the courtyard with the other children. Carol had difficulty relating to the other mothers. One had ten children. Two had black eyes. Several were pregnant. She began to have doubts that what Bard had done had been violent enough to cause her to run away. Did mental violence or violence done to furniture really count as battering? She wondered if she had been too hard on her husband. She wondered if she had been wrong to come here. All he had done—he said so himself, in the taped conversations, dozens of times—was to break a lousy hundred-dollar table. He had broken it before, he had fixed it before. Why was this time different from any of the others? She had pushed all his buttons, that's all, and he had gotten mad, and he had pulled the table away from the wall and smashed off its legs and thrown the whole thing out into the yard. Then he had put his head through the wall, using the top of his head as a battering ram. He had knocked open a hole to the other side. Then he had bitten his youngest son on the scalp. What was so terrible about that? It was just a momentary thing. He didn't mean anything by it. When his son had begun to cry in fear and pain, hadn't he picked the child up and told him it was nothing? If she would just come home, he would never get angry again. They'd have their sweet life. They'd go to a picnic, a movie, the beach. They'd have it better than ever before. He had just started going to a new church that was helping him to become a kinder and more sensitive man. He was a better person than he had ever been; he now knew the true meaning of love. Wouldn't she come back?

ONE DAY BARD CALLED ME AND SAID, "HEY, THE cops are here. You didn't send them, did you?"

"*Me*?" I said. I turned on the tape recorder. "What did you do?"

"Nothing. I busted up some public property. Can you come down and bail me out?"

"How can I?" I said. "My children . . ."

"How can you *not*?"

I hung up and called Carol at the shelter. I said, "I think he's being arrested."

"Pick me up," she said, "and take me to the house. I have to get some things. I'm sure they'll let me out of the shelter if they know he's in jail. I'll check to make sure he's really there. I have to get us some clean clothes, and some toys for the boys. I want to get my picture albums. He threatened to burn them."

"You want to go to the house?"

"Why not? At least we know he's not going to be there. At least we know we won't find him hanging from a beam in the living room."

We stopped at a drugstore a few blocks away and called the house. No one was there. We called the jail. They said their records showed that he had been booked, but they didn't know for sure whether he'd been bailed out. "Is there any way he can bail out this fast?" Carol asked.

"Only if he uses his own credit card," the man answered.

"I *have* his credit card," Carol said to me, after she had hung up. "We're so much in debt that I had to take it away from him. Let's just hurry. I hate this! I hate sneaking into my own house this way."

I drove to the house and we held hands going up the walk. "I feel his presence here, that he's right here seeing me do this," she said, in the dusty, eerie silence of the living room. "Why do I give him so much power? It's as if he knows whatever I'm thinking, whatever I'm doing. When he was trying to find the children, I thought that he had eyes like God, that he would go directly to the school where they were and kidnap them. I had to warn them, 'If you see your father anywhere, run and hide. Don't let him get near you!' Can you imagine telling your children that about their father? Oh, God, let's hurry."

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She ran from room to room, pulling open drawers, stuffing clothes in paper bags. I stood in the doorway of their bedroom, my heart pounding as I looked at their bed with its tossed covers, at the phone he used to call me. Books were everywhere on the bed—books about how to love better, how to live better; books on the occult, on meditation; books on self-hypnosis for peace of mind. Carol picked up an open book and looked at some words underlined in red. "*You can always create your own experience of life in a beautiful and enjoyable way if you keep your love turned on within you—regardless of what other people say or do*," she read aloud. She tossed it down in disgust. "He's paying good money for these," she said. She kept blowing her nose.

"Are you crying?"

"No!" she said. "I'm allergic to all this dust."

I walked to the front door, checked the street for his car, and went into the kitchen.

"Look at this," I called to her. On the counter was a row of packages, gift-wrapped. A card was slipped under one of them. Carol opened it and read it aloud: "I have been a brute and I don't deserve you. But I can't live without you and the boys. Don't take that away from me. Try to forgive me." She picked up one of the boxes and then set it down. "I don't believe this," she said. "God, where are the children's picture albums! I can't *find* them." She went running down the hall.

In the bathroom I saw the fishbowl, with the boys' two goldfish swimming in it. The water was clear. Beside it was a piece of notebook paper. Written on it in his hand were the words *Don't give up, hang on, you have the spirit within you to prevail.*

TWO DAYS LATER HE CAME TO MY HOUSE, BAILED out of jail with money his mother had wired. He banged on my front door. He had discovered that Carol had been to the house. "Did *you* take her there?" he demanded. "*You* wouldn't do that to me, would you?" He stood on the doorstep, gaunt, hands shaking.

"Was she at the house?" I asked. "I haven't been in touch with her lately."

"Please," he said, his words slurred, his hands out for help. "Look at this." He showed me his arms; the veins in his forearms were black and blue. "When I saw that Carol had been home, I took the money my mother sent me for food and bought three packets of heroin. I wanted to OD. But it was lousy stuff; it didn't kill me. It's not so easy to die, even if you want to. I'm a tough bird. But please, can't you treat me like regular old me? Can't you ask me to come in and have dinner with you? I'm not a monster. Can't anyone, *anyone*, be nice to me?"

My children were hiding at the far end of the hall, listening. "Wait here," I said. I went and got him a whole ham I had. I handed it to him where he stood on the doorstep and stepped back with distaste. Ask him in? Let my children see *this*? Who knew what a crazy man would do? He must have suspected that I knew Carol's whereabouts. Whenever I went to visit her at the shelter, I took a circuitous route, always watching in my rearview mirror for his blue car. Now I had my tear gas in my pocket; I carried it with me all the time, kept it beside my bed when I slept. I thought of the things in my kitchen: knives, electric cords, mixers, graters, elements that could become white-hot and sear off a person's flesh.

He stood there like a supplicant, palms up, eyebrows raised in hope, waiting for a sign of humanity from me. I gave him what I could—a ham, and a weak, pathetic little smile. I said, dishonestly, "Go home. Maybe I can reach her today; maybe she will call you once you get home." He ran to his car, jumped in it, sped off. I thought, coldly, *Good, I'm rid of him. For now we're safe.* I locked the door with three locks.

Later Carol found among his many notes to her one that said, "At least your sister smiled at me, the only human thing that happened in this terrible time. I always knew she loved me and was my friend."

He became more persistent. He staked out my house,

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not believing I wasn't hiding her. "How could I possibly hide her?" I said to him on the phone. "You know I wouldn't lie to you."

"I know you wouldn't," he said. "I trust you." But on certain days I saw his blue car parked behind a hedge a block away, saw him hunched down like a private eye, watching my front door. One day my husband drove away with my daughter beside him, and an instant later the blue car tore by. I got a look at him then, curved over the wheel, a madman, everything at stake, nothing to lose, and I felt he would kill, kidnap, hold my husband and child as hostages till he got my sister back. I cried out. As long as he lived he would search for her, and if she hid, he would plague me. He had once said to her (she told me this), "You love your family? You want them alive? Then you'd better do as I say."

ON THE DAY HE BROKE THE TABLE, AFTER HIS SON'S face crumpled in terror, Carol told him to leave. He ran from the house. Ten minutes later he called her and said, in the voice of a wild creature, "I'm watching some men building a house, Carol. I'm never going to build a house for you now. Do you know that?" He was panting like an animal. "And I'm coming back for you. You're going to be with me one way or the other. You know I can't go on without you."

She hung up and called me. "I think he's coming back to hurt us."

"Then get out of there," I cried, miles away and helpless. "Run!"

By the time she called me again, I had the number of the shelter for her. She was at a gas station with her children. Outside the station were two phone booths. She hid her children in one; she called the shelter from the other. I called the boys in their booth and I read to them from a book called *Silly Riddles* while she made arrangements to be taken in. She talked for almost an hour to a counselor at the shelter. All the time I was sweating and reading riddles. When it was settled, she came into her children's phone booth and we made a date to meet in forty-five minutes at Sears, so that she could buy herself some underwear and her children some blue jeans. They were still in their pajamas.

Under the bright fluorescent lights in the department store we looked at price tags, considered quality and style, while her teeth chattered. Our eyes met over the racks, and she asked me, "What do you think he's planning now?"

My husband got a restraining order to keep him from our doorstep, to keep him from dialing our number. Yet he dialed it, and I answered the phone, almost passionately, each time I heard it ringing, having run to the room where I had the tape recorder hooked up. "Why is she so afraid of me? Let her come to see me without bodyguards! What can happen? The worst I could do is kill her, and how bad could that be, compared with what we're going through now?"

I played her that tape. "You must never go back," I said. She agreed; she had to. I took clean nightgowns to her at the shelter; I took her fresh vegetables, and bread that had substance.

Bard had hired a psychic that last week, and had gone to Las Vegas to confer with him, taking along a $500 money order. When Bard got home, he sent a parcel to Las Vegas containing clothing of Carol's and a small gold ring that she often wore. A circular that Carol found later under the bed promised immediate results: *Gold has the strongest psychic power—you can work a love spell by burning a red candle and reciting "In this ring I place my spell of love to make you return to me." This will also prevent your loved one from being unfaithful.*

CAROL MOVED IN ACROSS THE STREET FROM MY house just before Halloween. We devised a signal so that she could call me for help if some maniac cut her phone lines. She would use the antique gas alarm our father had given to me. It was a loud wooden clacker that had been used in the war. She would open her window and spin it. I could hear it easily. I promised her that I would look out my window often and watch for suspicious shadows near the bushes under her windows. Somehow neither of us believed he was really gone. Even though she had picked up his wallet at the morgue, the wallet he'd had with him while he breathed his car's exhaust through a vacuum-cleaner hose and thought his thoughts, told himself she didn't love him and so he had to do this and do it now; even though his ashes were in the dumpster; we felt that he was still out there, still looking for her.

Her sons built a six-foot-high spider web out of heavy white yarn for a decoration and nailed it to the tree in her front yard. They built a graveyard around the tree, with wooden crosses. At their front door they rigged a noose and hung a dummy from it. The dummy, in their father's old blue sweat shirt with a hood, swung from the rope. It was still there long after Halloween, swaying in the wind.

Carol said to me, "I don't like it, but I don't want to say anything to them. I don't think they're thinking about him. I think they just made it for Halloween, and they still like to look at it." □

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TRAVEL

THE PLEASURES OF THE PLAZA

BY WENDY LOWE

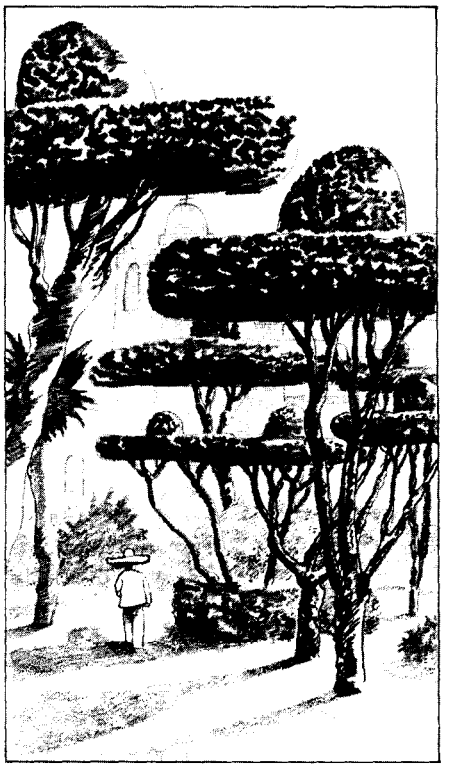
AT RUSH HOUR Mexico City seems as if it were being evacuated in the wake of terrible disaster. Drivers lean from windows to shout epithets while a million horns combine in one high-pitched scream. Yet a few miles north on Highway 57 the traffic disappears. Open fields, broken only by a few adobe shacks and stands of yucca trees, line the road. The sepia hills in the distance are softly out of focus.

The place names along Highway 57 can be a little confusing. It seems that the *city* of Querétaro is in the Mexican *state* of Querétaro. Adjoining it is the *state* of Guanajuato, which includes the *city* of Guanajuato. Taken together, the two states—both only several hours from Mexico City—form the Bajío, a region equipped by nature, man, and history to be Mexico's loveliest vacation area.

The Bajío's location, in the temperate foothills of the Sierra Madre range, endows the region with an almost perfect climate. The norm is clear blue sky and a mild warmth that rarely creeps below 55 or above 75 degrees. Much of the year is pleasantly dry, though from late spring to early autumn gentle rains descend for an hour or two most afternoons.

Set on the Bajío's landscape of lush, rolling farmland are a handful of beautiful hill towns built centuries ago by the richest men in the Spanish empire. Colonies of Mexican and American artists have settled in the towns, selling their work in galleries along cobblestone streets. Universities that date back to the Spanish conquerors still flourish, and small art schools teach classes outdoors on flower-covered patios. Students of all ages drift into the Bajío for a month or a year; they take courses in horsemanship or learn to weave or attend seminars in dream therapy and massage. In the morning people linger in cafés over Mexican coffee aromatic with cinnamon and chocolate. Each afternoon they fill the plazas, watching, talking, arguing philosophy. In the evenings there are concerts beneath trees strung with lights, and nightclubs where flamenco guitarists alternate with young Americans strumming Neil Young ballads.

Here also the visitor can find a dozen inexpensive pensions with lovely garden courtyards. There are grand old luxury hotels, and seventeenth-century villas converted into small, excellent inns. The pace is easy and even placid, de-



spite a nearly continuous stream of festivals, exhibitions, parades, and puppet shows.

Mexico's proudest and most turbulent history was written in the Bajío. Four hundred years ago the conquering Spanish dedicated their colonial towns to the Virgin of Guadalupe, in gratitude for blessings without number. Not only was the soil of the Bajío fertile but it contained deposits of gold, silver, and semiprecious gems. Spanish tycoons grown rich on the silver mines of Guanajuato built their city homes to resemble the mansions of lords in Spain. They created elaborate vacation villas in the hill town of San Miguel, established the universities, and laid out public parks. The Spaniards endowed the grand Basilica of Our Lady of Guanajuato with gifts so fabulous that legend says the mortar of the building was mixed with silver dust and fine red wine.

After three hundred years, anger at the colonial grandees ignited revolution in the Bajío. In the town of Dolores, toward midnight on September 15, 1810, the radical priest Miguel Hidalgo mounted the steps of the cathedral to issue *"el grito de Dolores"*—the historic cry of "Long live the Virgin of Guadalupe! Death to bad government! Long live Mexico!" which Mexican presidents shout to cheering crowds each Independence Day. Fierce battles were fought, and when the Spanish finally left, eleven years later, the Bajío became known as the Cradle of Independence.

Guides call the five-hour drive from Mexico City through the major colonial towns the "Independence Route." On my last trip I cleared Mexico City without too much trouble and within two hours was standing on the central plaza of the town of Querétaro.

ON THE FRINGES of Querétaro is a clutter of housewares shops stacked sloppily with kitchen goods and bolts of cheap fabric. But the look is entirely different at the center of town, where Querétaro becomes a graceful European village. The slender spires of a Baroque cathedral rise above a tree-lined plaza. There are sidewalk cafés beneath brightly striped awnings, and tall mansions hung with flowers. The church bells ring, a brass band plays just out of sight, and old men sell balloons.

The Spanish built their towns on the Renaissance "chessboard" pattern of garden squares, called plazas, or *jardines*. Querétaro's central Jardín Obregón, typical of the colonial style, is a tiled rectangle planted with neat rows of shade trees clipped flat on top. In the center sits a gazebo fashioned out of lacy grillwork, and under the trees are white wrought-iron benches where couples hold hands and men carrying wooden boxes and brushes offer shoeshines.

Many of the shops and buildings around the Jardín are painted a soft red-orange color that exactly matches the shade of *conga*, a popular local drink composed of mango and other fruit juices mixed with vodka and grenadine. I noticed this while drinking a tall, iced

Wendy Lowe travels frequently in Mexico.

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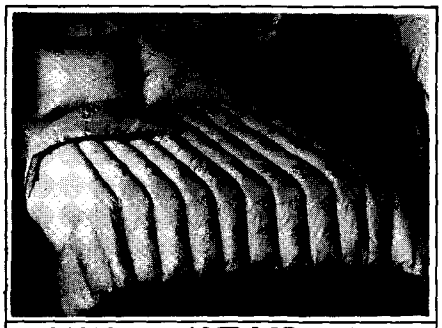

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glass of *conga* at a sidewalk café called Fonda del Refugio, on a small, wedge-shaped plaza just off the Jardín. (These days all good restaurants in the Bajío make drinks and ice cubes with bottled water that an American of average digestion can drink without upset. I had no problems at either restaurants or hotels, which typically supply bottled water in each room.) A crowd from Mexico City filled the soft leather chairs of the busy café, while peddlers wandered between the tables hawking Querétaro opals, which are quarried nearby. My seat offered a clear view of the plaza's ornate monument to Josefa Ortiz de Domínguez, the wife of a high town official, who overheard plans to arrest Father Hidalgo and smuggled out a message warning him to begin the revolution.

The neighborhood is thick with churches, small museums, and historic monuments. Two blocks from the Jardín is the Academia de Bellas Artes, where the 1848 Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was signed, ending the war between Mexico and the United States. On the other side of the square is the Teatro de la República. Here in 1867 the victorious armies of Benito Juárez tried and condemned Emperor Maximilian of Austria, Mexico's last foreign ruler.

Driving north from Querétaro, I passed an eighteenth-century aqueduct, the oldest in Mexico, with seventy-four brick arches stretching more than half a mile. It once irrigated the fields of Spanish landowners whose ranches sprawled across Jurica, a suburb six miles north of Querétaro. I stayed that night in the Hacienda Jurica, a 430-year-old ranch turned hotel. The gardens in front are embellished with a shaggy topiary of plump animals, cowboys riding ponies, birds in flight, and the legend "Viva Mexico!" An old horse carriage stands in the huge, airy lobby, whose ceiling is a vault of intricately patterned bricks. On one wall of the lobby hangs a colonial-era mural of Judgment Day. Prominent among the souls writhing in the flames of hell is a Spanish bishop, looking scared but unrepentant.

The lobby opens into a quiet courtyard framed by whitewashed arches covered with flowering bougainvillea vines. Beyond the courtyard are long corridors hung with old maps and rough wood carvings by campesino artisans. I had a pleasant high-ceilinged room overlooking the large swimming pool and children's playground. Next to the pool is a nightclub, and on my way to bed that night I saw a group of Mexican vacationers ballroom-dancing to the strains of "New York, New York." I heard the tune at least a dozen times during a week in the Bajío.

A LARGE AMERICAN community has settled in San Miguel de Allende, built up as a resort in the seventeenth century, about forty miles, or an hour and a half, northwest of Querétaro on Highway 57, and less than four hours from Mexico City. In the 1950s veterans passed the word that a monthly GI Bill allotment went a long way at the Instituto Allende, an art school in San Miguel. The town became known as a good place to hang out or hide out, and American artists and writers began to arrive. Lawrence Ferlinghetti came and lived on Recreo Street near the plaza; Neal Cassady came and died drunk on the railroad tracks outside of town.

The artists have been joined by a stream of retirees who operate fancy craft shops and convert mansions into hotels. There's an English-Spanish lending library, a Tex-Mex chicken place called Marco Pollo, and a radio station that plays salsa and American big-band tunes. It's still a Mexican town, all right, but it often has the feel of a bazaar. From the scenic overlook at the edge of town San Miguel looks exotic, almost magical, with its peach-colored buildings and carpet of cobblestones that spreads down over steep, narrow streets.

Dominating the view is La Parroquia, the fanciful parish church at the center of town. A century ago an Indian stonemason reconstructed its facade from a French postcard of the Cologne cathedral. The card showed only the front view, so the rear of the church is a plain Mexican design. The church borders San Miguel's central plaza, which is nicknamed "French Park" for the postcard but is officially called Jardín Allende after the town's most famous son—Ignacio Allende, a gentleman of literary leanings who became the first military leader of the Independence army. After the Spanish were evicted, San Miguel added "de Allende" to its name, the ultimate honor a hero can receive in Mexico.

On the day I arrived, the plaza was festooned with banners announcing the visit of a Mexican-Israeli folkloric ballet troupe. In the galleries around the plaza old women on straw mats sold love potions, cold drinks, and Bajío T-shirts. Babies were everywhere, swaddled in

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rebozos on the backs of young women, gurgling on the laps of wrinkled grandmothers, crawling around the trunks of the crew-cut trees in the plaza. Schoolgirls with plaid skirts and heavy briefcases walked to class in giggling groups. A young man looked up from his volume of Kant as a pretty tourist balancing a load of heavy metal pots collapsed on the park bench beside him.

San Miguel is loaded with museums, but shopping is probably the main tourist activity. Local specialties are fancy tinware, fabrics, and household items of copper and brass. Among the most prominent shops are Casa Maxwell, for rugs, weavings, and jewelry; Casa Cohen, which looks like a hardware store but sells lovely brass and bronze accessories; and By Appointment Only, an elegant and expensive clothing and gift shop. I found a good number of bargains at the Mexican government store called Fonart, and at hole-in-the-wall shops within a few blocks of the plaza.

The town still follows the siesta tradition: everything but its restaurants closes for a few hours in the afternoon. This encourages long, relaxed lunches with many courses and the lavish attention of waiters. My own favorite spot is Chez Max, which despite its name serves fine Mexican dishes. I had sopa Azteca, a red tortilla soup with floating slices of avocado, followed by a scallop seviche prepared in the spicy-hot Acapulco style. Next came the sweet whitefish found in nearby Lake Pátzcuaro, served with a respectable San José Cru from vineyards in Querétaro state. For dessert, bananas flambé were prepared at my table by no fewer than three waiters, who collaborated with drill-team precision. Thanks to a devaluating peso the whole feast cost about $12.

At Chez Max, I met a young woman from Los Angeles who nibbled a vegetarian meal while she discreetly nursed her seven-month-old daughter. She gave me a brochure for the Triad Center for Human Studies, which offers workshops in such fields as Japanese Cloth Dyeing, Vision Training, and Stress Management. It's one among dozens of small schools in town that teach courses—some as short as a week or a month—in everything from ballet to Mexican cooking. Mother of them all is the Instituto Allende, in the former villa of the Counts of Canal, a few minutes from downtown. Visitors wander through to watch its comfortably middle-aged clientele sculpt and paint outdoors in front

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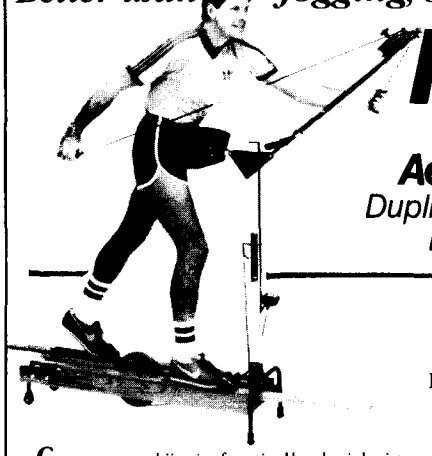

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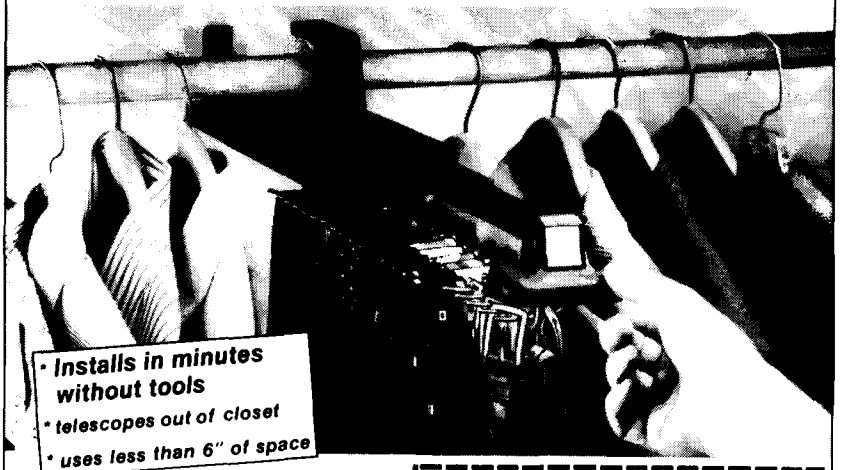

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LITTLE, BROWN

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of the most stirring vistas in town. On the property is the Parador San Miguel, an attractive hotel with fifty-six simple whitewashed rooms and a large swimming pool.

Better still are the small, deluxe guesthouses in San Miguel that offer superior food and service. The finest in town, for those able to book months in advance, is the Villa Santa Mónica, which borders the lush greenery of Juárez Park a few blocks from the Jardín. A woman from Texas named Betty Kempe renovated the villa, which was once the vacation home of the Count of Baeza. Manicured shrubs are classically arranged around a series of small patios and a tiled Roman pool. Guests help themselves from a well-stocked bar in the central courtyard, whose bubbling fountain is surrounded by pots of brilliant flowers. The eight guest rooms have adobe fireplaces and are furnished with an imaginative assortment of hand-painted tiles and Indian weavings. Most have private patios, and a few are split-level suites with loft beds. The amenities include complimentary hand-laundry service and two extravagant meals a day, offered family-style in an intimate dining room. "It's like being invited to a very wealthy someone's house party," explained a well-tailored Canadian stockbroker, who told me over drinks that he was staying in town for the month to study Spanish and reorder his priorities.

If San Miguel can seem a little frivolous at times, the hard edges of colonial history re-emerge on the way to Guanajuato, an hour-and-a-half trip on Highways 51 and 110. The last half hour follows the road that Ignacio Allende's ragged army traveled, climbing over rolling fields and plunging briefly into a dense forest. Finally it reaches the crest of a hill to reveal the city of Guanajuato, spread across the floor of a broad green valley.

The enormous dome of the Basilica of Our Lady of Guanajuato dominates the town. The church houses a wooden sixteenth-century statue of the Virgin clothed in precious jewels and on a base of solid silver. There's a scattering of tiny plazas, of course, and a crowd of students lounges on the long stone staircase of the University of Guanajuato. In colonial days student minstrels from the university would roam the streets in fancy dress performing *entremeses*, one-act skits from the Spanish classics. The custom survives today during the annual Cervantes festival, a springtime explosion of song, dance, and drama. Most of the action takes place around the Teatro Juárez, a lavish 1890s pleasure palace off the central Jardín de la Union. The Teatro looks like a cross between the Taj Mahal and a Shriners' temple. Its interior, fantastically embellished with gilded carvings and velvet draperies, is flashier and more opulent than that of any church in Mexico. A few blocks away is my favorite hotel in Guanajuato, the Parador San Javier, a huge colonial mansion with vaulted brick ceilings and tiled ceramic floors. Its master suites contain whirlpool baths and living rooms rich with furnishings in the Spanish colonial style. The halls are filled with antiques and nineteenth-century oil paintings, many from the original estate.

Tunneling beneath these historical buildings is the colonial sewer network, which has been converted into a subterranean highway. At night the cavern walls are softly lit. The *avenida subterranea* looks spookily romantic, a site designed for doomed love trysts and noble plots and treachery and ghosts. Above ground the lights of Guanajuato trace an outline of crooked medieval streets and the broad domes of noble haciendas. It looks like old Seville perhaps, with a touch of Istanbul. It speaks of cruel adventures vividly recalled and summons up the sweet, sad music of the plaza. □

Hacienda Jurica, Apartado Postal 338, Querétaro, Querétaro. Telephone (463) 21081. Double rooms $31. (All prices are based on $1.00 to 190 pesos, the exchange rate at press time; a 15 percent tax is added to all rates.) Pool, children's playground, excellent restaurant. The Jurica belongs to the Westin/Camino Real chain; for reservations call 800-228-3000.

Parador San Miguel, Calle Ancha de San Antonio 30, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato. Telephone (465) 20149 or 20392. Double rooms about $17. The San Miguel is part of the Aristos chain; for reservations call 800-431-2822.

Villa Santa Mónica, Baeza 22, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato. Telephone (465) 20914 or 21593. Double rooms, including two meals a day, cocktails, and a service charge, $53.

Parador San Javier, Plaza Aldama 92, Guanajuato, Guanajuato. Telephone (473) 20626. Double rooms about $24; master suites that sleep five, some with patios and Jacuzzis, about $60. Swimming pool, bar, restaurant.

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MOVIES

TUMORESQUE: THE FILMS OF DAVID LYNCH

BY LLOYD ROSE

DAVID LYNCH, THE thirty-eight-year-old director of *Eraserhead* and *The Elephant Man*, stands on the edge of what most observers believe will be a brilliant career—unless the blockbuster that is going to seal his reputation rolls over and crushes him. That blockbuster, which is to be released in December, is *Dune*, the $40 million-plus movie of Frank Herbert's science-fiction classic about a messianic figure who leads a revolt on a desert planet. Lynch has said that he isn't nervous about the size and budget of *Dune*, that his nerves got their workout with his first (and only other) feature film, *The Elephant Man*. Lynch's previous movie work consisted of a couple of shorts and the midnight-movie cult film *Eraserhead*. *The Elephant Man* was his watershed; *Dune* is more of the same, only bigger. Yet *Dune* isn't just his second film for a Hollywood studio; it's his bid for the big time—not only for critical respect (which he got with *The Elephant Man*) but for the kind of popular hit that is made by Steven Spielberg and George Lucas. If Lynch joins this company, he will surely be its strangest denizen: a director with a genuinely avant-garde sensibility who can apply his talents to that most conservative of film forms, the Hollywood narrative movie.

Not that Lynch's short films, *The Alphabet* (a partly animated four-minute film, which I have not seen), *The Grandmother* (a thirty-four-minute film made in 1970 with a grant from the American Film Institute), and *Eraserhead* (which took him from 1972 to 1976 to make), lack narrative. In *The Grandmother* a lonely, emotionally abused boy grows a grandmother from a seed; they are happy together for a little while; then she dies (whistling like a steam kettle), and shortly afterward he follows her. *Eraserhead* chronicles the experiences of Henry, whose girlfriend (later his wife) gives birth to a number of odd creatures, and who finally finds happiness with a woman (she has enormous growths on each of her cheeks) whom he has seen in visions. But describing the plots of the two films, even though it gives some idea of their strangeness, fails absolutely to convey what they are like when seen. They're not exactly *not* about their stories, but the story elements bob on them like driftwood on the surface of a dark sea.

In *The Grandmother* (which, along with *The Alphabet*, is one of Lynch's two films in color before *Dune*) the blacks are so rich that you feel you could sink your arms into them up to the elbows. Against this black, which is the backdrop to most of the scenes, Lynch's other colors stand out with hallucinatory sharpness: they almost hurt your eyes. The boy's dreadful mother wears a dress with a green-and-pink floral pattern, bright as a tropical bird's plumage. The boy wets his bed frequently, and the urine stain is a rich yellow-orange, like egg yolk. Lynch is one of the great movie sensualists, but his is an odd sort of sensuality, because there's no overt sexual charge to it. Even when he's dealing with directly sexual symbols, there's something cool and dry, clinical, in his attitude. And his technique has no lush pleasures. There is no languorous camera movement, and none of the high excitement of vivid editing. We aren't swept along by Lynch's camera; we're caught by his images. Our memory of his work is likely to be a series of mysterious, iconographic compositions—as if we had been looking at an exhibition of paintings rather than at a film.

Lynch is, in fact, a painter. He studied at the Corcoran School of Art, in Washington, D.C., the Boston Museum School, and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. His films don't much resemble the sketches of his I've seen (though his animation in *The Grandmother* does), but clearly they're made by someone with a painter's eye. Orson Welles and Akira Kurosawa have backgrounds in painting too, but the influence shows up mostly in their sense of composition, and each of them is fascinated by the fluid shifting of that composition, within the frame or through editing. Lynch is more interested in the cinematic equivalent of brushwork, the thickness of paint on canvas, its ridges and bumps. You find yourself thinking that you could touch the screen and feel the objects he's showing you. And his light (particularly in the short films) is very much the light of a painter's studio. The sources aren't necessarily natural or, often, explicable. The figures aren't really lit for movement; Lynch means for them to stay put so that we can have a good look at them. And, as when looking at a painting, we may feel that we need to examine every single object in the frame in order to make sense of what we're being shown.

What we're being shown—invited to stare at; invited, almost, to put our hands on—is an array of grotesque and mysterious objects. (There are people in Lynch's films, but until he gets to ordinary character drama in *The Elephant Man*, they're objects too, depersonalized surfaces to respond to.) A leafless tangle of branches, like wires, spills from a mound of earth on a bedside table. A roasted Cornish game hen twitches and spurts out dark, viscous fluid. A pair of passionate lovers sink into a liquefying mattress. Lynch's images are obscenely organic—obscene not because they're disgusting but because they seem somehow *wrong*. Something tumorous lurks beneath the surface of his movies; the physical world is unstable, mutating, breaking apart. In the opening sequence of *The Grandmother* three of the main characters enter the film by thrusting up through a surface of earth and dead leaves. Lynch sees the living world as a compost heap. The camera isn't so much an eye to him as a microscope; objects are their structures, and structures continually decay.

Lynch seems as fully an aural as a visual artist. Since *The Grandmother* he has worked with Alan Splet (who won an Oscar for the sound for *The Black Stallion*), and the two of them have created soundtracks clanking and hissing with noise, as if the world were a factory. The mechanical-biological wheezes, groans, hums, sighs, and wails are perhaps the clearest indication of Lynch's perception of organic reality as machinery breaking down.

Lloyd Rose writes on film and theater for The Atlantic.

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There's wit in Lynch's work, and humor. The grandmother in *The Grandmother* is born (of a tree) fully clothed, in a very proper crushed-velvet dress and sensible black little-old-lady shoes. The drowning-pool bed in *Eraserhead* is a sardonic comment on lust. But these touches seem incidental. If there is any underlying theme in Lynch's work, it is that you can't trust the flesh. John Merrick, the Elephant Man, is the living realization of pregnancy gone wrong. The "good" grandmother is born of a plant (and is thus free of the taint of animal matter) in a deluge of rain-clean water. The boy is continually punished for involuntary bed-wetting, body juices in rebellion.

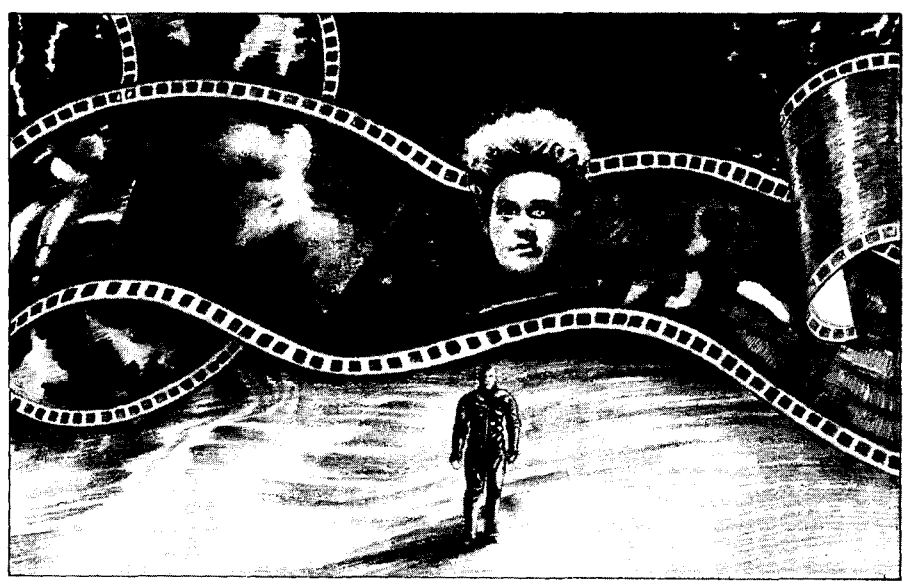
The ultimate betrayal is inflicted on Henry, the unfortunate hero of *Eraserhead*, when his wife gives birth first to a deformed creature with no apparent epidermis and then to a series of semi-formed, glistening creatures, which Henry disposes of by hurling against the wall. Although jokes are made about advising pregnant women not to see *Eraserhead*, it seems clear that the dreadful offspring are not the wife's fault but Henry's. The monsters he smashes are spermlike in form, masculine. And at one point he hallucinates that his head falls off, and in its place appears the horrid, raw skull of his child. His very essence as a man is something corrupt. When he murders his baby, its body disgorges like vomit waves of some oatmeal-textured substance, and its neck elongates furiously, the steadily enlarging head swinging through the room like a snake's.

Lynch must be one of the most unalloyed surrealists ever to work in the movies; his material seems to come to the screen straight from his unconscious, uncensored. Ultimately, though we may glean some of what's going on, his short films remain mysteries. His images have no "meaning." They're intensely personal, and on this level his work is inaccessible, sealed off from us. Yet this hermetic quality is the source of his movies' power. Even the greatest surrealist films, such as Buñuel and Dalí's *Un Chien andalou*, and Buñuel's *L'Âge d'or*, have a distancing self-consciousness and wit. And Buñuel and Dalí want to reach the audience—they want to skewer us, as an unselfconscious, homegrown surrealist like Buster Keaton wants to entertain us. But Lynch isn't reaching out to us from his films; we're sinking into them. They have a quality no other dream-films have ever held for me; they give the viewer a sense of being trapped inside the dreamer's skull, unable, as the dreamer is unable, to wake up.

It's astonishing to come from the closed-in, subconscious world of *The Grandmother* and *Eraserhead* to *The Elephant Man* and discover the grace and assurance with which Lynch tells a conventional story. In the opening credits a beautiful woman is trampled, perhaps assaulted, by an elephant. This scene should be the highest camp, but it has a ghostly beauty—everything is blurred, half-glimpsed, transcendent. In the sequence immediately following, Dr. Frederick Treves (Anthony Hopkins) moves through the narrow, crowded alleys of a sordid London sideshow, looking for the exhibition that houses the Elephant Man. Time and again we think we are on the edge of seeing the monster; time and again Lynch draws back from revealing him. This isn't a tease, it's a gentle, firm statement. When we finally do see the Elephant Man, it's in a long shot; he's in a bed in the corner of a hospital room, cowering from the camera and the maid who is screaming at the sight of him. We understand the maid's reaction, but we're not inclined to scream. When Lynch moves in closer, showing Merrick in profile, he already seems familiar to us, a matter-of-fact presence.

Shot in black-and-white by the great Freddie Francis (who is also the cinematographer on *Dune*), *The Elephant Man* looks like an etching done on silver. Some of it, such as a night-time procession of freaks beside a river, has the visual power of a silent film. There are some hallmark Lynch oddities—shots of pounding machinery; a man with a terribly mutilated chest lying on an operating table—but they're part of the film's nineteenth-century, Industrial Revolution milieu. Merrick's enlarged, fetal-looking skull is Lynch's main object of contemplation. The movie's simple, unsentimental compassion clearly is based on the fact that Lynch finds Merrick beautiful.

Most of the actors give understated performances. Hopkins, as Treves, is especially dry and moving in what could have been a very wet role. *The Elephant Man* isn't humanistic; it's not about the glory of the human spirit overcoming obstacles. It's a Dickensian fable: the lost, abused child is rescued and taken care of, stolen away by his evil master, rescued again; then he dies. Perhaps it's because Lynch isn't primarily interested in emotions that he treats this potentially lachrymose story with an economy that lets us accept and be touched by it.



Maybe he will similarly cauterize *Dune*'s grandiose, junk-mythic excesses. He has said that he was drawn to the book because of its "textures." This is a word he uses a lot in interviews, generally in its tactile sense. With *Dune* he's talking about the book's variety of physical and mental environments: water and wood, rock, sand, scarred and mutating flesh, dreams, visions. Directing what may turn out to be the most expensive science-fiction movie ever made, Lynch isn't worried. Nor, I think, should we be. It will be no surprise if, on Dune, the desert planet, he shows us wonder in a handful of dust. □

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FOOD

KITCHEN MACHINES

BY JAMES AND BARBARA GOLDMAN

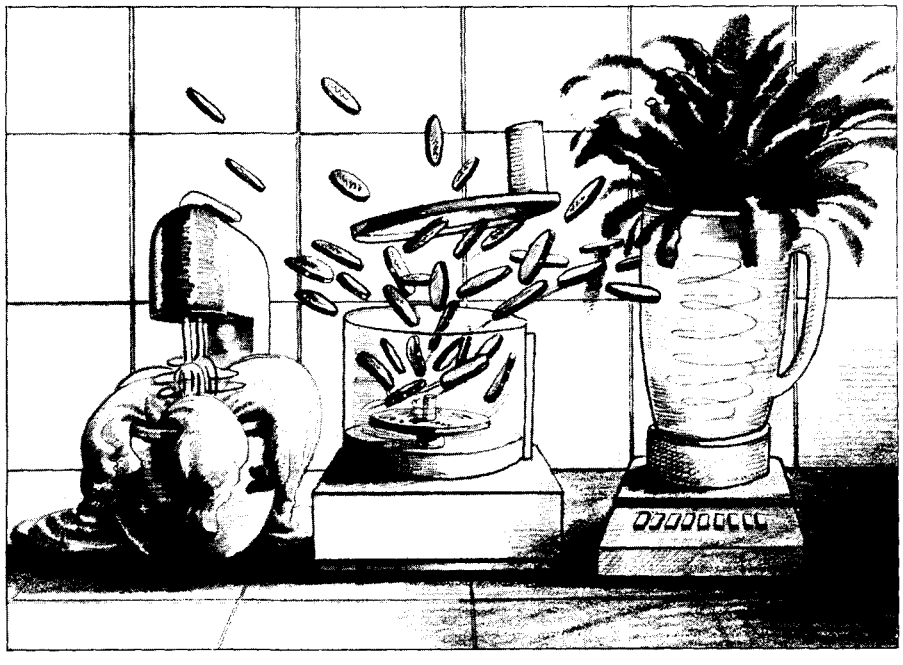
THOUGH THE MACHINE age took a century to reach the kitchen, it has finally arrived. Blenders, juicers, mixers, grinders, processors—we have machines that will do almost everything to food except eat it.

The most widely used—and most useful—kitchen machines are food processors, mixers, and blenders. Though each of these has its own attributes and assets, all are the same in a fundamental way. They are all labor-saving devices in which a motor drives a shaft. Clearly, the quality of the motor—its size and strength and workmanship—is vital. As a rule, professional equipment, or as close as you can come to it, will serve you best. The extra cost is more than made up for by durability and ease of operation, cleaning, and maintenance.

Food processors are all the rage—and rightly so, for they are different from the cooking tools we had before. They permit the preparation of refined and complicated things that were impossible in the past, unless we had all the time in the world, or a staff of trained professionals at our command. However, manufacturers' claims and many food experts to the contrary, there are a number of things they cannot do. Or don't do well. Or do in ways that are so cumbersome as to be self-defeating. After all, there are only two reasons for using a machine: it does something better than you can by hand, or it takes a time-consuming task and makes it fast and easy.

When asked to do what they do best, processors are wonderful. They make purees superbly. They turn out soufflé bases that are light and silken. They are marvelous for mixing pasta dough and making bread crumbs. They take all the grief from certain messy jobs, as anybody who has ever struggled with panades, quenelles, or *pâte à choux* will tell you. For pie crusts, they are fabulous. They work the fat into the dough more evenly and quickly and with less heat than is possible by hand, making crusts that are both firm and flaky. And for chopping, slicing, and shredding when appearances don't matter—making cole slaw, mincing mushrooms for duxelles, cutting celery for stuffing or onions for sautéing or stew—they are a blessing.

James Goldman, a playwright and novelist, and his wife, Barbara, a producer, write frequently about food and wine.



When appearances do matter, they are less effective. When they cut, the end result is seldom uniform. In general, they fail when doing things for show. Nor do they function well with liquids. Any time the quantity of liquid rises higher than the mount around the drive shaft at the center of the bowl, it's going to leak. And when the time comes to remove the blade, you really have a mess. Even less acceptable is the job processors do of beating air into anything. Regardless of manufacturers' claims or articles in food magazines, you must use a beater for fluffy batters or for whipping cream or egg whites. Processors are inconsistent when grating, yielding a mix in part too coarse, in part too fine. The results are just as fast and better by hand with a Mouli or a stand-up grater. In fact, a lot of things are faster and better done by hand. When quantities are small—if you're just chopping up some celery or a carrot—knives are easier and quicker and create a lot less mess to clean up afterward. Even when quantities are larger, a processor can be so cumbersome to use that the machine stops being labor-saving.

By way of example, the following is taken from a recent article in a national food magazine. We are dealing with fresh peppers. After being instructed to cut them open and remove the seeds in the traditional manner, we are told: "To slice [peppers] into matchsticks, cut through one flat side of pepper from top to bottom. Repeat on remaining three sides. Stand rectangles side by side in feed tube, wedging very tightly. Slice rectangles using light pressure. Use Medium Slicer." As dice players like to put it, this is making eight the hard way.

The moral, of course, is always to ask of your machine only what it does best. This caveat applies especially to attachments. All kinds are available for processors, including ones that juice and ones that make spaghetti. Though they do these jobs, they do them poorly, and they are best avoided. Stick to basics.

Processors range in price from about $100 to $400. As is often—but not always—the case, the best ones tend to be the most expensive. Processors by Cuisinart, Robot Coupe, and KitchenAid are certainly among the best. The most important thing to look for is the size and power of the motor. Small ones burn out, and they won't perform heavy tasks, like making forcemeats or pasta dough. Then check the plastic work-bowl and lid. They should be solid and substan-

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WAS JACKSON POLLOCK ANY GOOD?

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tial, smoothly finished, with no sharp edges; it is all too easy to cut yourself on some of them. The larger the capacity of the work-bowl the better, to spare you removing, emptying, and returning it when making large quantities. The blades should seem heavy-duty; you can tell a lot by simply handling them. Take a good look at the on/off mechanism; some work more easily than others.

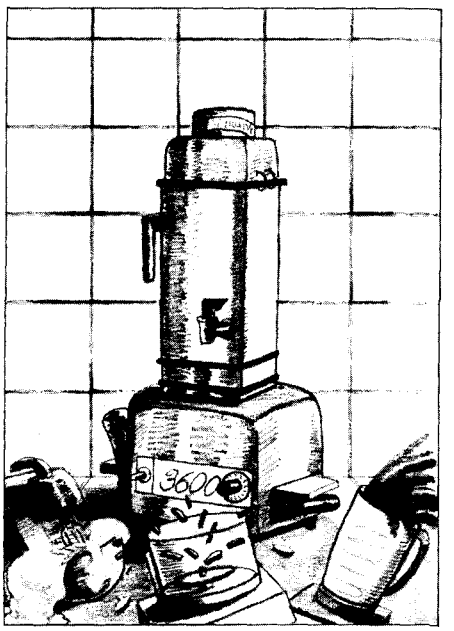
PROCESSORS AND BLENDERS, with their blades that spin hundreds of times a minute, perform in ways no human being could. They are like sports cars, specialized and flashy; they do tricks. Mixers, however, perform essentially as you would if you were a machine. Though they can do many things, their two unique and basic functions are beating air into substances and approximating the motion of the human hand in stirring. The movement of their paddles, stirrers, whisks, and dough hooks is an extension of the way these tasks have traditionally been done. Mixers were the first major electrical appliance to reach the kitchen, more than fifty years ago. Not only have they survived, they have prospered and multiplied. There is a reason: they are superb machines.

Only mixers permit low levels of speed. Turn your back on blenders and processors, or let them whirr ten seconds too long, and you have mush. With mixers you are in control of what you're doing. You are also in close contact with what you are making. So much of quality and success in cooking depends on look and touch; a mixer puts no canisters or shields between you and your ingredients. You can bend close, peer, and sniff while you work.

Mixers, like processors, have an extensive range of uses. With the appropriate attachments they will slice and shred, grind meat, puree fruits and vegetables, and extrude spaghetti. On the whole, the attachments are like the federal bureaucracy; remarkable not because they perform well but because they perform at all. Even so, when you have a task that both processors and mixers can do, like grinding meat, the mixer is the way to go. It is easier to achieve the consistency you want, and you are not hampered by the size of the work-bowl, because the attachments go on top of the mixer and direct food into anything you choose.

There are two kinds of mixers: hand-held and counter models. Though hand-held mixers are nothing more than electrified egg beaters, they are useful. They save time and effort beating egg whites and whipping cream when the quantities are small. (If you're dealing with a dozen egg whites or a pint or more of cream, counter models, with their larger motors, are far faster.) They are easy to clean, and most brands are remarkably well made. Considering their modest price—$25, give or take a few dollars—it makes no sense to do without one.

But it is the counter model that is truly indispensable. Once again it is the size and power of the motor that is critical. Though a few brands, such as Sunbeam and Kenwood, are very good, the Hobart KitchenAid is far and away the



best. Hobart's machines are powerful, durable, reliable, and responsive, and easy to clean. The largest model for home use, the K5SS, is as close as you can get to professional equipment.

BLENDERS, LIKE FOOD processors, perform their functions through the use of sharpened blades revolving at high speeds. They are, however, far more limited in range and flexibility.

What blenders do is blend. They are designed primarily for handling liquids. While it's true that they are capable of chopping and shredding, using them for this is clumsy, time-consuming, and laborious. The motors in most of them do not provide the power necessary to deal with anything substantial or pulpy. All too often they will clog or stall. Because the blades are short and the canisters tall and relatively narrow, it is constantly necessary to stop them, readjust the food so that it comes in contact with the blades, and start them up again.

There are three kinds of blenders on the market. The standard, inexpensive blenders—they run between $20 and $50—are the ones most widely used. These are lightweight machines with lightweight motors. They are terrific for mixing milkshakes, cocktails, packaged batters, powdered drinks, and liquids of all kinds. And they can deal with certain solids if they're soft or light enough, like sour cream mixed with cream cheese, or Tiger's Milk. When you are blending denser substances, such as cooked vegetables or cooked fish, the addition of liquid to loosen the mass is necessary. Uncooked vegetables are hard for them, and heavy jobs like panades and thick frostings are out of bounds. The labels on the row of buttons on most models are misleading. They imply that different tasks—from chopping to whipping—can be performed, whereas in fact all that the buttons actually control is the speed at which the blades revolve.

Professional or commercial blenders are simply heavy-duty versions of the standard ones—solid, stainless-steel machines with relatively powerful motors. They are less dependent on the presence of liquids, less likely to clog or stall, less exasperating to use. They can mix and make purees very well. In fact, with certain foods, such as cooked chicken livers and poached or tinned fish, blenders of all types deliver a finer puree than processors do. Also, because of their small diameter in relation to their volume, the contents stay closer to the blades and they do their work more thoroughly, with less adjustment of the contents than a processor requires.

The third variety of blender is the great one. It is a unique and all but magical machine: the Vita-Mix 3600. If you have never heard of it, that is because the manufacturer has failed to capitalize on its extraordinary capabilities. It is sold primarily in health-food stores, and through mail order, as a juicer and a money-saving device for performing such functions as grinding your own grain into flour, and then making bread dough in three minutes.

The secret to the 3600 is, of course, its motor. Originally designed for driving a circular saw, it weighs close to ten pounds and its drive shaft rotates both ways. Its blades are instantly reversible.

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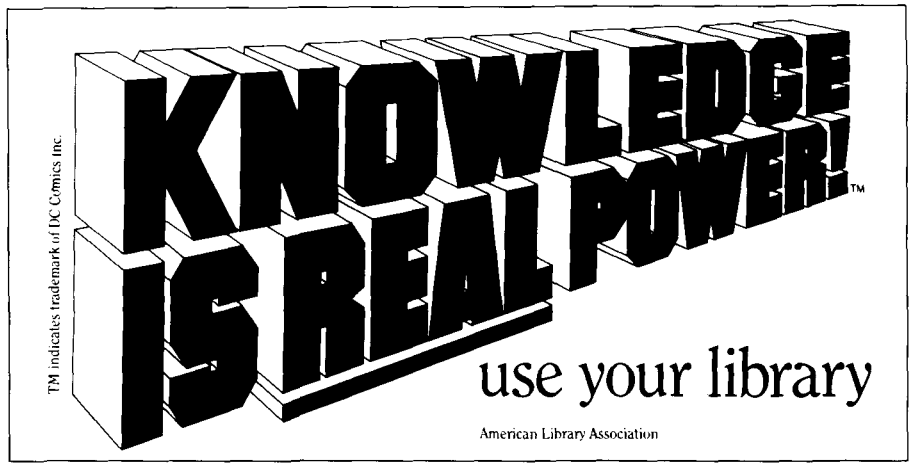
You flip a switch, and what was whirling clockwise goes counterclockwise. The substance in the canister is hurled against the blades with far greater impact—at speeds of up to 530 miles per hour—than when both were traveling in the same direction. This instantaneous reversibility produces results not possible before. The soups it makes are revolutionary. You simply poach whatever vegetables you like in whatever liquid you choose and dump the results into the canister. The 3600 pulverizes the contents so completely that it duplicates the homogenous texture of a cream soup, without binders. That is to say, no eggs, no flour, no cream. Nothing. Not only does this make a soup with fewer calories and less cholesterol but it accentuates and clarifies the flavors of the basic ingredients. These soups are absolutely stunning.

And there's more. The power of the motor, whether you reverse the blades or not, is so great that the 3600 never stalls or clogs. You need not work with modest quantities, constantly filling and emptying the canister. The power also lets you deal with substances that would burn out the motors of even the best commercial blenders. Shrimp and lobster shells are literally turned to powder; thus you can turn out bisques and butters with less effort and more flavor than any other machine allows. All this does not come cheap. The 3600 is about $425, list. It is not for everyone, but if you are a serious cook, or would like to be one, it is more than worth the cost.

The choice of which machine to buy depends on your needs and skills and interests. If you do much baking, or plan to, a mixer is the machine for you. If your cooking is primarily for small or occasional meals, the blender is the wisest choice. If your goals or your abilities are more ambitious, and you cook regularly for large groups, a food processor best fills the bill.

Our kitchen has all three. This is, of course, the ideal solution; each machine is asked to do only what it does best. But if we could have only one appliance, it would be a mixer. That's because we do a lot of baking, and because so much of what we chop and slice gets done by hand because it has to show.

Owning one of these appliances permits each of us to be a part of the revolutionary change taking place in cooking tastes and techniques. The only puzzling question is which came first—the revolution or the new machines? □



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What I overlooked was the English idea of central heating. After I left London the weather suddenly turned shivering cold and wet. By the time I got to my destination I was too tired and miserable to care about picturesque charm and history. All I could think of was how uncomfortable I was going to be in an old, drafty castle.

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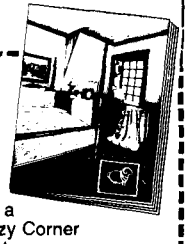

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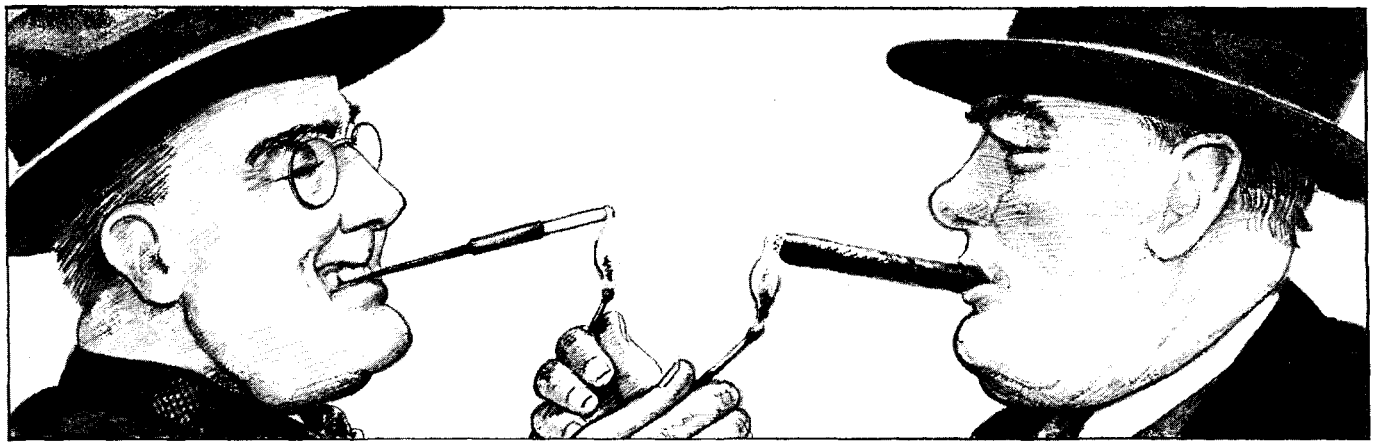

THE SUPREME PARTNERSHIP

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

CHURCHILL & ROOSEVELT, THE COMPLETE CORRESPONDENCE
edited by Warren F. Kimball. Princeton University Press, 3 vols. $125 before 12/31; $150 thereafter.

NEITHER WAS PARTICULARLY the other's type. They met first at a Gray's Inn dinner, in London in 1918, during the Great War. Roosevelt thought Churchill cocky and condescending. Churchill thought nothing at all of Roosevelt and soon forgot having met him—which chagrined Roosevelt at their next meeting, when they were drawing up the Atlantic Charter, at Argentia in 1941. It was only years after, in his slight mythologization of the relationship, that Churchill managed to summon up a recollection of Roosevelt at Gray's Inn—"magnificent . . . in all his youth and strength."

They were, in a way, an odd couple. Isaiah Berlin, who has written more brilliantly about them than anyone else, speaks of their "incompatibility of outlook." Would the two men ever have been passionate friends had they not been President and Prime Minister in the time of Hitler? Among people still alive, no one knew Roosevelt and Churchill so well as Averell Harriman. Harriman's wife Pamela was married in the war years to Randolph Churchill. I once put the question to the Harrimans. They too wondered whether in other circumstances these two forceful men would have formed a supreme partnership.

They were very different men. They had different styles of humor. They had different tastes in people. Roosevelt's closest British friend was Arthur Murray, a military attaché in Washington during the Great War, later a minor figure in the Liberal party, whom Churchill would have scorned as an old duffer. Churchill's closest American friend was Bernard Baruch, whom Roosevelt made jokes about and regarded with distrust.

Churchill worked by night, Roosevelt by day. Churchill relaxed in the company of men, Roosevelt in the company of women. Churchill painted watercolors and laid bricks; Roosevelt collected stamps. Churchill drank all the time; Roosevelt had a martini or two before dinner. Churchill believed in confrontation, order, and hierarchy; Roosevelt in evasion, competition, and improvisation. Churchill was a traditionalist with a grand and governing fidelity to the past and a somber sense of the tragedy of history. Roosevelt had an antiquarian's interest in the past but was an experimenter and optimist, who confidently embraced the future. They were hardly made for each other.

Yet some uncanny intuition prompted Roosevelt on September 11, 1939, nine days after Churchill had entered Neville Chamberlain's cabinet, eight days after Britain had declared war, to ask the new First Lord of the Admiralty to "keep me in touch personally with anything you want me to know about." An odd business: the President of one nation proposing a personal correspondence with a new cabinet minister in another country whom he really did not know. Still, though Churchill had never called on Roosevelt during his occasional trips to the United States, Roosevelt had reasons to detect the possibility of partnership.

In the spring and summer of 1933, when right-minded persons on both sides of the Atlantic had condemned Roosevelt for going off gold and for torpedoing the London Economic Conference, Churchill had robustly defended the American President. In the autumn, Churchill sent Roosevelt the first volume of his *Marlborough*, inscribed "with earnest best wishes for the success of the greatest crusade of modern times." "His impulse," Churchill wrote of Roosevelt with characteristic grandiloquence in 1934, "is one which makes toward the fuller life of the masses of people in every land, and which, as it glows the brighter, may well eclipse both the lurid flames of German Nordic self-assertion and the baleful unnatural lights which are diffused from Soviet Russia."

Above all, Roosevelt knew of Churchill's long struggle to awaken Britain to the danger of Hitler; and he doubted that Churchill's career would conclude at the Admiralty. "I'm giving him attention now," he told Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy in December, 1939, "because there is a strong possibility that he will become the prime minister and I want to get my hand in now." In the blast of war Roosevelt perceived a co-star in the high drama of the age.

So a historic correspondence began,

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., is the Albert Schweitzer Professor in the Humanities at the City University of New York Graduate Center and the winner of two Pulitzer Prizes.

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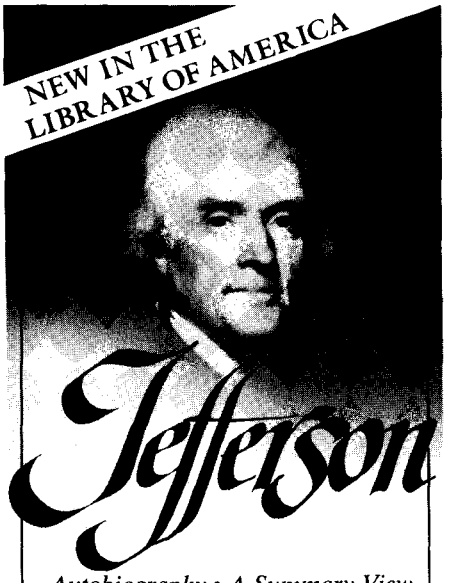

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now gathered together for the first time by Professor Warren F. Kimball, of Rutgers, the author of able books on the Lend-Lease Act and on the Morgenthau Plan. Searching through presidential, State Department, prime-ministerial, and Foreign Office files, even drawing a couple of times on German intercepts of transatlantic telephone conversations, Professor Kimball has come up with 1,949 messages—1,161 from Churchill, 788 from Roosevelt. The Princeton University Press has brought out *Churchill & Roosevelt, The Complete Correspondence* in three large volumes totaling (not including the index) 2,094 pages. The magnitude of this achievement can be suggested by comparison with the only previous collection, *Roosevelt and Churchill: Their Secret Wartime Correspondence*, published in 1975 and selected and edited by F. L. Loewenheim, H. D. Langley, and Manfred Jonas, which offered 548 documents in a single volume of 760 pages.

The judicious and incisive headnotes preceding each message provide a masterly running analysis of the military, diplomatic, and economic debates. Occasionally the commentary goes beyond the evidence supplied in the text: Did Roosevelt threaten a cut-off of Lend-Lease or only a reduction in it over the civil aviation argument of 1944? Was General George C. Marshall really as systematically anti-British as Professor Kimball suggests? But I noted only one actual error: *The Bank Dick,* mentioned as a pretext for a Churchill–Roosevelt in-joke, was a film of 1940, not 1938. Professor Kimball indicates the time of each message, the source of each text, and the names, when discoverable, of the drafters. By reproducing deletions and corrections, early drafts, and even messages drafted but not sent, he shows how initial demands or indignations were modulated by the larger needs of the alliance. *Churchill & Roosevelt* is an exemplary work of editing and annotation.

ADVANCE PRESS COMMENT made much of "Tensions Revealed in Roosevelt-Churchill Letters," to quote the headline in the *New York Times* of July 11. In fact the complete correspondence contains little to surprise the historian. There are no bombshells. Everyone has known since Robert E. Sherwood's *Roosevelt and Hopkins* (1948) that the alliance had its strains. Alliance without strains would have been far more surprising. No doubt Churchill's splendid volumes on the Second World War put the relationship with Roosevelt in soft focus, partly because Churchill was a romantic and partly because he wanted to prolong Britain's special relationship with the United States. He had gone over his final volume with special care, Churchill explained to President Eisenhower in 1953, "to ensure that it contains nothing which might imply that there was in those days any controversy or lack of confidence between us." Still, while Churchill understated some of the disagreements, he was too good a historian to suppress them. The complete correspondence only documents them a little more vividly and harshly.

Tensions were inevitable, because the protagonists proudly embodied the national interests of their countries. Since each saw national interest as requiring the defeat of Germany and Japan, each was prepared to subordinate lesser interests to the cause of victory. But neither intended to sacrifice vital interests in the world after victory. Neither forgot his ultimate accountability to his own people. "As anxious as I am to be of the greatest help to you in this trying situation," Roosevelt wrote Churchill when British troops intervened in the Greek civil war, in December, 1944, "there are limitations imposed in part by the traditional policies of the United States and in part by the mounting adverse reaction of public opinion in this country. No one will understand better than yourself that I, both personally and as head of State, am necessarily responsive to the state of public feeling." (Roosevelt added, "I don't need to tell you how much I dislike this state of affairs as between you and me.")

So, while they marched toward the common goal of victory, each protected his flanks. But their bargaining power was always unequal. From the start of the war Churchill was in the position of seeking something from Roosevelt. By the end of the war the United States had become beyond all question the mightier power. Equality in partnership was always a theory, never a fact.

Churchill's first objective was to get the United States into the war. Roosevelt had no intention of letting Hitler win, but at the same time he mistrusted British imperial motives and wanted to limit costs to the United States. He hoped almost to Pearl Harbor that aid short of war, or war short of ground forces, would do the job. The pre-Pearl Harbor correspondence shows Churchill maneuvering, courting, cajoling, pre-

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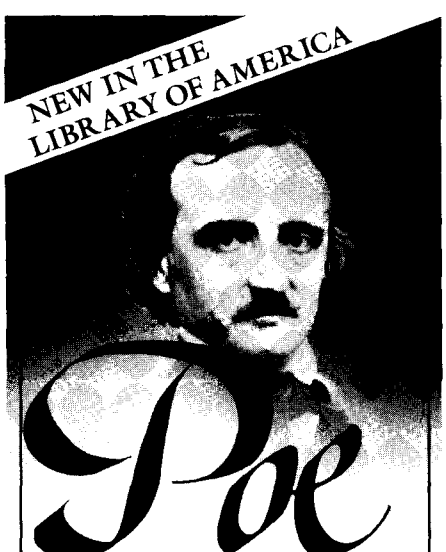

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suming ("what we now indeed call the Common Cause") in his unceasing campaign to bring the Yanks in. "I trust you realize, Mr President," he wrote, "that the voice and force of the United States may count for nothing if they are withheld too long."

He even tried to use the British fleet as blackmail. During the Nazi assault on France, he told Roosevelt that only an American declaration of war could save the situation. If France fell, he continued, Britain would stand alone against Hitler. He himself would fight on to the end, but "very easy terms could be obtained for the British islands by their becoming a vassal state of the Hitler empire." A collaborationist government in London, by adding the British to the German and Japanese fleets, could place "overwhelming sea power. . . in Hitler's hands." The fate of the British fleet, Churchill said, "would be decisive on the future of the United States."

Roosevelt evaded commitment until Pearl Harbor finally ended the awful uncertainty. "Today all of us are in the same boat with you and the people of the Empire," the President cabled, "and it is a ship which will not and cannot be sunk." Problems now assailed the two leaders from every part of the globe: how to allocate scarce shipping, landing craft, tanks, planes, troops; what to do about a second front, Nazi submarines in the Atlantic, convoys to Murmansk, unconditional surrender, the Middle East, the Pacific War; how to deal with Stalin, De Gaulle, Darlan, Badoglio, Gandhi, Chiang Kai-shek, the atomic bomb . . . not to mention (and they rarely did) the daily tribulations each faced on his home front.

They marvelously kept their heads and their tempers, cheered each other up, differed with candor and grace, and handled a bewildering variety of strategic and diplomatic questions with impressive virtuosity. Their messages chart the ebb and flow of war and bring back the uncertainties of the time with almost unbearable intensity. Victory looks inevitable enough from the safe haven of 1984. It looked far less inevitable in 1942 and 1943. As the historian Frederic William Maitland said, "It is very difficult to remember that events now in the past were once far in the future."

The great disagreement on military strategy came over the second front. Churchill, remembering the slaughter in the First World War, recoiled from the idea of a frontal attack and advocated a strategy that the Americans dismissed as "pecking at the periphery." His obsession with getting at Germany through the eastern Mediterranean originated on strictly military grounds, as if in vindication of Gallipoli. For a time the Americans even feared that Stalin would vote with Churchill in favor of what Roosevelt and Marshall regarded as a mischievous diversion. The Mediterranean strategy developed anti-Soviet overtones only toward the end of the war, and these were much inflated in postwar commentary.

Professor Kimball rightly rejects as "dubious" the claim that a thrust through Istria and the Ljubljana gap (in northwestern Yugoslavia) would have saved much of Eastern Europe from the Russians. He explains, "It is just as likely that such an effort by Anglo-American forces would have resulted in the Soviets' liberating more of northern Europe, possibly as far west as the North Sea." By this point, in any case, the disparity in troops and production had made Roosevelt the undisputed senior partner. Churchill had no choice but to acquiesce in the decision to invade Normandy.

But he did not abandon the Istrian dream and drafted a bitter message after Roosevelt insisted on giving priority to the follow-up invasion of southern France. "I am sure none of your officers will say we have not served you well and faithfully," he wrote in the draft. ". . . But no one ever contemplated that everything that was hopeful in the Mediterranean should be flung on one side, like the rind of an orange, in order that some minor benefice might come to help the theatre of your command. . . . I think I have a right to some consideration from you, my friend, at a time when our joint ventures have dazzled the world with success." But fury was a luxury in which junior partners could not indulge. The dissent as finally dispatched was mild, concluding almost pathetically, "However we may differ on the conduct of the war, my personal gratitude to you for your kindness to me and for all you have done for the cause of freedom will never be diminished."

THE APPROACH OF victory loosened the bonds of alliance and opened the way for disagreements about the shape of the postwar world. Future relations with the Soviet Union presented the most baffling problem. "The Russians are today killing more Germans and destroying more equipment than you

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and I put together," Roosevelt reminded Churchill in April, 1942. "I think it is an awful thing," Churchill himself noted to Harry Hopkins in February, 1943, "that in April, May and June not a single American or British soldier will be killing a single German or Italian soldier while the Russians are chasing 185 divisions around." The correspondence makes clear how, in a time when the Russians were doing most of the fighting, the fear of a separate Soviet-German peace prevented Churchill and Roosevelt from taking the hard line against Stalin that armchair strategists urge on them in retrospect.

For a while Churchill was actually more accommodating than Roosevelt. He accepted Soviet claims regarding the Baltic states and the Polish frontier, preferred the Communist Tito to the anti-Communist Mihailovich in Yugoslavia, and in 1944 offered Stalin his sphere of influence in Eastern Europe. As late as May, 1944, he told Roosevelt, "I note that after each very rude message they send to me, they have done pretty well what was asked." With the Warsaw uprising in August, however, Churchill began to lose hope, and he soon called for a tougher policy.

Roosevelt shared Churchill's anger over the Soviet refusal to help the Polish underground. But he did not waver from the belief that he had confided, in "brutally frank" words, to Churchill in 1942: "I think I can personally handle Stalin better than either your Foreign Office or my State Department. Stalin hates the guts of all your top people. He thinks he likes me better." Was Roosevelt suffering delusions about the omnipotence of charm? Or was he right in supposing that Stalin was the only key to policy in an absolute dictatorship? In 1943 Roosevelt's abortive effort to arrange a separate meeting with Stalin greatly upset Churchill, who did not, however, hesitate to meet Stalin on several occasions without Roosevelt. Each leader now tried fruitlessly to insert himself as the honest broker between Stalin and the other.

As Professor Kimball observes, it is a "risky proposition" to try and deduce Roosevelt's final thoughts about the Soviet Union from his correspondence with Churchill. In a message of April 6, 1945, drafted by Admiral Leahy, Roosevelt told Churchill that the Western armies would soon be in a position "that will permit us to become 'tougher' than has heretofore appeared advantageous to the war effort." A message drafted by Roose-

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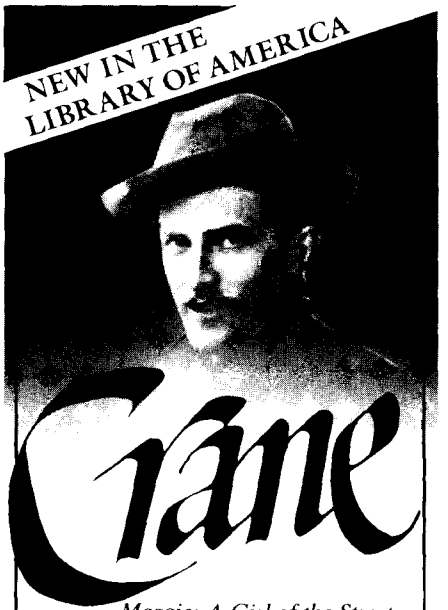

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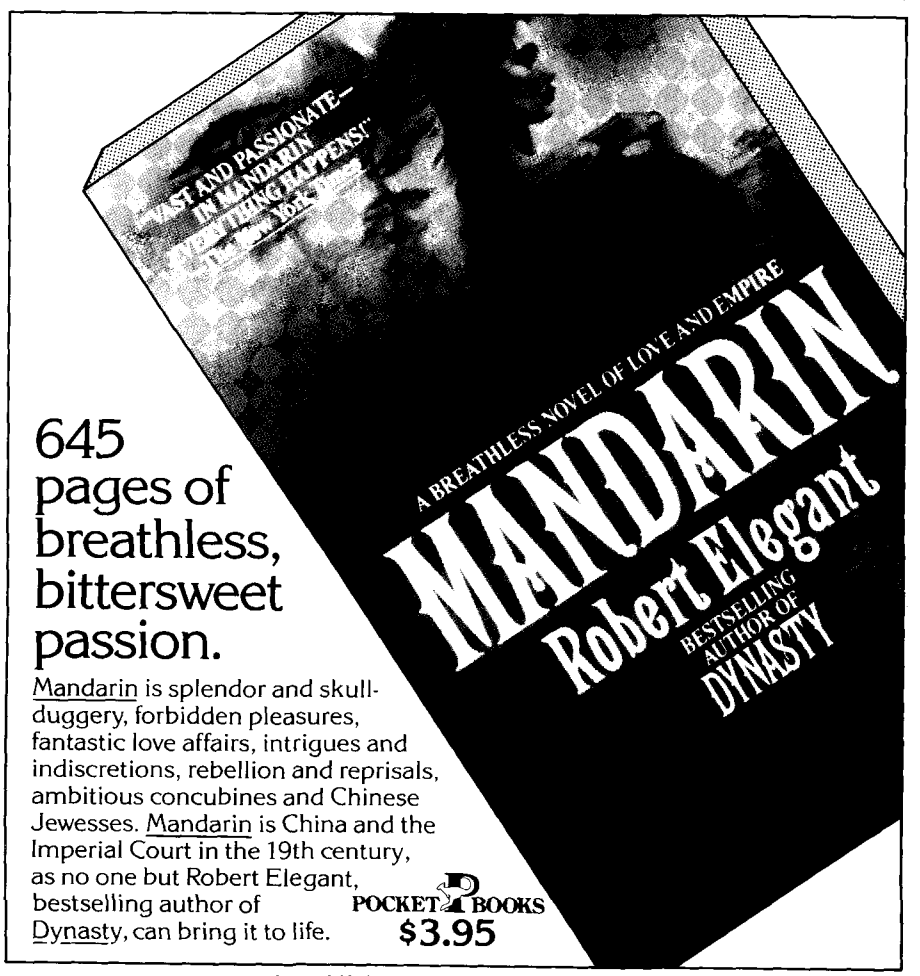

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GALINA
A Russian Story
by Galina Vishnevskaya
translated by Guy Daniels

"A very Russian story: wildly emotional, dipped in blood and vodka, funny and searing." —Kirkus Reviews

". . . a heroine of our time" —Publishers Weekly

Galina Vishnevskaya—internationally renowned soprano, wife of cellist-conductor Mstislav Rostropovich—describes her rise from a childhood of bitter poverty to stardom as the Soviet Union's most celebrated diva. She bears witness to life in Stalinist Russia: the squalor, the purges, Stalin himself. As her operatic career soars, she is patronized by Khrushchev, courted by Bulganin, befriended by Brezhnev, relied on by Solzhenitsyn, and immortalized by Shostakovich. Galina depicts an artist's world infested by KGB surveillance and party control, and she recounts the growing disillusionment that led her and Rostropovich away from the Russia they love.

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velt himself and sent April 11, the day before his death, spoke of minimizing "the general Soviet problem," adding, "We must be firm, however, and our course thus far is correct." The messages must be read against the testimony of people who talked with Roosevelt in his last weeks and found growing disenchantment with Soviet policy. The correspondence with Churchill shows only that as usual he was protecting his options.

Disagreement about Russia arose less over the goal than over the tactics of what later became known as containment. Disagreement about other matters arose from diverging visions of the postwar world. To American eyes Churchill seemed determined to re-create the world of the nineteenth century. His effort to preserve monarchy in Italy and in Greece provoked strong American objection. His effort to restore European colonial systems in Asia provoked Roosevelt even more. Churchill argued back forcefully. He was vastly irritated by Roosevelt's pressure on him to grant India a measure of independence; he had little use for Roosevelt's belief in international trusteeship as a transition from colonialism to independence; and he thought Roosevelt's notion of China as a major power was sheer fantasy.

The British perceived that the economic as well as political foundations of empire were at risk. They felt threatened by what they saw as American scheming for postwar advantage. Cordell Hull's conviction that the elimination of trade barriers was essential to lasting peace came across to the British as a calculated American effort to capture prewar British markets. The American campaign to reduce British dollar balances seemed an attack on the hope of British economic independence after the war. There was fear that the Americans were out for British oil in the Middle East.

Most angry of all, peculiarly, was the argument, toward the end of 1944, about postwar civil aviation. Churchill saw the American proposals about international air routes as a plot to seize control of the world's airways. Roosevelt warned that failure to accept the proposals might jeopardize the continuation of Lend-Lease. Churchill responded with wan dignity: "You will have the greatest navy in the world. You will have, I hope, the greatest air force. . . . You have all the gold. But these things do not oppress my mind with fear because I am sure the American people . . . will not give them-

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selves over to vainglorious ambitions, and that justice and fair-play will be the lights that guide them."

THERE WAS DISCORD, but always within larger accord. Each leader was concerned to prevent disagreement from weakening the overarching framework of alliance between nations and affection between friends. The two men might have lacked natural affinity, but they were indissolubly joined by the sense of sharing a historic stage during a mortal crisis. Both knew that the threat Hitler posed to their nations and to Western civilization could be repelled only if they worked together in the utmost comradeship. This they were determined to do. Averell Harriman recalls that each asked him how best to get on with the other. (He told them: Be natural. Be yourselves.) The correspondence shows how Harriman and, most of all, Harry Hopkins served as indispensable links between two men who had, in other respects, different tastes in people—two men who, if they were not precisely made for each other, each still adored the theory of the other. "It is fun to be in the same decade with you," wrote Roosevelt; and, again, "It is lovely to be working with you." They had profoundly in common an exultation in rising to the heroic moment. They perceived the differences between them; but, as Isaiah Berlin has written, "from the unity of their differences they hoped for a regeneration of the western world."

Churchill's voice is the more personal in the messages. He was a professional writer, after all, with a talent for wit and a penchant for rhetoric. He composed more of his messages himself, and he was both more emotional and more articulate, more prepared to confront and expose his inner thoughts and hopes. There was no great mystery about him. He was solid, tough, sentimental, all of a piece.

Roosevelt was a more elusive figure—glittering, impersonal, impenetrable, superficially warm, basically cold, disinclined to yield or to disclose himself, his core buried deep in what Robert Sherwood called his "heavily forested interior." His messages were more likely to be staff-written. They were businesslike rather than eloquent. His personal drafts were chatty, jokey, casual, without memorable phrase but with revealing flashes of humor, insight, affection, and irritation. His messages expounded his ideas on strategy and policy but did little to illuminate the mystery of personality.

The correspondence in its grand trajectory begins in exhilaration and ends in pathos. Churchill's great undertaking to keep Britain a major power was doomed to frustration. One comes away with the feeling that Roosevelt frustrated Churchill at some personal level as well. The Britisher seemed to be pleading for a more consistently intimate relationship than the American was capable of sustaining. Churchill was the more unguarded, the more vulnerable. Roosevelt would never have written, as Churchill did when they were arguing about India, "Anything like a serious difference between you and me would break my heart."

In March, 1945, Churchill sent a touching message, recalling "those tremendous days when you devised Lend-Lease, when we met at Argentia, when you decided with my heartfelt agreement to launch the invasion of Africa. . . . Our friendship is the rock on which I build for the future of the world." No answer. A fortnight later Churchill asked, "Did you ever receive a telegram from me of a purely private character? . . . It required no answer. But I should like to know that you received it." Roosevelt's reply was perfunctory: "I did receive your very pleasing message." This was March 31, 1945.

The correspondence thus ends in a dying fall. Still, the nobility of comradeship remains. The supreme partnership had its problems. But it was not a myth. The two men had their vanities and illusions, but they were very remarkable men, and they provided very remarkable leadership in a desperate time. As one ponders their correspondence and their lives, one recalls that in December, 1931, Churchill, crossing Fifth Avenue in New York in search of Bernard Baruch's house, looked in the wrong direction and was knocked down by an oncoming automobile—a moment, he later wrote, of a man aghast, a world aglare: "I do not understand why I was not broken like an eggshell or squashed like a gooseberry." Fourteen months later in Miami an assassin fired on Roosevelt and killed the man riding beside him in the car.

One might invite those who believe that individuals make no difference to history to tell us what would have happened to the world a decade later had the automobile killed Winston Churchill on Fifth Avenue and the bullet killed Franklin Roosevelt in Miami. Fortunately, the two men survived to find each other and to save us all. □

ARE BLACKS BETTER OFF TODAY?

BY BAYARD RUSTIN

THE MYTH OF BLACK PROGRESS
by Alphonso Pinkney.
Cambridge University Press, $17.95.

OURS IS A SOCIETY in which racism is an "integral part" of all institutions. Dozens of blacks are "murdered" yearly by the police. Black students "face constant racism" in schools and colleges. "Deeply ingrained white racism serves to justify the oppression" of "America's black colony." In the midst of these great injustices an "individualistic and self-centered" black middle class "is becoming increasingly isolated from poor blacks."

These are not the wild claims of some embittered revolutionary outcast. These are the words of Dr. Alphonso Pinkney, a professor of sociology at New York's Hunter College. Professor Pinkney's tract, *The Myth of Black Progress,* contains much that is controversial, ill-tempered, and contradictory. Also, it bespeaks a terrible intellectual intolerance for contrary findings and conclusions. "Black social scientists, as well as white, appear to be supporting the growing conservative movement in the United States," Dr. Pinkney tells us. "That white social scientists should engage in these activities is not surprising. However, black sociologists who support the conservative movement are not unlike government officials in (formerly) South Vietnam who supported American aggression against their own people."

The problem with Dr. Pinkney's stance is not that he is entirely wrong about race relations in this country. Indeed, his discussion of discrimination in housing and his evocation of the everyday life of the black poor have great merit. As Dr. Pinkney demonstrates, blacks have suffered mightily in the past decade. The problem is that Dr. Pinkney's tone can only serve to alienate whites from committing themselves to the further social progress that is necessary. His book is filled with angry clichés that lead

Bayard Rustin is the chairman of the A. Philip Randolph Institute, a national civil-rights and trade-union organization.

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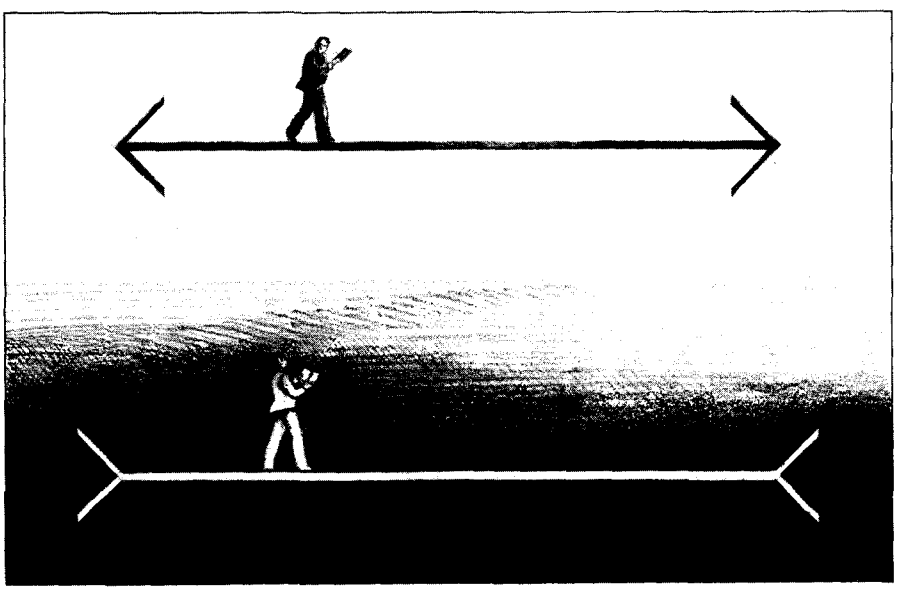
nowhere. His message could be regarded as irrelevant were it not representative of a black-nationalist mind-set that has once again surfaced within the black community, and particularly among academics. We have seen manifestations of it among a number of overzealous supporters of the Reverend Jesse Jackson. Not only is this mind-set a misconception but it serves to undermine the principle of coalition politics and thus is harmful to the black interests it purports to champion.

In the past decade Reaganism and the recession together have served to undermine black economic interests and to sunder our nation's social fabric. There is more black poverty today than at any time since the launching of the War on Poverty and the Great Society programs.



Yet such setbacks have occurred not, as Dr. Pinkney would have it, because of a resurgence of racism. Indeed, even Dr. Pinkney is forced to admit, however grudgingly, that "significant" positive "changes have taken place in white attitudes toward blacks. . . ." Yet despite a decline in racist attitudes, over the past decade blacks have suffered substantial reverses because of the class structure of the black community—a class structure deformed by decades of racism and encompassing a disproportionately high percentage of poor and unskilled or semiskilled workers.

Widely cited as an example of racism and racial injustice today is the statistic that the median family income of blacks is 55 percent of that of whites. But this broad statistical generalization, central to Dr. Pinkney's critique, obscures some significant facts. It does not hint at the contradictory nature of the alarming inequity. The trend of the 1960s and 1970s was that even as black workers were moving up the economic scale from low- to higher-paying positions, the economic situation of poor blacks was deteriorating, in part because the number of households headed by women was rapidly increasing. Paradoxically, what was occurring was the simultaneous growth of the black middle class and the numbers of black poor. For example, between 1960 and 1980 the proportion of blacks in professional, technical, and craft-worker positions rose from 11 percent to 21 percent. However, the percentage of blacks living below the poverty level increased from 31.4 percent in 1973 to 35.7 percent in 1983.

There was, moreover, a movement toward parity in pay. Indeed, the protections provided by civil-rights legislation and by collective-bargaining agreements negotiated by unions have led to the impressive fact that by the beginning of the 1980s, the median income of black workers in every region but the South was 99 percent of that of white workers.

Just this brief statistical digression ought to indicate to us that the "myth of black progress" is hardly a myth. Such progress is, however, an immensely complex and frequently contradictory matter. Without question, despite tangible progress a large, indeed growing, proportion of the black community confronts serious obstacles to economic and social integration, though these are not primarily a result of racism. In the years of Reaganism and recession those blacks who have lost jobs because of the decline in the steel industry or because of cutbacks in government spending have found themselves among the jobless not as victims of American institutional racism but as steelworkers or teachers or fire fighters. Indeed, the recession that has gripped our country since the mid-seventies has hurt far more white workers than black ones. Poverty is not primarily a racial problem; today there are far more jobless whites than blacks, and in absolute numbers there are more than twice as many white poor as black poor.

Under such circumstances Dr. Pinkney's emotional appeal to a politics of race is bound to ring hollow. Moreover, his claim that much past civil-rights progress has been largely illusory is not only patently untrue but also extremely harmful to the interests of most black Americans. Where true progress has been made it ought to be applauded, and further progress ought to be encouraged. However, if Dr. Pinkney were correct and Americans and American institutions were innately racist, no solution short of revolution could make any appreciable difference in the conditions under which black Americans live.

Moreover, black progress cannot be measured solely with social and economic statistics. Immense gains have been made in the fight for black dignity, self-respect, and identity. Such largely cultural gains have had immense social, economic, and political consequences. To understand the great psychological distance traveled, one need only compare the mind-set of black Americans who marched on Washington in 1983 with that of their counterparts in the 1963 march on Washington, led by Martin Luther King, Jr., and A. Philip Randolph. The marchers of two decades ago came to Washington in a state of quiet anxiety, fearful of possible police reprisals. Last year's marchers, by contrast, were a far more confident lot, urging Jesse Jackson to "Run, Jesse, run."

How, then, ought blacks and whites to approach the very real question of the plight of blacks? How can blacks' needs and interests be articulated so as to strengthen the possibility of a political coalition for social progress?

The progress of blacks must not be seen as a special case. The plight of blacks belongs within the context of the plight of all of America's poor: black, Hispanic, and white. The agenda of blacks today must be part and parcel of an agenda for all Americans. It must include a national commitment to excel-

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lence in education, a renewed commitment to federal programs in vocational training, and a national industrial policy in which the government helps to fuel the growth of expanding industries, to ease the transition of workers displaced by a changing economy, and to develop a highly skilled work force able to compete in the international marketplace.

Dr. Pinkney's unjustifiably despairing book lays no groundwork for real solutions. Instead it reveals a depth of frustration that afflicts much of the radical black intelligentsia. Dr. Pinkney is correct to place the locus of change in the economic arena. Yet his prescription of the "eradication of capitalism," rather than its gradual modification, as a necessary precondition for black equality strikes this reader as naive and utopian (or, more aptly, dystopian).

Readers interested in a constructive and intellectually stimulating approach to the black plight would do well to examine a book unfairly castigated by Dr. Pinkney, and not only by him, as the work of a black quisling: Professor William Julius Wilson's *The Declining Significance of Race* (the second edition, now in print as a University of Chicago paperback). □

THE OTHER AMERICA REVISITED

BY TOM WICKER

THE NEW AMERICAN POVERTY
by Michael Harrington.
Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $17.95.

IN A TYPICALLY expansive speech in May of 1983, President Ronald Reagan elaborated upon a major theme of modern American conservatism. He charged that government economic intervention since the New Deal—from the minimum wage in the thirties to food stamps in the sixties—had actually made Americans poorer than they otherwise would have been. Why? Because, as a more precise conservative spokesman might state it, only economic growth promotes affluence for all; social programs retard it by making the dependent more so.

Tom Wicker is an associate editor of The New York Times.

To conservatives and neo-conservatives (often the more vehement of the two) the evidence for the latter point seems clear enough. Didn't welfare expenditures, for example, explode in the late sixties as a consequence of Lyndon Johnson's War on Poverty? And wasn't that when the poor, blacks particularly, began to withdraw in great numbers from the labor force, in order to avoid work while mooching a living off taxpayers' misguided largesse?

Well, no. One of the many virtues of Michael Harrington's new book is that it takes such theories seriously enough to do them the justice of demolishing them rather than merely denouncing and denying them—for Mr. Harrington knows all too well that the notion that social spending only creates a dependent class has "inspired the White House, the editorialists and thousands of complacent conversations in the country clubs of America." It is, in fact, the counterfeit currency of conventional thought about government and poverty in Ronald Reagan's America.

Mr. Harrington makes clear that there was no explosion of handouts to the poor during the War on Poverty, such as it was. Another war, the one in Vietnam—costly in money as well as in lives—saw to that. From 1965 through 1968 the new Office of Economic Opportunity received a total of less than $6 billion, and in no year did it absorb as much as one percent of the federal budget. Social spending for the *nonpoor*, however, rose from $29.4 billion (30.1 percent of the federal budget) in 1961 to $197.8 billion (54 percent of the budget) in 1976. The difference was mostly in enormous outlays for increased Social Security benefits and Medicare for those over sixty-five, only about 15 percent of whom are poor.

It was not, moreover, in the late sixties but in the late fifties that the number of dropouts from the labor force began to grow, following a significant change in Social Security law offering not higher benefits but relaxed requirements for disability retirement. Blacks have taken advantage of this change relatively more often than whites, Mr. Harrington writes, for two reasons, which were pointed out by Donald O. Parsons several years ago:

1) Disability benefits are still hard to get (60 percent of initial applications were rejected in 1975); they are available only to those willing to give up their jobs; and they are capped at a low level. Obviously, therefore, disability benefits are most attractive to the lowest-paid workers with the least to lose upon withdrawal from the work force—usually blacks.

2) Medical statistics and death-rate studies show that blacks, typically at a disadvantage relative to whites in health care, nutrition, and other living conditions, are more likely to be disabled. Thus, Mr. Harrington points out, a badly underfinanced War on Poverty did not cause the relatively high rate of black-worker dropout; rather, "the economic and medical misery of black life . . . makes such withdrawal rational and even necessary."

The New American Poverty abounds in such data-based debunking of conservative and neo-conservative articles of faith, and of familiar American myths and stereotypes. For instance:

- In 1979 most recipients (51.7 percent) of Aid to Families with Dependent Children (the widely scorned AFDC, which is what most Americans mean when they grind the word "welfare" between their teeth) were white. Also, 70.5 percent of AFDC families had only one or two children—not the teeming black spawn imagined at country-club luncheons. And in recent years illegitimate births have increased less rapidly among AFDC mothers than in the population as a whole.
- In the summer of 1982, when 10.4 million Americans were officially unemployed (not counting those out of the labor force), only 42 percent of them were protected by unemployment benefits, "and those payments averaged only 46 percent of their before-tax earnings, with the unemployed manufacturing workers getting only 36 percent of what they had been making."
- The United States spent only about 14 percent of its gross national product on social programs in the late seventies, while West Germany spent more than twice that and still had lower rates of unemployment and inflation as well as a high rate of investment. This is weighty counterevidence for the conservative argument that the United States has fallen behind in productivity and competitiveness because it has starved private investment in favor of vast social spending. As for the "confiscatory" taxes Ronald Reagan fought to reduce, in 1980 the United States taxed itself less heavily than thirteen Western European nations.

This only skims the surface of the

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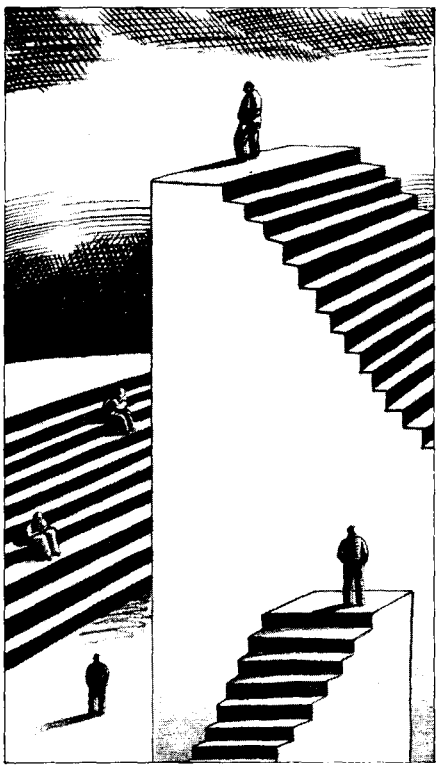
sophistries and delusions that Mr. Harrington punctures, mostly by sorting through a huge bag of academic studies, official reports, and census data. But Michael Harrington is primarily a man of ideas, and his book is concerned with far more than setting the record straight or trashing Ronald Reagan. In fact, he considers Mr. Reagan, as I do, a man of principles—however unfortunate those may be—and a strong political leader on behalf of them; and Harrington scrupulously points out that the new American poverty may have been worsened but was not caused by Reaganomics.

THE NATURE, PORTENTS, causes, and possible amelioration of that new poverty are Mr. Harrington's themes. Misery, in his view, "has simultaneously become more intractable and more difficult to see" since the War on Poverty. More intractable because the forces behind it are more complex and less accessible. They are at least partly international—steel mills in South Korea, a U.S. trade deficit on the way to being the largest in history—and they include the technological revolution, the decline of traditional industries, and the erosion of mass markets for mass production. More difficult to see because nonpoor people living with economic uncertainty and in fear of declining real wages and chronic unemployment are understandably concerned mostly for themselves, and because one of the new poverty's most frightening aspects is the large number of people not yet poor but in real danger of soon becoming poor—a number, Mr. Harrington calculates, "almost as large as the number officially defined as poor" (which is itself, he believes, vastly understated).

These intricate considerations, I reluctantly suggest, may mean that this carefully argued and documented book cannot have the public or political impact of Mr. Harrington's seminal *The Other America*, which powerfully stimulated the Kennedy–Johnson anti-poverty efforts of the sixties. That, Mr. Harrington recalls with a certain rue, was a more optimistic and confident era. Everyone, it seemed, "was progressing steadily; a minority had been left behind. Therefore it would be a rather simple matter to deduct some few billions as they poured out of our industrial cornucopia and . . . to abolish the 'pockets' of poverty."

Now all too many Americans, with reason, question their own futures; the cornucopia no longer overflows; the supposed simplicity of the task is in fact a greater complexity than could have been imagined even in Sargent Shriver's supercharged anti-poverty shop; and the Reagan Administration and its acolytes have all but discredited the idea that government can, let alone should, do anything about poverty except heap benefits on the rich in the belief or the hope that something will trickle down to the poor.

Mr. Harrington has no truck with such economic Laetrile (to borrow a phrase from Robert Lekachman). What has it to do, for example, with the disquieting fact that so many workers have found themselves, in recent years, unemployed and then re-employed—but in another kind of work, at lower pay? When a worker loses out in a primary-metals industry and relocates at an electronic-components plant, he or she may seem fortunate—but the re-entry salary is typically 61 percent of the old. Yet, while traditional industry declined, employment in the electronic-components field rose by 76 percent from 1960 to 1972, and by another 25 percent in the 1970s. Similarly, new entrants into the labor force now find far more openings in the low-paid service sector than in skilled crafts or industries. Thus, while the lower-income class grows because of such "skidding" and the upper-income group maintains itself because of favorable tax and other treatment, the once-great middle is declining.



Yet, Mr. Harrington notes, since Henry Ford decreed the $5-a-day wage, a well-paid and expanding middle class has been necessary to provide the mass market that consumed industry's mass production. But now the trend, sure to pick up speed, is that "workers drop out of the middle, which contracts the market and therefore causes more workers, who had been producing for that middle, to drop out. And the spiral continues," Indeed, the Bureau of Labor Statistics has estimated that in the 1980s there will be nearly a million new jobs for nurse's aides, janitors, and fast-food workers, but only 133,000 for computer operators.

Concerned as he is with identifying and defining the new American poverty, Mr. Harrington devotes only the final chapter to specific ideas about what ought to be done. He is an unabashed socialist, but his ideas, as outlined here, are not primarily socialist—nor should they be shocking to anyone this side of William Simon. He does make the point that national economic planning—dread phrase—is not only necessary but already practiced by liberal and conservative administrations alike. For example, Ronald Reagan's tax cuts of 1981 constituted a conservative "plan" by which his Administration sought to increase the capital available to the private sector, so that it could respond to the challenge of a new world economy.

Mr. Harrington, then, would "plan" for support and subsidies to companies investing in job-producing assets, particularly in depressed areas and industries; and companies closing plants and eliminating jobs by private decision without regard to social and economic consequences would lose benefits—certain tax deductions, for instance. He would also plan for differential interest rates—prohibitive on money lent for nonproductive corporate takeovers, preferential on loans for first homes.

He would plan, too, a public-works program to replace rotting bridges, crumbling sewers, and outmoded roads, to rebuild the rail system, and above all, to put people to work. In fact, the socialist Mr. Harrington's first and most important prescription—full employment—is, it seems to me, profoundly democratic. He properly warns that "welfare for the rich as a means of promoting economic growth" produces more financial speculation and corporate

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takeovers than "real-world investment in job-generating enterprises." He does not mean, of course, the illusory "full employment" reached when unemployment "falls" to seven percent (the "full employment" line just after the Second World War was two percent unemployment; as late as the Johnson Administration it was only three percent).

Real full employment would benefit not only the poor and those nonpoor in danger of slipping into poverty but also those already comfortably secure, improving the quality of life for all and easing the pressures of fear on the employed (that fear is one reason why not every employer favors full employment). It would kill the miserable sweatshop economy once again thriving at the bottom of the economic ladder and would greatly reduce Mr. Reagan's enormous deficits.

Mr. Harrington is under no illusion that real full employment could be easily achieved, even if it were a national objective (which it never really has been). He points out, however, that effective jobs programs would ultimately help pay for themselves, reducing the federal deficit by $25 to $30 billion for every percentage point of employment gained. But he has still more radical ideas: if anything like full employment and his other proposals—including a national health service—are to be realized, "the eighties . . . must give an answer that the sixties never dared to mention . . . the redistribution of income and wealth." That means primarily a radically reformed tax system.

AFDC, for example, cost $8.2 billion in 1983, but *$28 billion* in revenue was lost that year to Reaganomic special treatment of capital gains—"welfare for the rich" indeed! And 84 percent of the $19.6 billion in revenue lost annually from the deduction of home-mortgage interest goes to those with more than $30,000 a year in income. Low-income renters get no such break.

Michael Harrington is steadily intelligent, compassionate, knowledgeable, and restrained as he considers the new American poverty; and he is surely right about the need to correct the blatant imbalances that both contribute to it and prevent anything from being done. But I am afraid that I can't share the note of limited optimism on which he ends: there is hope, he writes, because "programs that are in the self-interest of the majority are always in the special interest of the poor." No doubt—but the

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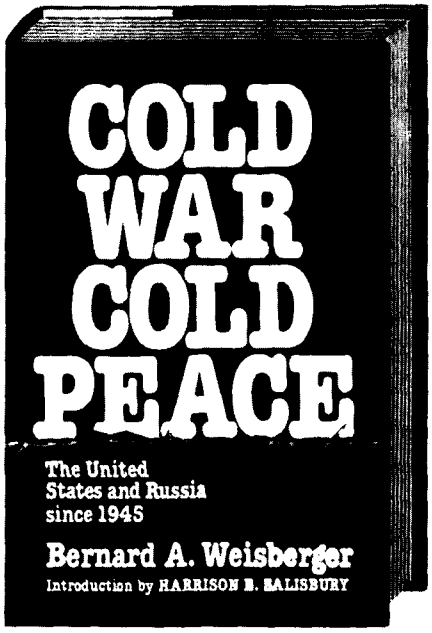

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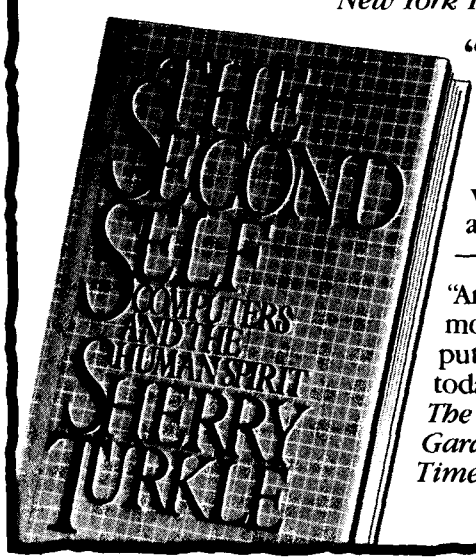

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"self-interest of the majority" is all too seldom visible through the fears and prejudices of that same majority, and there are plenty of economic predators and hot-eyed ideologues to deploy enough lobbyists, public-relations experts, hired economists, and store-bought politicians to keep the vision of the majority nicely obscured.

If, moreover, full employment is the most effective medicine for the new American poverty *and* for the American majority (I quite agree that it is), but if the best hope for full employment rests on national economic planning of the sensible kind that Mr. Harrington advocates, on huge public-works expenditures in an era of monstrous deficits and latent fears of inflation, not to mention Ronald Reagan's Pied Piper leadership in the opposite direction—if, above all, full employment depends on tax reform approved by Congress to redistribute wealth and income downward and to the public sector, then don't bet your Reagan tax-cut benefits that it'll ever happen. Don't even bet your three-martini-lunch money. □

BRIEF REVIEWS

SON OF THE MORNING STAR *by Evan S. Connell. North Point Press, $20.00.* When George Armstrong Custer got himself and the larger part of his command killed on a hill above the Little Bighorn River, he was mourned as a massacred hero by a great many people who knew very little about Custer and nothing at all about the battle that he had provoked against a vastly superior force of Sioux and Cheyenne, who quite naturally beat him. Historians have been arguing for years over Custer the hero versus Custer the foolhardy incompetent, and will probably continue to do so. The structure of Mr. Connell's study of "Custer and the Little Bighorn" suggests that the author began it with hopes of ending inconclusive debate by discovering why Custer acted as he did and what actually happened during the fight, but quickly realized that despite reams of reminiscent testimony from both Anglos and Indians, these questions remain unanswerable. In pursuit of the problem, however, Mr. Connell collected a most wonderful and fascinating mass of information about the frontier Army, about Custer's drunken or daft fellow officers, and about the troopers who served under him, loathed the man, and deserted with unusual enthusiasm. The scouts on whom the Army depended for guidance and information were not idle, either, in devising eccentricities. The gaudily costumed Indian chiefs encountered by Custer seem, for all their somewhat puzzling ways, sensible men doing their best against what they considered a brutal and treacherous enemy. Mr. Connell, who has exceptional skill in presenting character, action, and visual detail, brings all these long-gone people excitingly back to life for the instruction and entertainment of the reader. He does not claim to have accounted for Custer's meteoric and somewhat bizarre career, but he may have accounted for the Little Bighorn in one sentence. "In a tight situation his [Custer's] response was instantaneous and predictable: he charged."

ENCOUNTERS WITH CHINESE WRITERS *by Annie Dillard. Wesleyan, $8.95.* Ms. Dillard was a member of a literary delegation visiting China in 1982, and subsequently met and entertained a group of Chinese authors who visited the United States. Her sympathetic, sensitive, often humorous sketches of intercultural collision are designed to illustrate "the endless dramas of good will in bad times, the sheer comedy of human differences . . . and the courage and even whimsy with which we—all of us—cope." They do all that delightfully.

HARLAND'S HALF ACRE *by David Malouf. Knopf, $13.95.* A novelist can easily claim that his hero is a painter, but to arouse belief in that painter's way of seeing the world and transforming it into flat patterns of color is not easy at all. Mr. Malouf succeeds brilliantly in convincing the reader that Harland is indeed an artist, and a good one. He is also a man obsessed by his family's half-mythical past and by its present difficulties. He is inclined, as a result of wandering and poverty, to worry about everybody's difficulties, because, he thinks, "we were meant to be happy. . . . Suffering's too—easy." Lonely and always broke despite his growing success, the painter himself becomes something of an obsession with a young lawyer whose prosperous family is the antithesis of the Harlands, and their two stories interweave to create a panorama of Australian society, scenery, and history. Mr. Malouf is a generous writer, offering sharp insights and stimulating ideas along with interesting events and a collection of characters who may be good or bad or sane or mad, but are all worth knowing. As the dotty old aunt puts it, "It's such a lovely party."

STRANGER ON THE SQUARE *by Arthur and Cynthia Koestler. Random House, $16.95.* When Arthur Koestler, aged seventy-seven, chose suicide in preference to a slow and painful death, his wife, Cynthia, aged fifty-five and in excellent health, also killed herself. They had been married for eighteen years but had worked together since 1949, when Koestler, already a noted author, hired the shy and somewhat naive young woman as a temporary secretary. The book that Harold Harris has assembled out of memoirs left by both the Koestlers accounts for Cynthia's death, although nothing in the text has to do with her eventual suicide. The subject matter is events and people, causes and conversations, and comings or goings, but underneath all the activity is a portrait of woman as faithful hound. Cynthia had, as a puppy, attached herself to the most impressive man she had ever encountered, and no amount of bad temper, separation, neglect, or infidelity could shake her loyalty to her chosen master. Such devotion is touching, although it hardly inspires emulation.

SONGS OF THE GARDEN *by Kitagawa Utamaro. Viking, $19.95.* Joan B. Mirviss and Yasuko Betchaku, both connected with the Metropolitan Museum of Art, provide the introduction, translation, and notes that explain the importance of Utamaro's insect prints in the history of Japanese art. The beauty of the delicate, subtly colored pictures, reproduced from a book in the museum collection, requires no explanation.

ALICE HAMILTON: A LIFE IN LETTERS *by Barbara Sicherman. Harvard, $25.00.* Alice Hamilton, renowned as a pioneer of industrial medicine, belonged to that generation of women who, finding advanced educational opportunities available to them, set out to correct the world through learning. She was born in 1869, to a large

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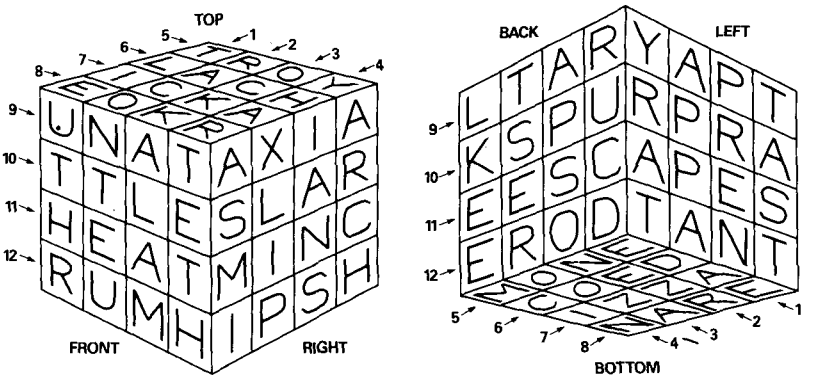
and cultivated family whose inherited wealth and clannish self-sufficiency might easily have provided her with a lifelong cocoon against reality, but instead of drowsing over Dante, she attacked the scientific present, studying medicine in Germany, working with Jane Addams at Hull House, investigating "dangerous trades" for President Woodrow Wilson, and even serving on the Harvard faculty, although that bastion of male supremacy hated to admit that she was actually present. (She was not admitted to the Faculty Club premises and—ultimate horror—was denied tickets to football games.) Her letters, amplified by Ms. Sicherman's text, reveal her development from a reserved, supercilious (non-Hamiltons merited no more than amused pity, and lower-class non-Hamiltons received benign contempt), rather prissy girl to a woman of wide sympathies, formidable expertise in her field, physical courage, and diplomatic skill. She was such a persistent and outspoken advocate of social improvement and political reform that the FBI was still eyeing her nervously when she was in her nineties. She, meanwhile, was writing letters of advice and reproach to Supreme Court justices and attorneys general. She was a great woman and, to the reader's pleasure, a letter writer with a graceful style, real skill in description, and a tart, even catty, sense of humor.

THE WEAKER VESSEL *by Antonia Fraser. Knopf, $19.95.* In the course of her historical researches Lady Antonia Fraser has learned a great deal about the activities of seventeenth-century women, and she describes their doings clearly and wittily. Women's education declined during the period and their legal rights, always minimal, did not improve, but regardless of these disabilities, members of the weaker, or gentle, sex engaged in business, managed estates, defended castles during England's civil war, wrote books, ran bawdy houses, studied philosophy, founded schools, agitated for religious reforms, flourished on the stage, practiced trades, and even tried, unsuccessfully, to vote. They were a tough, resourceful lot—they had to be.

A STRANGER IN MY HOUSE: JEWS AND ARABS IN THE WEST BANK *by Walter Reich. Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $10.95.* Walter Reich's article "A Stranger in My House," which appeared in the June issue of *The Atlantic*, has been expanded and published as a book this month.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

Answers to the September Puzzler,
"PUZZLE CUBE"



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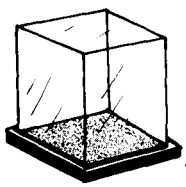

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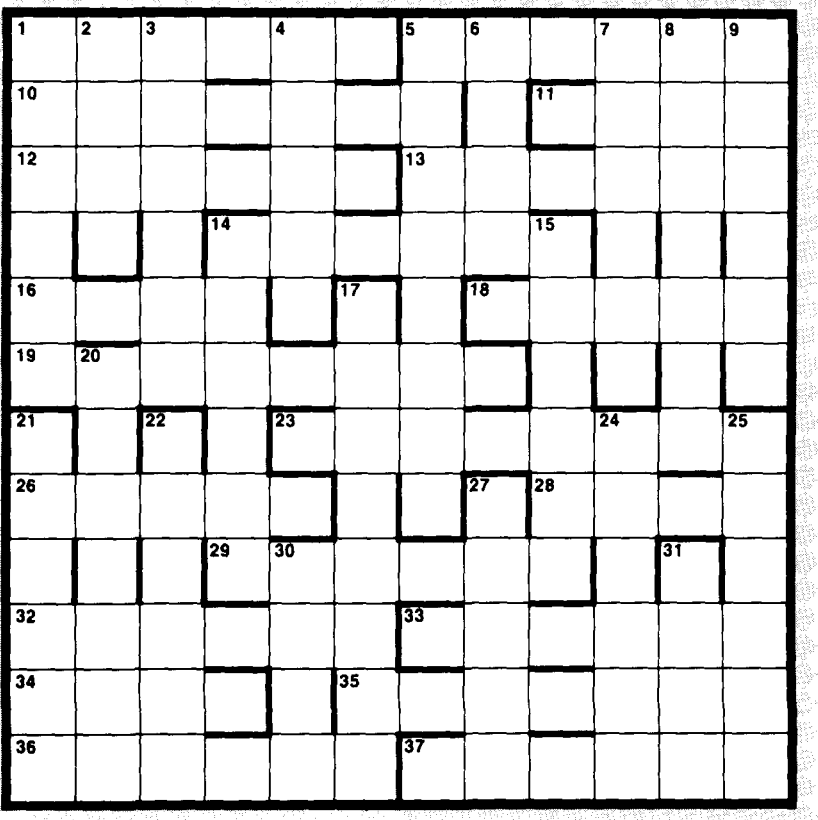
THE ATLANTIC PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

TRICK OR TREAT

Every clue answer involves a "trick" (having its letters anagrammed to make a new word entered in the grid) or a "treat" (being given an extra letter to make a new word entered in the grid). There are 20 "trick" words and 20 "treat" words; answer lengths have been omitted to keep each type disguised until its clue has been solved.

There are four proper nouns among clue answers and four among diagram entries.



The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 127.

ACROSS

1. Halloween costumes to bear
5. Set fire to land
10. Afterthought about angry buccaneers
11. Part of troupe running by
12. Poor sense of pitch makes musical note approximate (*two words*)
13. Name adopted by cagey actor
14. Frees Utes in revolts
16. Team expressed sorrow to audience
18. Opera singer makes eager return
19. Splattered tar gets outhouse ruined
23. $1000 notice returned to Spanish noblemen
26. Fly around left of the sun
28. Audibly cut fruit
29. Flower rates poorly
32. Like a silly goose eating small nuts
33. Material in Conrad novel
34. Lennon's love is performing nothing
35. Incline to like money
36. Set out twice to fly
37. Answer about the Greek city

DOWN

1. Model's back framed by a right painter
2. Almost obliterate *Times*
3. Bridle makes horse's head change
4. Stick on eastern tree
5. Rich woman's parents
6. Make a record of some lumber
7. Get retribution for England in prayer
8. Professor has hot drink with pop singer
9. University in Georgia offers drawing
14. Black shabby bales
15. Many an authority falls, we hear
17. Farmer gives vegetables to colony member
20. Water bird swallows one drug
21. Perches Haley novel around front of shelf
22. Pets around red wagons
24. Andre wandering in old forest
25. Notices shortstop bearing big belly
27. Bind large tree
30. Tidy trap catches one
31. Put on an English professor

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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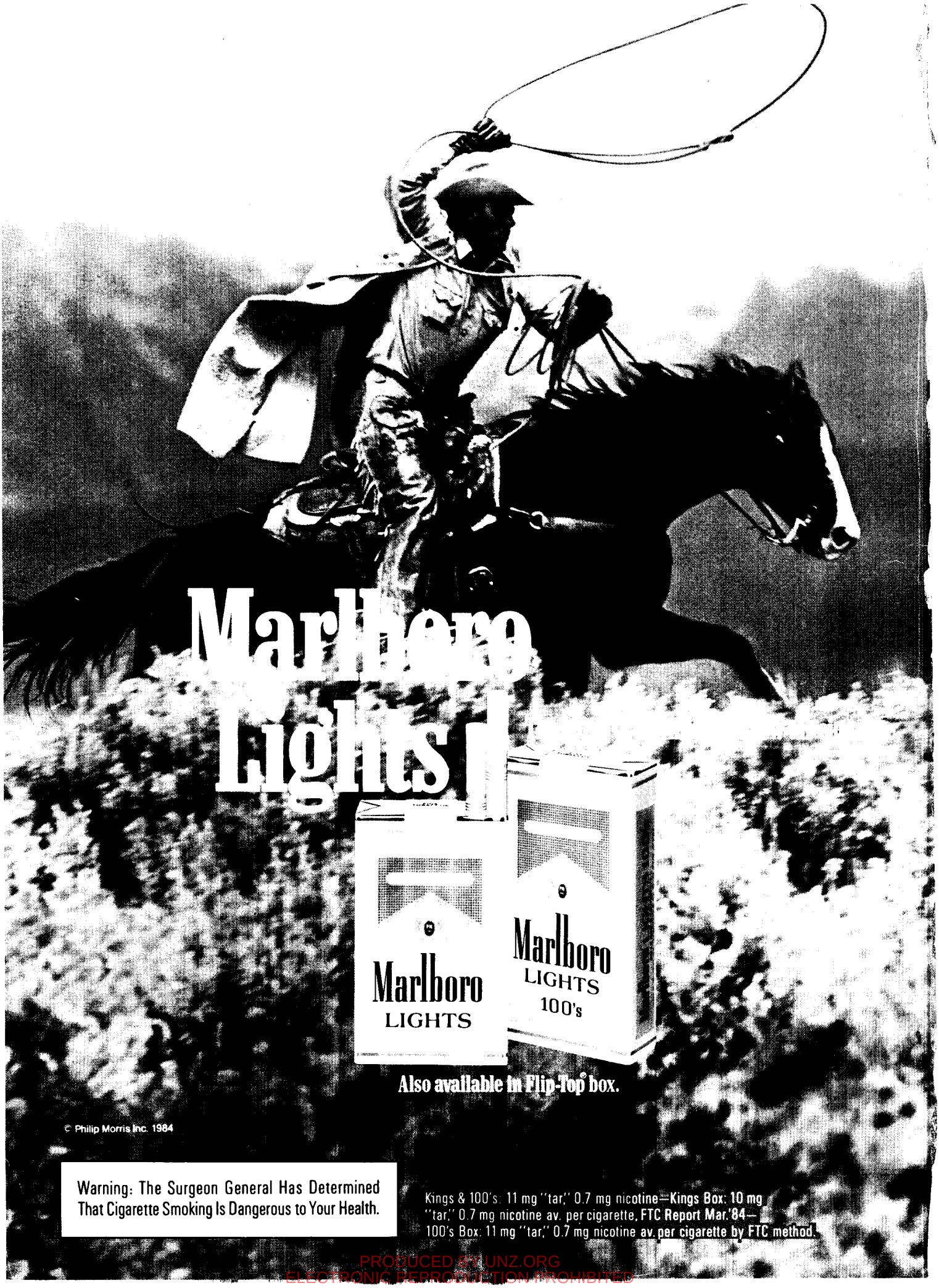

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